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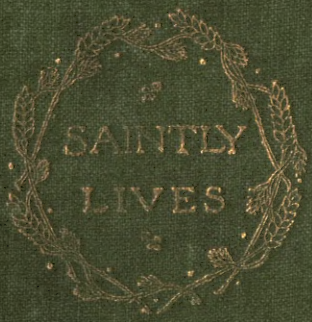

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RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF CORK
*From a Print in the British Museum*

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Saintly Lives

Edited by R. F. Horton, M.A.

# Mary Rich; Countess of Warwick

(1625-1678)

*" God's Saints are shining lights : who stays*
*Here long must passe*
*O'er dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways*
*As smooth as glasse ;*
*But these all night,*
*Like Candles, shed*
*Their beams, and light*
*Us into Bed.*

*They are indeed our Pillar-fires,*
*Seen as we go ;*
*They are that Citie's shining spires*
*We travell to.*
*A swordlike gleame*
*Kept man for sin*
*First Out : this beame*
*Will guide him In."*

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# Mary Rich
# Countess of Warwick

(1625-1678)

BY
MARY E. (Crowder) PALGRAVE

*Author of*
*"Under the Blue Flag," "A Promise Kept,"*
*etc., etc.*

WITH
PORTRAITS AND OTHER
ILLUSTRATIONS

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# Editor's Note

It was a saying of Jowett, the late Master of Balliol, that more good would be done in the future by writing the lives of men and women who have deserved well of their kind than by set treatises in theology and morals. The present series aims at being a contribution to such a service. The lives are those of our own countrymen and countrywomen; but they are, by choice, not the lives which have been officially canonised and calendared. The orthodox Hagiology is discouraging to ordinary minds. Saints about whom legends of the supernatural have gathered, while they excite our admiration, rather discountenance our imitation. Such saints become a class apart; to aspire to their society seems presumption. But the lives which, whether in this or former generations, may be distinctly proposed as examples, are frequently unrecorded, because high services leave no time for courting public notice, and the things done in secret, though visible in their results, baffle the biographer. Such lives may be rescued and enshrined

by diligence and love ; and if they are presented with conciseness and sympathy, they will serve the purpose to which Jowett referred as well as those which carry more sounding names.

There is no intention to confine the selection of subjects to any particular denomination of religion. While it is hard to conceive a saintly life without religion, it is possible to find saintly lives in religions of very different kinds. If a saintly life without religion can be lighted on, and a writer can be found, it shall be included in the series. No saintly life in any religion will be excluded on the plea of heterodoxy. Indeed one service which the series may render will be to recall persons of different name and sect and persuasion, to some of those Divine qualities which appear in all noble human lives, though naturally in greater abundance among the records of our own sect.

We could wish that all the saints had belonged to one Church, that they had all been Catholics or Protestants, Churchmen or Dissenters, for that would have furnished strong evidence of the exclusive truth of the denomination in which they were found. But unfortunately they occur with singular impartiality in sections of the Church which delight to ban one

another, and in communities which the Church as a whole has agreed to ban. We will draw no inference from this fact. But it lays upon an editor the obligation to give a candid reception to a motley company who, clad in very various dress, all wear "the white flower of a blameless life."

ROBERT F. HORTON.

TO

**R. F. D. P.**

WHO FIRST TAUGHT ME TO LOVE THE ENGLAND OF THE XVIITH CENTURY AND TO FIND SOME OF "THAT CITIE'S SHINING SPIRES WE TRAVELL TO" AMONG ITS SAINTS.

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## Chapter I

# A Gentleman Adventurer

*God's Providence is my Inheritance.*
—Family Motto of Richard Boyle.

THERE are many subjects for biography with whom their biographers need only to plunge at once *in medias res*. Or, if they do not, 'twere better if they did. The man or woman whose life is to be written is the one "bright particular star" in his or her family. His forbears—even his parents—are not interesting people. He has no distinguished brothers or sisters. The place in which he was born and the surroundings of his tender years were ordinary and common-place. The only wonder is how one whose own life was remarkable enough to be worth recording at length, should have sprung from so uninteresting a stock and so unpromising a soil.

In other cases it is all the other way. The subject is but a more famous member of a famous race. He is only one shining light in a group of shining lights. His ancestral home is in keeping with the folks who live there; and the surroundings of his childhood and youth are varied and picturesque. He has had a distinguished father and mother;

brothers and sisters worthy of him; and a home life in which all that nature had given him of talent and originality have been fostered and encouraged. Instead of wondering how so unpromising a garden should have yielded so fine a flower, our difficulty is to distinguish the plant from its neighbours—to keep the principal figure distinct and avoid overcrowding the canvas. We are tempted to think of our subject as merely the product of his surroundings—who could not help himself but be distinguished—who owed whatever made his life worthy of record to his antecedents and the happy accidents of his birth, not to his own grit and force and vigour of character.

The subject of our present study is one of these latter cases. It is impossible to dissever Mary Boyle from her surroundings, or to consider her life as detached from that of her father and her brothers, sisters, and friends. She came of a family great in brains, position, and wealth, and married into another almost equally endowed in these respects. Her father and her father-in-law were two of the ablest men of their day, and both much to the fore in politics and society. She passed her life in splendid homes, where the art of living, as England then knew it, was carried to perfection. "The times that went over" her were such as must needs mould any character and have an effect on the most detached life. Civil war raged round her; she witnessed revolution and counter revolution. Manners changed; religion took on fresh expression; vice was at one

time discredited, at another the hall-mark of gentility. It is impossible to draw the portrait of the Countess of Warwick save as the centre of a group or as other than the creation of her day. Yet I hope to shew that she was no mere creature of circumstance, but had a gentle and gracious individuality and a distinction of character that she owed to none, and that, under any conditions and in whatever surroundings, would have made her a remarkable person and one worthy of being "numbered among the saints."

Sir Richard Boyle, Knight, the first and "great" Earl of Cork, was the father of fifteen children, of whom the subject of this book was the thirteenth. Born early in the reign of Elizabeth, he grew up in the midst of the stirring spirits and eager life of that wonderful age. He caught to the full the characteristic spirit of the time, and was—though in no discreditable sense of the word—an adventurer, like so many of his contemporaries. We shall see, however, that in Boyle's case the adventurer spirit did not lead him to wander on the high seas, like Cumberland, Hawkins, and Drake; or to found our colonial empire with Raleigh. He was perhaps more akin to the modern adventurer who goes forth to seek, in the literal sense, his fortune, and by a combination of luck and wit rears it into a stately edifice. Still, the country wherein Boyle adventured himself, and which proved far more of an El Dorado to him than did Virginia to his friend Sir Walter, though part and parcel of the British Isles, was at

that period a wilder and more unknown region than India or South America to-day. It required courage to go there and still more courage to stay there ; and those who sought to make themselves homes and to achieve prosperity in the stormy and desolate regions outside the Pale, had need to be men of no common metal.

Among those who must be classed as men of affairs and not literary persons, few have left behind them more written records than Sir Richard Boyle. In the first place there are his extraordinarily minute and careful diaries, containing almost daily entries, from January 1611, till within a very short time of his death, and an immense mass of his correspondence both public and private. The originals of these are among the archives of Lismore Castle, now in the possession of the Dukes of Devonshire. The whole of the diaries and large selections from the letters were edited and printed by Dr Grosart, the antiquarian, and published in 1886 and following years. They fill ten massive folio volumes entitled *The Lismore Papers.* There also exists a MS. of the Earl's, written in 1632, when he was sixty-seven, with the title, given by himself, of *Sir* RICHARD *Boyle, Knt. earl of* CORKE, *his True Remembrances.* From these materials a wonderfully fresh and vivid portrait of the "great Earl" may be constructed. His character, his interests, his amusements, his charities, as well as the trials and difficulties, joys and sorrows, which came to him in his long and chequered life—all are before us.

The name of Boyle, so distinguished in English and Irish history, appears to be a corruption of or derivation from that of de Biuvile—a family settled in Herefordshire from the time of Edward the Confessor. Humfrey de Biuvile is recorded in Domesday as "lord" of Pixeley Court, near Ledbury. There is no searching of records, however, or nursing of traditions with Humfrey's practical-minded descendant. All he cares that his posterity should know are the names of their grandparents.

"My father," he writes, "Mr *Roger Boyle*, was born in *Herefordshire*. My mother, *Joan Naylor*, daughter to *Robert Naylor* of *Canterbury* in the county of *Kent*, Esq., was born the 15th of October in the 21st year of King *Henry* VIII., and my said father and mother were married in *Canterbury* the 16th of October in the 8th year of queen *Elizabeth*."

The pair settled at Preston, a little village near Faversham. They had three sons—John, who took holy orders and became, by his brother's influence, Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross; Richard; and Hugh, about whom little is known. Richard was born in 1566, and was only ten years old when his father died. "My mother," his narrative continues, "never married again, but lived ten years a widow and then departed this life at *Feversham* aforesaid the 20th of March, 1586. And they both are buried in one grave in the upper end of the chancel of the parish church of *Preston*; in memory of which my deceased and worthy parents I, their second son, have *in anno Domini* 1629 erected a fair alabaster tomb over

the place where they were buried, with an iron gate before it for the better preservation thereof."

So long as his mother lived life seems to have been fairly easy to young Richard Boyle. After being privately educated by a clergyman in Kent he became a scholar of "*Bennet* college, Cambridge" —*i.e.*, Corpus Christi—and then a student of the Middle Temple. On his mother's death, however, all was changed. There was no money to support him while studying the law; and he was forced to look round for a means of immediate livelihood. His first step was to put himself "into the service of Sir Richard Manwood," Chief Baron of the Exchequer, "whom," he says, "I served as one of his clerks." But with that astuteness which may be taken as the key-note of his character, he soon became conscious "that the employment would not raise a fortune." The adventurer spirit awoke in his breast and made him resolve "to travel into foreign kingdoms and to gain learning and knowledge and experience abroad in the world."

Mere chance or, as he held, the guiding of Providence, led his steps to Ireland. He loves to tell how, on Midsummer Eve, 1588, he landed on Dublin quays, his sole capital and outfit consisting in "twenty-seven pounds three shillings in money, and two tokens which my mother had given me—*viz.* a diamond ring which I have ever since and still do wear, and a bracelet of gold worth about ten pounds; a taffety doublet cut with and upon taffety, a pair of black velvet breeches laced, a new *Milan* fustian suit

laced and cut upon taffety, two cloaks, competent linen and necessaries, with my rapier and dagger."

Scanty as was this equipment, it was not the mere "what he stood up in" of many Dick Whittingtons of fortune; and it is plain that young Boyle meant to face the world as a gentleman, and as a gentleman, by hook or by crook, to make his way. He brought with him letters of introduction to influential persons, some of which are said (though the evidence is not given) to have been his own manufacture; and was not long in obtaining a post in connection with the Dublin exchequer.

It was not, however, in the paths of the law, nor in politics, that Boyle was to win his way to prosperity. His genius lay in things connected with land; he was a born colonist, organiser, and administrator. He became one of the English "undertakers" who settled on the Desmond property in the southern provinces; the estates he acquired being in the counties of Limerick and Waterford. Most of the "undertakers" failed shamefully of their undertakings; oppressed the peasantry; would not reside on their properties; and tricked and jobbed in every conceivable way. Boyle was a shining exception. His estates throve and prospered when all around was anarchy and confusion during the six years' Ulster War.

In 1602 he laid the foundations of his future wealth and power by the purchase of Sir Walter Raleigh's great estates in Munster. This was a grand bargain for Richard Boyle. For the sum of

£1500 he became possessor of 12,000 acres of the best land in Cork, Waterford, and Tipperary—land which had hitherto been shamefully neglected, but which possessed exceptional natural resources, and exceptional advantages for the development of trade. How he became one of the wealthiest and most influential men of his day; how he discovered and developed the natural possibilities of the district; how he built up, with a marvellous minuteness of personal attention, the splendid homes and sumptuous family life in which his children grew up, are to be gleaned from the amusing and interesting pages of his diary. By his second marriage, in 1603, with Katharine, only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton, Secretary of State in Ireland, he added another foundation stone to the springing edifice of his fortunes.

Before turning to consider the family life lived in the "College house" of Youghal, at Lismore Castle, and afterwards at Stalbridge, in Dorsetshire, it will be well to complete this brief sketch of our heroine's remarkable father. Richard Boyle was knighted on the occasion of his marriage with Katharine Fenton. In 1613, after "an hour's graceous and private conference with the King's Majesty in his bedd chamber at Royston concerning Ireland and the government thereof," he was sworn a Privy Councillor of the Kingdom of Ireland. In 1616 he was created Baron of Youghal, and in 1620 Viscount Dungarvan and Earl of Cork. In 1629 he became one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, and in 1631 was appointed Lord

Treasurer. But the crowning proof of the esteem in which he was held for his integrity, abilities, and vast knowledge of affairs was given when, though no English peer, he was admitted to sit in the House of Lords upon the woolsack *ut consularius*.

Great, however, as were the services rendered by Lord Cork to the English government and to the sovereign personally, his truest claim to honour springs from what he did for the improvement and prosperity of his adopted country. He prided himself on doing what he justly calls "good common wealthes work," and remarks, with some self-complacency, in his diary, "And all this chardg and loss of Rent perpetually I undergoe for the good of this country." By his ceaseless industry, his keen business capacity, his gifts for seizing opportunities and turning everything to account, he wrought a marvellous change in the south-western districts—building bridges, constructing harbours, and developing towns. Prosperity sprang up at his behest. Cromwell, when he visited Youghal in 1649 and saw what a change had been worked in the town and neighbourhood by the late earl's skill and industry, is said to have pronounced that, had there been one like him in every province, the rebellion of 1641 would have been an impossibility. He also took strong and effective measures to secure peace and hold the native population in check. In his diary we find frequent references to the "Re-edifying" of castles; for it was part of his plan of defence to have a chain of thirteen strong fortresses

controlling the various districts in which his domains lay, defended by well armed bands of retainers.

With this honest and laborious care for the improvement of his adopted country Cork combined a keen and watchful eye to his own interests, of which he never lost sight. The English undertakers had promised to plant, on the lands given them, colonies of farmers and labourers imported from home; but they had utterly failed of their promise. Cork did otherwise. He introduced manufactures and mechanical arts from England and brought settlers over to work, teach, and develop them; giving to each enterprise his personal oversight and direction.

There are frequent references in the *Lismore Papers* to the "new Ironworks" started at Lismore; and in the diary of 1621 the following quaint entry occurs:—"June 9. My 2 new ffurnaces at Capoquyn* had ffier to begin theer blowing put into them: God bless their better proceedings." A thriving manufacture of bar-iron and lead soon sprang up, with exportation by water. Entries concerning it occur often in the diary. By his ironworks alone Lord Cork is estimated to have made a clear profit of £100,000—in those days a truly vast sum.

Fishing and fish-curing, of which the headquarters appear to have been at Ardmore, was another of the "great Earl's" industries. He exported pilchard and herring, and bought salt from "the frenche

* The town of Cappoquin, Co. Waterford.

merchants," to cure them withal, at three shillings and sixpence the barrel. He also took up salt making, procuring a lease for its manufacture from the Crown, for thirty-one years. Salt is said to be still largely made from sea water at Youghal. Horse-breeding was a chief employment of Lord Cork's. Mention of gifts, purchases, and sales of "Hackenes" and geldings occur on every page of the diary. No distinguished visitor or poor kinsman seems ever to have left the Earl's hospitable house without taking with him a present of a "fayr yonge gelding." In the northern districts of Youghal he imparked much land for deer, horse-breeding, and keeping of stock. On these and his cultivated lands and vast plantations he is said to have employed 4000 labourers. Thus every peasant, for miles round, who chose to be industrious was at least safe from starvation.

But of all Cork's industries, and of all the ways by which he himself grew rich and gave employment to hundreds, none bulks nearly so big in his family records as the manufacture of "pipe-staves," *i.e.* staves for wine barrels. His diary is full of allusions to transactions in pipe-staves—"60,000 pypestaves owt of Kilcaskan woods"; "40,000 pipestaves to be delivered at yoghall free aboard"; "a hundreth thousand good and merchantable hogshead staves to be delivered free of all chardges in my pipestave yard in yoghall"—entries of this kind are to be found on every other page of the diary, and shew what an enterprising and industrious

trader the Earl was. "The bared mountains and hills of Ireland," as Dr Grosart points out, "are the pathetic memorials of the enormous manufacture of 'pipe-staves,' if they also condemn the thoughtlessness of the proprietors in not replanting as they felled and cleared."

The Earl, with all his aptitude for business, was courtly in his ways, and gave stately gifts, beseeming his wealth and rank. Thus we find him presenting his wife with a purple velvet gown that "coste one and ffifty pounds ten shillings ster.," an apron "for her new year's gufte," and other expensive raiment; also pearls and precious stones and "a needle-worck Indian quylt." "Choice Aquavite" is given to Sir Walter Raleigh for his voyage. Dutch pictures, "to hang up in the Dyning chamber," also figure in the pages of the diary. It is plain that Lord Cork had a taste for what was beautiful and dignified in all departments of life, and spared no pains to have things exactly to his mind.

Loyalty and charity were leading features of his character. His loyalty to King Charles never failed, though his native shrewdness shewed him many of the weak points in his sovereign's character and drew forth caustic comments, confided to that discreet friend—his diary. The last two years of his laborious life were spent in striving to hold Munster for the King, during the great Irish Rebellion. He withheld neither his own flesh and blood nor the utmost of his worldly possessions from the cause to which he had devoted himself.

Of the width and freedom of his charity numberless tokens appear in his diary, as well as in the letters preserved to us. Wherever he was living, at Youghal, at Lismore, in Dublin, or at Stalbridge, he set himself to restore the churches, to build "free schools" and almshouses, and to provide and maintain chaplains. His personal care and thought for individuals, and the pains he was at to help them, must strike his readers as even more remarkable. Again and again we find him succouring needy clergy with money and clothes; making allowances to "poor widdoes"; apprenticing destitute children to trades; paying for vagrant women to be taught lace-making "that they may beg no more." There are frequent entries about his servants, in whom he evidently takes the keenest interest. They are ill, and he pays for their doctoring; they die in his house, and he and his family attend their funerals. The names of old and trusted servants occur again and again—"My owld footman, David Gibbon," on whom his master bestows a grant of land, "in lieu of his 39 years honest service don vnto myself"—Thomas Badnege, his stewàrd and frequent confidential messenger—"my owld servant Cuthbert Ogle," who, "after a long sickness departed this life into a better, at my howse of Lismoor"—and others.

Of his kindness and generosity to his married children, and of the way he took his sons- and daughters-in-law to his heart and regarded them exactly as if they had been his own flesh and blood,

there are repeated proofs. Of his temperate and self-controlled attitude towards his enemies, especially his arch-enemy, the Lord Deputy Strafford, it is not the province of this book to speak. That the "great Earl of Cork" was an astute and canny man, who knew how to bide his time and had a keen eye to his own interests, there can be no question. That he was a most affectionate husband and father, a faithful friend and a kind master, a liberal and just landlord, a loyal and devoted subject of his king, the readers of his diary and correspondence cannot doubt either.

# Chapter II

# Life at Lismore

"Dear harmless age! the short swift span
Where weeping virtue parts with man:
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.
An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see;
Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away."

—*Henry Vaughan.*

MISTRESS KATHARINE FENTON, the second wife of Richard Boyle, cannot have been more than sixteen at the time of her marriage, while her husband was thirty-seven. But, great as was the discrepancy in age, it seems in no way to have interfered with the happiness and perfect understanding existing between the pair during the twenty-six years of their married life. We know much less of Lady Cork than we do of her husband, yet enough can be gleaned from the Earl's diaries and correspondence, from the few letters of hers remaining, and from her children's loving remembrance of her, to show that she was a woman of spirit and sweetness, and of fine character as well as personal beauty.

Robert, the most famous of her seven sons, writes thus of her, in the quaint fragment of autobiography which he left behind him:—"Some few years after this, two great disasters befell *Philaretus*; the one was the decease of his mother, whose death would questionless have excessively afflicted him, had but his age permitted him to know the value of his loss; for he would ever reckon it amongst the chief misfortunes of his life, that he did never know her that gave it him; her free and noble spirit (which had a handsome mansion to reside in), added to her kindness and sweet carriage to her own, making her so hugely regretted by her children, and so lamented by her husband, that not only he annually dedicated the day of her death to solemn mourning for it, but, burying in her grave all thoughts of after marriage, he rejected all motions of any other match, continuing a constant widower till his death."

If Boyle, all through his laborious life, was one of the busiest of men, incessantly occupied with either his own affairs or those of the many who depended on him, or with the politics of the kingdom of Ireland generally and of the province of Munster in particular; the head, heart, and hands of his wife too must have been ceaselessly busy in the lesser kingdom over which, as his deputy, she ruled. Boyle was the sort of man who would give his wife a great deal to do. He seems to have combined, in an unusual way, extraordinary frugality and a husbanding care for the smallest sums of money with the most

free-handed liberality towards his children and dependents, and a great taste for housekeeping on a stately and magnificent scale.

The first home of his married life was "Our Lady's College of Youghal"—a part of the Raleigh property of which he had become possessor. In the early pages of his diary we find him, amid a hundred other affairs, busily occupied in enlarging and beautifying the "Colledge howse" and transforming it into a dignified family dwelling-place. It was at Youghal College that he died, in 1643, in the thick of the Irish Rebellion.*

About eighteen miles up the Blackwater lies Lismore, with its stately castle crowning the steep bank of the river and the little town at its foot. The castle — in the seventeenth century only a rough peel-tower—and its adjacent lands had also formed part of Sir Walter's demesnes and had passed into the firm grip of Richard Boyle. The beauty of the spot and its desirableness as a situation for a house must have early caught its new owner's fancy. "My new howse at Lismoor" appears on the *tapis* in his diary very soon after "the Colledg at yoghall;" and many are the careful entries regarding the building, enlarging, and furnishing of it.

In the year 1629, at which date Cork was appointed one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, his

* By the year 1780 the College had fallen into ruin and was soon after rebuilt as a modern dwelling-house. Two relics of Lord Cork's days survive in it—a fine carved oak chimneypiece in one of the rooms, and his arms, sculptured in stone and inserted in a pier at the back of the building.

diary shews him buying a house in Dublin, whither his state duties now called him often and for long periods. "A neat neste of boxes in my study" there is one of the provisions made by the careful Lord Justice for the orderly conduct of his manifold affairs.

Over these great establishments, then, with their swarms of servants both indoor and out, guests with corresponding retinues constantly going and coming, and all the difficulties of housekeeping, on a lavish scale, in places where there were no shops and many of the supplies had to come by sailing boat from England, the very young and inexperienced wife had to preside. To add to her cares her nursery became quickly full of little children—first a boy, Roger; then four daughters in rapid succession; then more boys and girls to the great total of fifteen. It was no doubt a happy thing for her that her kind mother, Lady Fenton, made one of the family from her widowhood in 1608 till, in 1631, the diary records, "God called the good Lady Alice Fenton, my vertuows Religeows mother in Law, out of this worlde."

Death made two gaps in the nursery circle at Lismore. The first was the eldest child, Roger, who, at seven years old, had been sent to live with Lady Browne—John Evelyn's mother-in-law and a relation of the Boyle family—at Sayes Court, Deptford, where there was a famous school. Here, two years later, he died—"called," as his father briefly enters in his diary, "from Deptford into Heaven."

The passing away of "pretty Hodge, Sweete Soule" is gracefully and simply told in a letter from his uncle, Dr John Boyle, to the sorrowful parents. The second death was that of Geoffrey, a baby of nine months, who was accidentally drowned, on the 20th of January 1616, in a well in the College garden at Youghal. The site of this well, now stopped up, can still be traced. It lies close to what is still called "The Earl's Walk," in the upper grounds of the College.

Nothing is more interesting, in Lord Cork's diary, than the incessant references to his children. It is plain that the nursery at Lismore—presided over by its faithful nurse, Joan Talloon—with its many little inhabitants, was the centre of his thoughts and hopes and the main-spring of his energies. To arrange wealthy and splendid marriages for his eight daughters; to get his little sons ennobled and provide each of them with a goodly estate and a suitable mansion; were objects dearer if possible to his heart than even the service of his king and country. We find him making marriage negociations for Lettice when she was but eleven; Sara was affianced to Sir Thomas Moore at the age of twelve; Katharine's marriage was definitely contracted when she was only eight; for the motherless babe Margaret a "treaty" was made at the age of thirteen months —but honesty compelled even her match-making father to record this as "an vnripe Matche." In the matter of ennoblement for his sons, this enterprising parent was no less successful. At his own elevation

to the peerage his eldest (surviving) son, Richard, became Viscount Dungarvan. The next two boys, Lewis and Roger, at the ages of nine and seven, were made respectively Viscount Boyle of Kynalmeaky and Baron of Broghill. It is quite oppressive to think of a nursery containing at the same period three little peers! It is better worth remembering that four of those brave sons bore arms for King Charles during the Irish Rebellion and fought side by side at the battle of Liscarroll, where one—Lord Kynalmeaky—was killed on the field. Two of them were distinguished in English political life after the Restoration; and the youngest, Robert, became one of the most illustrious of English scientific men and a founder of the Royal Society.

Of such amusements as were in vogue at that period and thought fitting for lads and girls of birth and station there can have been no lack for the young Boyles. Lord Cork had imported deer from England to stock the great park he had made at Youghal; and took infinite pains about filling the streams and ponds of his domains with fish. Of sport, such as deer-stalking and hawking, trout and salmon fishing, there was abundance, and of the best. Notes concerning gifts of horses to children and friends occur without end; the young Boyles must have ridden fine horses to their hearts' content.

There was a strong dash of the Puritan in Lord Cork's character, and this no doubt had its effect on the sports permitted in his house. But the diary shews that he occasionally patronised strolling players

and harpers, and helped the children of Youghal with a handsome contribution towards the expenses of "their maske." He also kept, as part of his household, a band of six musicians in livery; and we can easily fancy the Earl, with his wife and children round him, sitting in the great hall at Lismore while a Shakespearian or other play was being performed by "the princes plaiers"; or watching the young people dancing to the strains of the musicians in red freize "clokes," who sounded their notes from the gallery above.

The happy and prosperous home life of Lord Cork's children was not, in most cases, of long duration. The sheltered and shielded childhood, kept free of all responsibility and prolonged till manhood and womanhood is reached, which is part of our modern system, was not thought necessary in the seventeenth century. One after another the daughters, at an age when, in our day, girls would be running about with their hair down their backs, their lessons and games the most momentous concerns in the world to them, were married and fetched away to the homes of their husbands—or, more frequently, of their parents-in-law. Young Dungarvan was sent at seventeen to Oxford, in company with his little sister Dorothy's affianced husband, Arthur Loftus. At eleven and nine years old Lords Kynalmeaky and Broghill were entered at Trinity College, Dublin, under the care of their eldest sister, Lady Barrymore. Francis and Robert were sent to Eton when the latter was only nine, and were there

under the care of Thomas Badnege, a servant often mentioned in the diary and evidently held in high esteem by his master.

At the time, however, when Mary, whose life and writings are the subject of this book, made her appearance in the Lismore nursery, nearly the whole bevy of elder brothers and sisters were still there to welcome her. It is true that the eldest and second sisters, Lady Alice and Lady Sara, had been married four years previously, though the little Sara, now but sixteen, had only just left home for Mellifont, the seat of the Moore family. But her eldest brother, Richard, was still at home under the tutelage of an "Almayn gent"; and Lettice, Joan, Katharine, and Dorothy were going through whatever process answered, in the seventeenth century, to being "in the schoolroom." Lewis, Roger, and Francis, all less than eight years old, were her companions under the care of nurse Joan. In 1627 little Robert, a sickly babe, was added to the family; and in April, 1629, Margaret was born, the fifteenth and last child of Richard Boyle and Katharine his wife.

Mary was the thirteenth child and seventh daughter of this mighty family. In a list made by her father of "the severall daies of the birth of all the children that God hath blest me Richarde Earle of Corke withall, with the places where they were born, and the names of their godfathers and godmothers," we find her recorded as follows:—"My seaveneth daughter named Mary Boyle was borne

at yoghall on St Martyns day being the xj$^{th}$ daie of November 1624 and Thursdaie, about three of the clock, in thafternoon, the signe in Aries: her godfather Sir Charles M'Chartie of Blarney Knight, and her godmothers my sister the Lady Mary Smythe and my cozen An parsons als Lowther, the wife of garrald [=Gerard?] Lowther Esq$^{r.}$: The God of heaven bless her with all heavenly and earthly blessings and make her frutefull in vertuous and religious children."*

In the spring of 1628, when she was between two and three years old, the first change took place in Mary Boyle's life. Ever since gaining possession of the Raleigh estates Lord Cork had been troubled with the claims upon the property made and reiterated by Sir Walter's widow and her son. The diary and correspondence contain frequent references to what was, evidently, a constantly-recurring worry. Lady Raleigh's suit had now been taken before Parliament; and Lord Cork was summoned to attend what he calls "the great heering" in the House of Commons. He had also certain petitions to present to His Majesty, touching wrongs and grievances of his own. This meant the breaking up, for the time, of the household at Lismore, a journey to England, and a lengthy sojourn there.

* It is rather strange that Lord Cork should have given both the day and the year of his daughter's birth incorrectly. In her autobiography Lady Warwick gives the *day* as November 8 and the *year* as 1625. The latter dates are assumed as the correct dates in the *National Dictionary of Biography*, and will be followed in this book.

A journey to England was in those days a serious undertaking. Besides all the difficulties and fatigues of the actual travelling, there was the constant risk of attack from pirates, who infested St George's Channel and made the voyage to and fro an affair of anxiety and peril. It is small wonder that we find Lord Cork making his "laste will and testament," and arranging his concerns with a very palpable sense of the risks he is about to encounter.

The journey and the leaving home must have been an extreme trial to poor Lady Cork. It is evident that her health was breaking; and she had to part with her little nursery children, who were left behind in Ireland. Robert, yet an infant, was—as he himself tells us—committed "to the care of a country nurse." Francis was left with a relative, "Sir Lawrence Parsons his Lady," at Youghal. About Mary we find this—the first entry touching her—in her father's diary:—[May, 1628] "My daughter Mary was fetchet from Lismoor by the La. Cleyton, and I gave her 2 gentlewomen XX$^{s}$, to the ffrenchwoman X$^{s}$, and to her La$^{ps}$ coachman X$^{s}$."

This entry is noteworthy, both as shewing Lord Cork's care for his children's well-being and as the first introduction to us of the "kind mother" who watched over Mary Boyle's childhood and took the place of the real mother she was so soon to lose. The little child of two years old was sent away from her parents' house with as much state and circumstance as if she had been a princess; and her father took pains, by judicious gifts, to ensure that no spirit

of disappointment should lead to neglect of the little maiden on her journey.

Sir Randall Clayton, the husband of Mary Boyle's guardian, was one of Lord Cork's neighbours in the province of Munster. His estates lay near Mallow, in the north of County Cork, and were possessed by his descendants for several generations.

Of Lady Clayton we actually know little; but what kind of person she was is shewn by Mary's record of her childish days and the testimony borne by the influence this good woman had on her pupil's character in her most susceptible years. Looking back upon the time at Mallow Lady Warwick writes:—

"My wise, and as I have been informed, pious, mother died when I was about three years old; and some time after, by the tender care of my indulgent father, that I might be carefully and piously educated, I was sent by him to a prudent and vertuous lady, my Lady Claytone, who never having had any child of her own, grew to make so much of me as if she had been an own mother to me, and took great care to have me soberly educated."*

We notice a point of variation between Mary's account of the time at which she was handed over to Lady Clayton and what we gather from the family records. Her father's diary shews that she was sent to Mallow some time *before* her mother's death, when preparations were making for her parents' journey to England. The Boyle family returned to Ireland in

* *Some Specialities in the Life of M. Warwicke*, of which more hereafter.

August, 1629, and landed at Dublin. Lord Cork had just been sworn a Lord Justice of Ireland, and the business of the office and the absence in England of the Irish Deputy, Lord Falkland, kept him at the capital throughout the winter of 1629-30. In February 1630, the Countess died, without having returned to her home in the south. It is possible, of course, that little Mary had been brought from Mallow to join her parents at Dublin, but there is nothing to suggest it save these written reminiscences of hers, which must, for this period, have been the account she gleaned from others and cannot have been based on the memory of three years old. It is most probable that after being "fetchet from Lismoor" by Lady Clayton in May, 1628, Mary never saw her mother again.

The entry in Lord Cork's diary recording his wife's death is very simple and touching: "It pleased my mercifull God, for my manifold syns, this daye being the xvj$^{th}$ of ffebruary, 1629, between three and ffour of the clock in thafternoon of the same day, to translate out of this mortall world, to his gloriows kingdome of heaven, the sowle of my deerest deer wife, who departed this world (to my vnspeakable greef) at the Lorde Calfeylds howse in dublin: ffor which heavy visittacon, God make me, and all myne, patiently thanckfull as becometh religeous christians, seeing it was none, but my own all knowing God, that did it."

After a few years of solitary childhood at Mallow, Mary was presented with a companion there. It

was during Lord and Lady Cork's stay in London that Margaret, their "ffyfteenth child," was born, in "Channell Rowe," close to Westminster Abbey and to that strange congeries of buildings of all dates which made up the Old Palace of Westminster. Margaret, or "Peggie" as her father affectionately styles her, was left in England at nurse when her parents returned to Ireland. When two years old she was brought over to Dublin, under the care of her young married sister, Lady Lettice Goring. The expenses of her journey from London to Chester, as stated in the diary, were £59. 8s. 0d.

The next entry touching Peggie is the following:—"May 7, 1634. This daie my daughter Peggie departed Dublin with the Lady ophalie, [= Offaley] who promised to deliver her to the Lady cleyton. I gave at her departure X$^{s}$ in golde, X$^{s}$ to her mayde Nan Rosier, and X$^{s}$ a peece to my daughter of Kildare's two Nurses.* Peggie came to my Lady Cleyton the 28th of May, 1634."

This coming of the little Peggy, aged about five years, to join her nine-year-old sister, must have been a joyful event to both of them. For the next three years their lives flowed on in uneventful peace, under the care of the "kind mother" of whom Mary, in her own latter years, has such an affectionate and grateful recollection. One would give something to know in what the "sober education" provided by Lady Clayton consisted, and by whom

* Joan, Lord Cork's fourth daughter, had been married, in 1630, to the Earl of Kildare, son of Lettice, Lady Offaley.

it was imparted ; but no records have come down to us. Nor is there anything existing, in the materials for Lady Warwick's life, to shew that she can claim a place among the blue-stocking dames of her day. Like her contemporaries Lady Fanshawe and Lady Halkett, she probably had "masters for writing, speaking French, playing on the lute and virginals, and dancing," but her fame does not rest upon her accomplishments, or upon her attainments in the severer branches of learning. That she was a skilled mistress of her own tongue and could write it with happy ease is proved by her journals and other literary fragments. And the mention, by her father, of giving her "Sir phillip Sydneis Arcadia" for a new year's gift, and her own allusions to Jeremy Taylor, George Herbert, and other writers, are chance indications that she had a taste for solid reading.

A few more stray notices, in the great diary, of matters touching Mary and Peggy, must not be passed over. Some time after Lady Cork's death we find her husband dividing her possessions among his daughters. Mary receives "the ffether of diamonds and Rubies that was my wives" and "2 curiows handkerchers of silck and gowld." On another occasion Lord Cork sends Mary and Peggy "an angel a peece, as tokens, by the Lord Bicshop of Corkes wife" ; and another entry is : "given my daughters, Mary and peggie, at Corke, lij$^{s}$ vj$^{d}$." Various handsome presents are sent to Lady Clayton, such as "a dozen of faier silver Trencher plates," with her husband's arms and her own

engraved upon them, and "a silver suger boxe of the skallop fashion" for a new year's gift. But, despite these courteous presents, the relations between the good lady and Lord Cork are on a strictly business footing. Entries concerning "the chardg of my 2 daughters" occur now and again. A note is made touching the holding "for sondrie years" by Sir Randall Clayton of "one ploughland and a half" in some spot with an unrecognizable name, "without paying me any rent for the same, in reguard of the dyett of my daughter Mary, who before his death I sent for home"; and a different arrangement is shortly to be made.

The careful father is also duly mindful of his children's requirements in the way of clothes. On one occasion eighteen yards of "ffigured coloured satten" are sent for Mary's and Peggy's use; on another we find chronicled, with characteristic minuteness, the exact quantities and prices of "skarlett in grayne plushe," "taffata," and "broad silver bone-lace spangled," which he sends to Cork by "Ned, my daughter Barrymore's tayler," "to make my daughter Mary a new gown withall."

Visits are exchanged from time to time. Upon the Earl's return to Lismore, after a five years' stay in Dublin, the two little girls are brought to see him by Sir Randall and Lady Clayton; and once or twice the busy statesman manages to spend a night or two at Mallow, when business brings him to Cork. Under the year 1637 there occurs this entry:—"The Ladie Cleyton and my daughter Mary having

staid at Lismoor ten daies, departed towards cork this daye : I gave Moll 40$^{s}$, her mayd X$^{s}$, and to Lyon Beecher other"—[Here the page is torn away, so what "vails" the confidential footman received we cannot tell.]

Mary and Peggy were not long to play and learn together in the home at Mallow. In the spring of 1637 Lord Cork enters in his diary :—"Given docter Higgens, at Lismoor, 5$^{li.}$ in gold to give phisick to my daughter peggie ; which he never did." Whether what followed was due to the neglect of "docter Higgens," or whether little Margaret was one of those countless hapless babes of the Stuart period doomed by ignorant quackery to an early death, we do not know. The next record about her is "This 28 of June, 1637, God called to his mercy owt of this world into a better, my youngest daughter, the Ladie Margarett Boyle, who departed this lyffe in Sir Randall cleyton's house neer Corke : buried in yoghall."

One of Richard Boyle's earliest cares, on his attainment of prosperity and position, had been to buy, from the Mayor and corporation of Youghal, a chapel on the south side of the collegiate church, to be the burying-place of himself and his family. Here he had caused to be erected his own tomb,*

* This tomb, with the beautiful church of St Mary in which it stands, had fallen into decay, but was partially restored by the late rector, the Rev. P. W. Drew. For a long period the chancel stood a roofless ruin, and the nave only was used for service. Dr Jones, the present Rector, has restored the chancel at a cost of £900, so that the whole fabric of this old and famous church—the work of the great Irish Earl of Desmond, in the fifteenth century—is now restored to pious uses.

bearing his effigy in russet and gold armour. On either side kneel his two wives; below are small figures of nine of his children; and overhead is his mother, Joan Naylor, in the full dress of Queen Elizabeth's day. Under the arch at the back of the tomb, on a slab of black marble, are fifteen inscriptions recording the names of his progeny, with their own coat of arms and those of the families into which they married. To Margaret there is a little inscription running as follows:—

"The LADY MARGARETT BOYLE eight davghter of RICHARD EARLE OF CORKE dyed, and lyeth heer intombed."

## Chapter III

# Stalbridge and the Savoy

"If thou wouldst be happy and easie in thy Family, above all things observe *Discipline.*

Everyone in it should know their Duty; and there should be a Time and Place for everything; and whatever else is done or omitted, *be sure to begin and end with God.*"

—*Maxims of William Penn.*

IT seems hard to be called upon to begin life in earnest at twelve years old. This, however, was the lot of Mary Boyle. A few months after little Peggy's death the summons came for her to leave her quiet home with Lady Clayton and return to her father's house. This change was, she records, "much to my dissatisfaction, for I was very fond of that, to me, kind mother."

Lord Cork's plan for the conducting of his household, after his wife's death, seems to have been to place its management in the hands of a married daughter or daughter-in-law. The unsettlement of the times and other causes had occasioned great disruptions in the family lives of his married children. Some of them had no money to house-keep upon, and so came to take shelter under the parental roof-tree; one husband was in prison and another at the wars.

LADY WARWICK AS A GIRL
*From Hollar's Print in the British Museum*

Lady Barrymore's lord took an active part, in and before the Civil War, on the King's side, and was away for months together. She and her children found a home at Lismore. The housekeeping was committed to her charge, and a very extravagant lady she seems to have been, constantly exceeding the liberal allowance which her father made for the maintenance of the establishment, and leaving debts to be discovered and paid, at chance times, by the scrupulous and frugal earl.

Mary, then, came home to be under the care of Alice, who was necessarily a total stranger to her little sister, seeing she had married and left home before the latter's birth.

The life in this great mansion, where each had separate interests, and whence the loving and gentle influence, binding all together and making the house a home, had departed, must have been bewildering and dreary to the child fresh from the arms of her tender and devoted friend. Presents from her father of "a Riche Indian Coverlett for a bedd, all wrought of needle worck," and of "soe much red satten as was provided for the satten bed, and not vsed, as will make her a wastecoat," can hardly have sufficed to console her for all she had lost in leaving Mallow.

Greater changes were quickly to follow. Whether because his wife's death had unsettled him, or because the tide of his affairs had begun to set in the direction of England, we find the "great Earl" about this period first considering, then buying, and finally —as his manner was—adding to and improving a

mansion and estate in Dorsetshire. This was the manor of Stalbridge, in the rich and beautiful vale of Blackmore, about seven miles from Sherborne. Lord Cork purchased it in 1636, and the diary records preparations for another great family migration across St George's Channel. The Earl re-makes his will, providing two duplicate copies for fear of accidents, and arranges his affairs. On the last day of July 1638, we find him and a large party of relatives and servants leaving Lismore, voyaging down the Blackwater, and taking passage on board a king's ship in Youghal harbour. Among the party is enumerated "my daughter Mary," who thus leaves her native land, never—so far as we can tell—to return thither.

A large company of the Earl's children and children-in-law, with friends and relatives, soon gathered at Stalbridge, and the life there was evidently carried on in the same abundant style as at Lismore and Youghal. Lady Dungarvan had come to be under her father-in-law's protection, while her loyal husband was busy in London and elsewhere over the thickening troubles of King Charles. She and Lady Barrymore undertook to "ease" the Earl "from the trouble of housekeeping," to the tune of £50 a week, *plus* the produce of the lands and woods of Stalbridge, liberal arrangements for the maintenance of the stables, and an allowance of "20 stald oxen, powdred beeff, Bacon, salte salmon, etc., which [Lord Cork] had brought owt of Ireland." Fifty pounds at that day represented

at least £150 at this, and one would have imagined this sum sufficient to support the ménage of a prince. But various "ill accompts" noted in the diary show that the two young matrons were by no means frugal "loaf-givers," and often ran into debt over the maintenance of the family table.

Stalbridge Park is now the property of the Duke of Westminster, and is leased as a farm. The fine Elizabethan house in which Lord Cork lived, and which was afterwards the property and occasional home of his famous son Robert, was only pulled down in 1822, and its carvings and other relics were scattered over the neighbourhood. Many of these adornments had been added by Lord Cork, who could never rest from improving any property to himself belonging.

To this great house, then, the various members of the family came as duty or pleasure called them ; and the youthful Mary summered and wintered there, and watched the people who came and went with the shrewd observant eyes wherewith nature had endowed her. The extravagant ways of her elder sisters were not without their influence upon her tastes and ideas, as a remark in her autobiography shews.

When the family had been settled a few months in their new home, Mary's brothers, Francis and Robert—the one a little older, the other two years younger than herself—were brought away by their father from Eton, where for three years they had been at school. They were placed under the tutorship of " Mr Dowch," then vicar of Stalbridge ; and—

as Robert Boyle tells us—"to avoid the temptations to idleness that home might afford" were lodged and boarded at the parsonage, "though it were not distant from their father's house above twice a musket-shot." The lively letters of M. Marcombes, the Swiss family tutor, give many anecdotes of the young Boyles. They show that Robert was, from his early years, a gentle, gracious, charming boy; and Francis, though more wilful and troublesome, was also bright and attractive. To have these companions of her own age so close at hand, must have been a great delight to their solitary little sister; and no doubt the "summer diversions at Stalbridge," of which even the serious-minded Robert speaks with evident gusto, must have been all the more enjoyed by the trio for having them in common.

But however good a play-fellow to her brothers Mary may have been, in her father's eyes she was no longer a child, but a young lady eligible for marriage, and to be provided with a husband as soon as the paternal plans should be ripe. Her marriage portion had been accumulating for years; and the intended husband was rising above the horizon. Meanwhile, about the time of her thirteenth birthday, her father notes in his exact fashion:—"William Chettle delivered my son dongarvan xxv$^{li.}$ for my daughter Marie, her quarter of a yeares allowance begyning on All Hollenday last, when I begin to allow her one hundred pownd a year to fynde herself." This "finding herself" is specified, in another place, to consist of "her maintenance in

apparell and all other her necessaries, etc. (except her diett and Lodging)."

We know the Earl's habit—common to noble parents of that day—of arranging marriages for his children while yet almost in their cradles. Mary was to be no exception. Before she was ten years years old a marriage had been proposed between her and Mr James Hamilton, only son of Viscount Clandeboye, afterwards Earl of Clanbrassil in the peerage of Ireland.

The young man's father does not appear to have been equally keen about the match. A letter from him printed in the *Lismore Correspondence* suggests that "such an estate with a sole sonn" deserves a more handsome jointure than Lord Cork seems to have been inclined to bestow. Young Hamilton was for some years abroad on the grand tour then the indispensable finish of a gentleman's education. On his return he was sent down to Stalbridge to see the maiden and decide for himself. We have Mary's own account of her first suitor's advances :—

"Soon after my father removed, with his family, into England, and dwelt in Dorsetshire, at a house he had purchased there; which was called Stalbridge; and there, when I was about thirteen or fourteen years of age, came down to me one Mr Hambletone, son to my Lord Clandeboyes, who was afterwards Earl of Clanbrasell, and would fain have had me for his wife. My father and his had, some years before, concluded a match between us, if we liked when we saw one another, and that I was of years to consent; and now he being returned out of France, was by his father's command to come to my father's, where he received from him a very kind and obliging welcome, looking upon him as his son-in-law, and designing suddenly

that we should be married, and gave him leave to make his address, with a command to me to receive him as one designed to be my husband. Mr Hambletone (possibly to obey his father) did design gaining me by a very handsome address, which he made to me, and if he did not to a very high degree dissemble, I was not displeasing to him, for he professed a great passion for me."*

Mary's suggestion of other reasons than her own charms for Mr Hamilton's assiduity seems rather superfluous! But she was an old woman when she wrote her fragment of autobiography, and had learnt how seldom true love, pure and unmixed, was the prime motive in the fashionable marriages of her day.

The upshot of this courtship is tersely related by the displeased Earl to that kind confidante his diary: —[August 12, 1639] "The Lord viscount clandebiews' son and heir Mr James Hamylton, with Mr Treall his governor, and other his attendants, came to Stalbridge, and brought me lettres from his ffather. And being refuzed in marriadge by my vnruly daughter Mary, he departed my hows the second of September to the Bathe." Mary's own account of the affair is more ceremonious:—

"The professions he made me of his kindness were very unacceptable to me, and though I had by him very highly advantageous offers made me, in point of fortune (for his estate, that was settled upon him, was counted seven or eight thousand pound a year), yet by all his kindness to me I could not be brought to endure to think of having him, though my father pressed me extremely to it; my aversion for him was extraordinary, though I could give my father no satisfactory account whv it was so."

* This and following quotations are from *Some Specialities in the Life of M. Warwicke.* See p. 213.

Whether there was anything really against young James Hamilton, or whether it was merely a case of "not liking," we do not know. But it speaks strongly for the spirit and force of character of this motherless child of fourteen that she could cling so firmly to her resistance to the proposed match and maintain it during so long a period. Mr Hamilton evidently laid siege to her affections with great persistency, and was eagerly supported by Lord Cork and the whole family of the Boyles. Mary tells us of her father's "high displeasure" at her refusal of so eligible a husband, and hints that both "fair and foul means" were employed to make her alter her mind. Between her father, her importunate lover, and "all other her best friends," the poor girl must have had, during at least a year, a bad time of it.

It must be owned, however, that the only "foul means" we can prove Lord Cork guilty of employing was the stopping of Mary's allowance. He notes having paid a quarter's instalment on the 21st of May, and continues:—"Since which tyme, for her disobedience in not marrying Mr James Hamylton, the Son and heir of the Lo. viscount of clandebwy as I seriowsly advised her, I have from the 21st of May, 1639, till this third day of June, 1640, deteigned my promised allowance from her, and not given her one penney."

On that date the allowance was resumed, so we must suppose that by that time the affair had been given up as hopeless. Mr Hamilton's withdrawal, Mary writes, was—

"To my father's unspeakable trouble, and to my unspeakable satisfaction, for hardly in any of the troubles of my life did I feel a more sensible uneasiness than when that business was transacting."

She adds, with a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity very characteristic :—

"Afterwards I apparently saw a good providence of God in not letting me close with it, for within a year after my absolute refusing him, he was, by the rebellion of Ireland, impoverished so that he lost for a great while his whole estate, the rebels being in possession of it; which I should have liked very ill, for if I had married him it must have been for his estate's sake, not his own, his person being highly disagreeable to me."

While Mary Boyle was springing from childhood into womanhood in her Dorsetshire home, the clouds of civil war were gathering darkly in the northern sky. In July 1637 the memorable attempt was made to use the new Liturgy in St Giles's Church, Edinburgh. On the 1st of March 1638 the Covenant was signed in the churchyard of the Greyfriars. In November Episcopacy was abjured throughout Scotland. During the spring of 1639 preparations were being made for war. King Charles formed a camp at York and looked round for his subjects to gather to his standard.

The call to arms met with a quick response in the home of that most loyal of loyal subjects, Lord Cork. Seventy years old though he was, the day when he personally should take a part in martial affairs was still to come. But he furnished the money enabling his son-in-law, Lord Barrymore, to raise a regiment of a thousand foot in Ireland, and his

eldest son, Lord Dungarvan, a troop of a hundred horse in England, with pistols and saddles, purchased at great expense in the Low Countries. And when all preparations were made he sent away his three elder sons (and would, if Robert Boyle says true, have added his two youngest little lads as well, had not some illness of Francis prevented it) to meet the King at York, with the hearty prayer :—"God I beseech him retorn them safe, happy and victoriows, to my comfort." The start from Stalbridge, on that May morning, of those three gallant youths must have been a sight not to be forgotten by their young sister. To her no doubt fell the task of consoling brother Robin for the downfall of what he quaintly calls "our young man's greedy hopes" of forming one of the party.

They were not, on this occasion, long away, as we know from the history of the time. And the diary tells us that, on the 24th of June, the sleeping inhabitants of Stalbridge were roused, at 2 A.M., by the return of Lord Broghill, riding post from the camp at Berwick and bringing "the first happie news that his Ma$^{ty}$ had concluded an honorable peace with the scotts, and dissolved his army."

Lord Cork's shrewd comments on this act of the Stuart tragedy are worth quoting. They are to be found in a letter to Lord Ranelagh, father to his daughter Katharine's husband. "My five sons (whom I beseech God to blesse) are all here at hoame with me. The three eldest, with a hundred horsemen well mounted, armed, and furnished, did without

chardg to the King, as my purse feeles, attend his Majesty in this expedic̃on into Scotland, and doe wish that the service had required their longer stay there, and that his Majesty had not dissolued his Army soe soone: ffor it had been a more braue and safe worke to haue giuen them lawes with an Army and his sword drawne, then to haue stood vpon capitulations, as this enclosed proclamac̃on will shew you to be the present case."

In the autumn of 1639 another change of abode took place for the Boyle family. Important affairs, in which the unjust claims and attempts at depredation of the Lord Deputy took a leading share, demanded the Lord Justice of Ireland's presence in London. Among his friends and correspondents none are more prominent than Sir Thomas Stafford, gentleman usher to Queen Henrietta Maria. Mention of visits from "Sir Thomas stafford and his Ladie," references to "my trew and worthie frend Sir Thomas Stafford," occur frequently in the diary and letters. Lady Stafford also stood high in the Earl's esteem and received many confidences touching his children, though whether she was equally worthy of his trust is less clear.

In order, doubtless, to be near Somerset House, where the Queen resided and had her court, chapel, and priests, Sir Thomas Stafford lived in the Savoy, that wonderful old fortress-hospital-prison-palace on the Thames bank.

In 1639 we find Stafford conferring a fresh obligation on his friend Lord Cork, by lending his

suite of apartments to him and his family. On the 1st of October, as the diary records, a mighty cavalcade set out from Stalbridge. The travellers "laie that night at salisbury; the 2 at Basingstoak; the 3 at Egham; and the 4th, God be praized, I and all myne came safely to London; where Sir Thomas stafford had prepared his howse of the Savoye bravely furnished with all things, except Lynnen and plate, which I brought with me, and in a moste noble and frendly manner lent it me freely to wynter in."

The Boyle household was at this time so large that it could by no means be contained in Sir Thomas Stafford's quarters. Lady Barrymore and Katharine Jones (afterwards Lady Ranelagh), with their husbands and children, had been added to the party. These were lodged — as Robert Boyle's autobiography describes—in the adjacent houses, "but took their meals in the *Savoy*, where the old earl kept so plentiful a house, that in —— months his accompts for bare house-keeping exceeded —— pounds."

Mary Boyle also tells us that, at this time, her father "was living extraordinarily high";—*i.e.*, in much state and splendour—and the winter of 1639-40 may be taken as, on the whole, the crowning period of the great Earl's life. True, his political ambitions had been keenly opposed and largely thwarted by his arch-enemy the Lord Deputy Wentworth; and his plans for the improvement of Ireland and the upholding of the English

power there had been checked and discouraged at every turn. Under the pretence of fines he had been mulcted, for his royal master's necessities, to the amount of nearly £100,000. But, thanks to his marvellous faculty for turning all he touched to profit, his estate was capable of surviving even this overwhelming demand; and never had he lived so splendidly or entertained in so princely a fashion as during the time we have now reached. Also the advancement and prosperity of his family, always dearest of all to his heart, made great strides, as we shall see, during this period. And the personal favour of the King and Queen, of which this faithful servant of royalty had throughout his life enjoyed a large share, had never shone on him more brightly than now.

There was a lull, for a time, in the storms threatening the kingdom. Charles's pacification with the Scots, unsatisfactory as it seemed—not to Wentworth only but to men of more moderate views—had set the King free from the unpleasant task of trying to coerce his unwilling army. He had returned from the north, and the Court resumed its usual life and aspect. Sir Thomas Stafford, from his official position, had constant access to Whitehall, as well as to Somerset House, and he took his friend thither with him.

A scheme was presently agitated nearly concerning the Staffords—a marriage between young Francis Boyle and Elizabeth Killigrew, Lady Stafford's daughter by her first husband, Sir Robert Killigrew.

Mrs Elizabeth was maid-of-honour to Henrietta Maria, and both she and the King interested themselves in the marriage. Apparently even a younger son of the wealthy and powerful Irish Earl was considered a good match, for the diary and correspondence shew that both Charles and his Queen brought pressure to bear on Lord Cork to give his consent.

Robert Boyle contributes the fact that Mistress Elizabeth was "both young and handsom." She was probably a year or two senior to her boy-husband of sixteen.

On the 24th of October a splendid wedding took place in the chapel of Whitehall Palace. Lord Cork describes the event in his diary with all the glee of a proud and happy father. "The Kinge with his own Royall hand gave my son his wife in marriadge, and made a great ffeaste in court for them, whereate the Kinge and queene were both presente, and I, with 3 of my daughters satt at the King and queen's table, amongst all the great Lords and Ladies. The King took the bryde owt to dawnce; and after the dawncing was ended, the King led the Bryde by the hand to the bedchamber, where the queen herself, with her own hands, did help to vndress her. And his Ma$^{ty}$ and the queen bothe kissed the bride and blessed them, as I did: and I beseech God to bless them."

"Three of my daughters," Lord Cork mentions as sharing with himself the honour of dining at the royal table on that glorious occasion. One of them would be Mary, then barely fourteen. It must have

been her first introduction at court and her earliest glimpse of the life she was afterwards to be so familiar with and to forsake of her own free will.

The diary next records how, on the following day, the young couple, "having both this day presented their humble thancks to their Ma^tys for the great graces and favors don them, and kissed their hands, cam from Courte to my house at the Savoy with me, accompanied with the Lorde and Lady Elizabeth ffeelding, the mother, and all the Maydes of honnor, Sir Thomas Stafford and his Lady, with divers courtiers, on whome I bestowed a ffeast where was great revelling."

The prompt sequel to all these splendours was that the youthful bridegroom was sent off abroad, with the royal licence, in the company of his brother Robert and their "governor" M. Marcombes, to travel for three years; and the bride was brought home to her father-in-law's house to be the companion of his daughter Mary.

The addition of one more to that huge family party gathered at the Savoy must have seemed, to most of them, a trifling matter. Mrs Francis Boyle would have her bed-chamber, and—did space allow—her "closet" or boudoir; her maid to wait upon her; and one of the many "gentlemen" of the household to stand behind her chair at meals and attend her when she went abroad. She would have her appointed place at the table and a share of the Earl's conversation and courteous attention during the long, solemn meals. But otherwise she would go

and come as she pleased; and the Barrymores, Ranelaghs, Dungarvans, absorbed in their own and public affairs, would take little notice of her.

But there was one member of the family to whom Mrs Elizabeth's coming made a very great difference, and upon whose mind the lively young bride, with the air of the court about her, a passion for society, and a keen determination to enjoy herself, had the strongest influence.

Time was beginning to rub out the remembrance of Mallow from Mary's heart; and the impression of good Lady Clayton's motherly teaching was fading from her mind. Shooting up as she was, under pressure of circumstances, into premature womanhood, she was peculiarly alive to new impressions, eager to understand and take part in the life pulsing around her. She was lonely too. The close and tender friendship between herself and her sister Katharine, which was to be the chief stay and comfort of her later years, had not yet had the chance to spring into life. They had never lived at home together since Mary was three years old. Katharine was eleven years her senior—a married woman of five-and-twenty, with young children and many cares. Mary was just at the age when girls begin making bosom friendships, but to her had never yet come the chance of making one. She had plenty to talk about, and great need of a confidante; for her father's profuse hospitalities drew "a very great resort" to the Savoy, and the report that he would give her a splendid fortune, she tells us, "made him

have for me many very great and considerable offers, both of persons of great birth and fortune." The friend she had never yet had the chance to make came now, ready made, to her hand, in the person of her pretty new sister-in-law.

Her autobiography continues :—

"About this time my fourth brother, Mr Francis Boyle then (afterwards Lord Shannon), was by my father married to Mrs Elizabeth Kilegrew, daughter to my Lady Staford; and my brother being then judged to be too young to live with his wife, was a day or two after the celebrating the marriage (which was done before the King and Queen) at Whitehall (she being then a maid of honour to the Queen) sent into France to travel, and his wife then brought home to our house, where she and I became chamber-fellows and constant bed-fellows; and there then grew so great a kindness between us, that she soon had a great and ruling power with me; and by her having so brought me to be very vain and foolish, inticing me to spend (as she did) her time in seeing and reading plays and romances, and in exquisite and curious dressing."

We shall see that, in later life, Mary sorrowed much and long over these her idle days, and reproached herself deeply for the sins and offences of her youth. That her will was strong and undisciplined is plain enough; and no doubt she went through a period similar to that so quaintly described by the Welsh poet of her generation, Henry Vaughan :—

"Excesse of friends, of words, and wine
Take up my day, while Thou dost shine
All unregarded, and Thy book
Hath not so much as one poor look.
If Thou steal in amidst the mirth
And kindly tell me, *I am Earth*,

I shut Thee out, and let that slip ;
Such musick spoils good fellowship.
Thus wretched I, and most unkind,
Exclude my dear God from my mind,
Exclude Him thence, who of that cell
Would make a court, should He there dwell."

But, that she was ever worse than foolish, or ever over-stepped by a hair's breadth the bounds of modesty and right-living, there is not the smallest ground for believing. In an age when morals were loose and sin was thought little of, and in circumstances of loneliness and difficulty, Mary Boyle kept her garments white and her reputation absolutely stainless.

## Chapter IV

# Affairs of the Heart

"Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrupulous head,
Strict age, and sour severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie."

—*Milton.*

LIFE in Lord Cork's family went at a great pace during that winter of 1639-40. There was much visiting and entertaining, and many lively doings. The young bride, Madam Elizabeth, was an element of gaiety in the house. Mary writes :—

"When she was well settled in our family (but much more so in my heart) she had many of the young gallants that she was acquainted with at Court that came to visit her at the Savoy (where we lived)."

We shall see presently of how much moment to Mary's future life were the visits of one of these "young gallants." A son and heir was born this winter to Lord and Lady Dungarvan, a cause of great rejoicing to the old Earl.

In December there was again a grand wedding in the family. Mary's second brother, Lewis, Lord Kynalmeaky, was married to another maid-of-honour,

in the same place and with the same royal assistances as Francis had been. The bride, in this case, was the Lady Elizabeth Fielding, daughter to the Earl and Countess of Denbigh. Towards the bridegroom's personal equipment for the wedding Lord Cork contributed £100, "to provide him with apparell fytting," and lent him "my son ffranck's wedding shoes."

It may be worth noting here that Lady Kynalmeaky, so early left a widow by her husband's death at the battle of Liscarroll, became a Roman Catholic and shared for some years Queen Henrietta Maria's exile in France. At the Restoration she was made Countess of Guilford for life, and held the office of Groom of the Stole to the Queen-Mother. She comes into the life of Margaret Blagge, afterwards Mrs Godolphin, as having charge of her during that part of her childhood which she spent in France; where the Countess did her best to get the child to "goe to Masse and be a papist." Little Margaret's refusal, Evelyn tells us, "caused her to be rudely treated and menaced by the Countess; soe as she was become a Confessor, and almost a Martyr, before she was 7 years old." It is pleasanter to think of Lady Elizabeth as Lord Cork's bright and attractive young daughter-in-law, whom he refers to often, with special fondness, and who was with him through the dark days of the Irish Rebellion until, for safety's sake, he sent her away to England. "God knows," he writes, "with what grief of soul I part with her."

In the wedding festivities Mary, of course, took her share, though she was, the while, under the cloud

of her father's displeasure. Other suitors, as she has told us, were anxious to come forward, but the Hamilton match lingered on for some time and was urged upon the poor maiden again and again.

In November Lord Cork writes—evidently in a great fume—"My daughter Marie did this day, as she had many tymes before, declare a very high aversnes and contradicon to our councels and commaunds, touching her marriadge with Mr James Hamylton, the onely childe of the L. viscount of Clandebwy, although myself and all [my] sons and daughters, the Lo. Barrymore, Arthure Jones, and all other her beste frends did most effectually entreat and persuade her thervnto, and I comaund t[oo]." A couple of pages later he refers to "the Lo. Deale" and a gentleman of the King's bed-chamber as coming to tender "thearle of Annandales his son and heir for a husband to my daughter Mary after she could not be persuaded to marry Mr James Hamylton."

But no offers of marriage were acceptable at present to Mary Boyle; and she herself frankly tells us why. After referring to the princely hospitalities maintained by her father; the throngs of guests who came to the Savoy; and the various would-be candidates for her hand among them, she says:—

"But I still continued to have an aversion to marriage, living so much at my ease that I was unwilling to change my condition, and never could bring myself to close with any offered match, but still begged my father to refuse all the most advantageous profers, though I was by him much pressed to settle myself."

It is plain that the desire to *se ranger* was not strong in Mary Boyle. Like her distant cousin Dorothy Osborne, she was "much out of love with a thing called marriage," and was in no hurry to compass a change which her observation told her might not be for the better. For, though some of her sisters' marriages had turned out happily enough, others could by no means be ranked as successes; and no doubt they acted as warnings and deterrents. The troubles of Lettice and Joan and the unsettled, wandering lives which their husbands compelled them to lead would not attract Mary to follow in the same path. Also, she was "having a good time," as a girl of to-day would phrase it, and enjoying herself mightily; the needs of her warm heart were satisfied, for the present, by the bosom friend she had found; and she only asked to be let alone and not be pestered with attentions which her simplicity of character and lack of vanity kept her from coveting for their own sake.

This state of things was not, however, long to continue. Mary shall tell her story, as far as possible, in her own words. She has already referred to the hosts of "young gallants" whom Francis's wife attracted to the Savoy. She continues:—

"Amongst others there came one Mr Charles Rich, second son to Robert Earl of Warwicke, who was a very cheerful, and handsome, well-bred and fashioned person, and being good company was very acceptable to us all, and so became very intimate in our house, visiting us almost every day. He was then in love with a maid of honour to the Queen, one Mrs

Hareson [Harrison], that had been chamber-fellow to my sister-in-law whilst she lived at Court, and that brought on the acquaintance between him and my sister. He continued to be much with us, for about five or six months, till my brother Broghil then (afterwards Earl of Orrery), grew also to be passionately in love with the same Mrs Hareson. My brother then having a quarrel with Mr Thomas Howarde, second son to the Earl of Berkshire, about Mrs Hareson (with whom he also was in love), Mr Rich brought my brother a challenge from Mr Howard, and was second to him against my brother when they fought, which they did without any great hurt of any side, being parted."

The "Mrs Hareson" of this history was one Frances Harrison, daughter of Sir Richard Harrison, of Hurst, in Berkshire, and another of the Queen's maids-of-honour. She was a great flirt, as the sequel shews, and enjoyed having three young gentlemen at once "holding a synod" in her heart. Lord Broghill's passion was greatly against his father's wishes; and the Earl probably did not bless his new daughter-in-law for bringing the young people acquainted. He notes the episode of the duel in his diary with grim displeasure, winding up with the comment—"And all this for Mrs Harrison!"

But, after all, as events proved, the Earl could afford to snap his fingers at the maid-of-honour, for in the course of a few months she jilted Lord Broghill in a very "unhandsome" manner, as Mary tells us, "when they were so near being married as the wedding clothes were to be made, and she afterwards married Mr Thomas Howard (to my father's very great satisfaction), who always was averse to it,

though to comply with my brother's passion he consented to it."

Dorothy Osborne's comment upon this affair is so characteristic and amusing that I am sure I shall be forgiven for quoting it. She writes to her lover, Sir William Temple :—" 'Twas a strange caprice, as you say, of Mrs Harrison, but there is fate as well as love in those things. The Queen took the greatest pains to persuade her from it that could be; and (as somebody says, I know not who) 'Majesty is no ill orator'; but all would not do. When she had nothing to say for herself, she told her she had rather beg with Mr Howard than live in the greatest plenty that could be with either my Lord Broghill, Charles Rich, or Mr Nevile,—for all these were dying for her then. I am afraid she has altered her opinion since 'twas too late, for I do not take Mr Howard to be a person that can deserve one should neglect all the world for him. And where there is no reason to uphold a passion, it will sink of itself; but where there is, it may last eternally." (*Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*, p. 130.)

Lord Broghill's temporary disappointment was not the only consequence entailed on the family at the Savoy by the acquaintance with the dangerous Mistress Frances Harrison. She had, as we saw above, been the means of introducing Charles Rich to her former fellow maid-of-honour, and through her to Lord Cork's family. The future Lord Warwick comes for the first time on the scene as one of "Mrs Hareson's" admirers, and quickly grows intimate

with the Boyles. His being called on, however, to act as second to Broghill's opponent in the duel makes a temporary breach between him and his new friends. He "judged it not civil," Mary writes, "to come to our house, and so for some time forbore doing it."

Did that "some time" seem very long to Mary, or was she still fancy-free? Her narrative shews us which way her heart was tending. She goes on:—

"My brother, being thus happily disengaged from that amour, brought again Mr Rich to our family, and soon after he grew again as great among us, as if he had never done that disobliging action to us. By this time, upon what account I know not, he began to withdraw his visits to Mrs Hareson (for that name she continued to have, not being married to Mr Howard in a good considerable time after), and his heart too; and being encouraged in his resolution by my sister Boyle, began to think of making an address to me, she promising him all the assistance her power with me could give him to gain my affection, though she knew by attempting it she should lose my father's and all my family, that she believed would never be brought to consent to my having any younger brother; my father's kindness to me making him, as she well knew, resolved to match me to a great fortune. At last, one day she began to acquaint me with Mr Rich's, as she said, great passion for me; at which I was at the first much surprised, both at his having it for me, and at her telling it to me, knowing how much she hazarded by it if I should acquaint my father with it. I confess I did not find his declaration of his kindness disagreeable to me, but the consideration of his being a younger brother made me sadly apprehend my father's displeasure if I should embrace any such offer, and so resolved, at that time, to give her no answer, but seemed to disbelieve his loving me at the rate she informed me he did, though I had for some time taken notice of his loving me, though I never thought he designed trying to gain me.

"After this first declaration of his esteem for me by my sister, he became a most diligent gallant to me, seeking by a most humble and respectful address to gain my heart, applying himself, when there was no other beholders in the room but my sister, to me; but if any other person came in he took no more than ordinary notice of me: but to disguise his design addressed himself much to her: and though his doing so was not well liked in our family, yet there was nothing said to him about their dislike of it, and by this way his design became unsuspected, and thus we lived for some months, in which time, by his more than ordinary humble behaviour to me, he did insensibly steal away my heart, and got a greater possession of it than I knew he had. My sister, when he was forced to be absent for fear of observing eyes, would so plead for him, that it worked, too, very much upon me."

It was during the spring and summer of 1640 that Charles Rich was carrying on his disguised courtship of Mary Boyle. She was only fifteen, he nine years her senior. No traditions of her possessing personal beauty have come down to us; in fact we may conclude, from a passing allusion in her autobiography, that she was not distinguished for good looks. In her mature years, however, the beauty of her mind and heart must have stolen into her face, for it is a bright and charming countenance that is presented to us in the only portrait of her, as she was in middle life, known to exist—that prefixed to her funeral sermon. It forms the frontispiece to this volume. And she had, at least in her youthful days, a beautiful figure, and was proud of it; and from her own testimony we may discover that she dressed elegantly and in the height of the fashion. Her sprightly, clever tongue, gracious manners, and

that "art of obliging," which her chaplain tells us she possessed in an eminent degree, must have made her company pleasant and acceptable wherever she went. Young Mr Rich, evidently, thought her worth any trouble to win ; and he paid the most assiduous court, though no actual declaration had as yet passed between the pair. Brother Frank's wife, whether for the mere amusement of her idle days or because she imagined the union would be a happy one, did all she could to further the match and screen the pair of lovers from observation.

Meanwhile the troubles of the kingdom were drawing to a head. In the previous autumn Wentworth had returned from Ireland and grasped the reins of power vacillating in Charles's unsteady hands. A second and larger army was preparing, and Scotland was to be crushed into submission. Parliament, after an eleven years' interval, was to meet again. Lord Cork—always a most busy man and specially prominent at the present crisis on account of his connection with Ireland and with Lord Strafford when Irish Deputy—was no doubt at this time little at home. And when there, his preoccupied mind would have scant leisure to busy itself with his children and their concerns. Some of the sisters and brothers noticed what was going on, but though Mary became aware that the choice of Charles Rich as a husband would not meet with their approval, they did not think what might be only a mild flirtation worth troubling their father about. Lord Cork took care, as the autobiography goes on to tell us, to convey

to his daughter "many great and advantageous offers" made for her hand; but plainly he had no suspicion that there was anything on foot between her and an "impossible" younger son. Gay Mrs Frank Boyle was, to his mind, the attraction that brought the young man so frequently to the house.

In July Mary went down to Stalbridge with her father and Lord and Lady Dungarvan; and they all stayed there till the end of October. Lord Cork's diary mentions himself and his "ffamely" going stag-hunting in Sherborne Park, and describes the circumstances under which "a little meddow called new mead rout, 4 acres, rented at 4$^{li}$ per annum" fell into his possession. "Which Rent," he adds, "I have bestowed on my daughter Mary to buy her pyns."

We may safely conjecture that, during her period of rustication at Stalbridge, Mary did not receive visits from Charles Rich. There is nothing to show that Mrs Frank accompanied her husband's family into Dorsetshire, so the excuse for those calls was taken away. Most likely, however, the separation had the effect of teaching Mary what her feelings really were, and compelling her to review the situation. Her own story continues:—

"When I began to find, myself, that my kindness for him grew and increased so much, that though I had in the time of his private address to me, many great and advantageous offers made me by my father, and that I could not with any patience endure to hear of any of them, I began with some seriousness to consider what I was engaging myself in by my kindness for

Mr Rich, for my father, I knew, would never indure it, and besides I considered my mind was too high, and I too expensively brought up to bring myself to live contentedly with Mr Rich's fortune, who would never have, when his father was dead, above thirteen or fourteen (at the most) hundred pounds a-year."

The end of October brought the Boyle family back to London, and to the Savoy again, and Charles Rich was able to renew his unacknowledged courtship.

"Upon these considerations I was convinced that it was time for me to give him a flat and final denial; and with this, as I thought, fixed resolution, I have laid me down in my bed [resolved] to beg my sister never to name him to me more for a husband, and to tell him, from me, that I desired him never more to think of me, for I was resolved not to anger my father: but when I was upon a readiness to open my mouth to utter these words, my great kindness for him stopped it, and made me rise always without doing it, though I frequently resolved it; which convinced to me the great and full possession he had of my heart, which made me begin to give him more hopes of gaining me than before I had done, by anything but my inducing him to come to me after he had declared to me his design in doing so, which he well knew I would never endure from any other person that had offered themselves to me."

We can picture to ourselves the scene of so many of poor little Mary Boyle's heart-searchings during this difficult bit of her life's journey. The huge four-post bedstead, with its canopy and hangings of heavy velvet or satin, thickly embroidered and fringed and tasselled; its hard bolster (most probably of velvet also) and enormous feather-bed, swelling and sinking like the waves of the sea. The

waiting-maids have drawn the curtains tightly round, as their final office to their two young mistresses, and within that stifling enclosure the light-hearted Madam Elizabeth lies fast asleep, dreaming o'er again her successes of the evening past. Beside her, her sister-in-law—only fifteen—lies wide awake, staring into the darkness, seeing by turns her father's displeased face and the handsome, adorable countenance of Mr Rich, tossing from side to side under the uneasiness of a struggle too hard for her years, vainly trying to screw up her poor childish courage to the sticking place. Night after night she falls asleep, almost determined that, in the morning, when the curtains are undrawn and pretty Elizabeth wakes, she will tell her that her mind is made up and Charles Rich shall be told "never more to think of" her. Morning after morning her resolve melts away. He is coming to-day. He is expecting a long talk. He will bring her a nosegay from the flower market in Covent Garden where the rosy-cheeked country wenches sit smiling behind their dewy, fragrant heaps. To-morrow he shall be told that this must end; but not—just not to-day!

While Mary Boyle's little drama was being played out on the banks of the Thames, the great struggle which was to shake the nation to its foundations and out of which our free and peaceful England was to be born was just beginning. On the 5th of May, Lord Cork had noted in his diary:—"This doleful Tuesdaie, the parlament was dissolved before any act was paste, to my great greef of heart, as alsoe to

the deep sorrow of many good subiects, it having continewed but 3 weeks, and one day."

With the dissolution of the Short Parliament the great conflict began. On the one side were King Charles and his two accepted counsellors of the hour, Laud and Strafford. On the other was the ~~nation~~, with Pym as its leader and voice. He had been silenced for the moment, and the nation with him ; but each passing day of that enforced silence was only adding strength and volume to the clamour with which he would speak when November came and the Long Parliament should assemble within the walls of St Stephen's. Throughout the summer of 1640, preparations were making for the second Scottish war. The King and Strafford were using every means they could devise, legal and illegal, for wringing money out of an unwilling country. Bands of pressed men, levied in the southern counties, went straggling north to the rendezvous at Selby, robbing farms and doing mischief on their road, and breaking out, on the slightest provocation, into open mutiny against their officers. News of their ill-doings in his own and neighbouring counties must have frequently reached Lord Cork's ears during his quiet country sojourn, with his family about him, at Stalbridge Park. Rumours, too, of the threatened invasion of England by the Scots must have drifted his way as the summer proceeded, and added to the ever growing sense of approaching calamity with which the air was thick. Presently came the news of the rout of Newburn and the seizing of Newcastle by

the Scots. Then Dumbarton fell, and Edinburgh Castle, and the National Government was supreme in Scotland from north to south. The cry for a parliament, which had been gathering strength all through the summer, now rose to such a pitch that it was impossible to resist it. On the 24th of September King Charles met his council in the hall of the Deanery at York, and announced the issue of writs for a parliament to meet on November 3.

Lord Cork, being a peer of Ireland, had, of course, no seat in the English House of Lords. It must therefore have been a great surprise when, during October, a royal writ arrived at Stalbridge Park, summoning him "into the vpper hows by his Ma^ts^ great grace." This was that seat on the woolsack, *ut consularius*, which has already been referred to as the crowning distinction of the great Earl's life. The position he now occupied must have had its peculiar, if in some sort painful, satisfaction. For the first act, as we know, of the Long Parliament was the impeachment for high treason of his arch opponent, the Earl of Strafford. From his place Lord Cork must have beheld each successive act of the Strafford drama. He saw Pym and his attendant crowd of Commons appear at the bar, demanding that Strafford be sequestered from the House of Lords and committed to prison. He saw the great man, like a lion at bay, enter the chamber where his peers were discussing the question of his imprisonment, and stride up the floor to his accustomed place of honour. He had come, as he said,

" to look his accusers in the face." We can picture this strange and awful scene, and what followed, from Cork's own description. [November 11th, 1640.] " This day thearle of Strafford, L. Leeftennant of Ireland, was by a committee from the house of comons, by Mr Pym accused to the vpper house in parliament for high treason, which he said was not onely the complaint of that house, but presented in the name of the lower house, and in the name of the whole Kingdome, with humble request that his Lo^p might not onely be sequestred from the place of a peer in parliament, but might alsoe be comitted to prison ; which the Lordes taking into deep consideracon, his Lo^p was called into the house, as a delinquent, and brought to the barr vppon his knees (I sytting in my place covered), where the chardg of high treason being obiected against him, he being not permitted then to speak in his defence, was presently comitted to Mr James Maxwell. And this his deiection showes the vncertenty whervnto the greateste men are subiect vnto, and which in few daies after he was removed prisoner to the Tower."

At the trial Lord Cork was an important though apparently unwilling witness against Strafford concerning " great matters out of Ireland " ; and finally the diary of May 3 bears record as follows :—" This daie, after many long debates, and severall hearings, the oppressing Earle of Strafford, Lo. Leeftennant of Ireland, was by parliament atteinted of highe treason, where I satt present ; but xj voices of all the Lords declaring not content ; and the xij^th of this moneth

he was behedded on the Tower hill of London, as he wel deserved." With this roundly expressed opinion of Lord Cork's we may contrast John Evelyn's view—also imparted to his diary—that on that fatal 12th of May "the wisest head in England was severed from its shoulders."

While the tragedies of kings and nobles were thus being played out on the world's great stage, the little destiny of Mary Boyle was also hastening to its decision. It appears that on the family's return to London in the month of October the great establishment in the Savoy Palace was not resumed. Lord Cork himself spent the winter there, but possibly only as the guest of his friend Sir Thomas Stafford. Lord and Lady Dungarvan had taken a house in Long Acre, which was then a highly respectable, if not fashionable street, where they had the future Lord Protector for one of their neighbours. An entry in the diary shews that Mary and Mrs Frank were placed by the Earl, for the winter, with the Dungarvans. He notes the payment of £60 to his son, "for the half yeares diett in London of my daughter Mary and ffrancks wife, ending at May next, for themselves and their two maydes."

Mary goes on demurely telling the story of these, to her, eventful months :—

"Thus we lived for some considerable time, my duty and my reason having frequent combats within me with my passion, which at last was always victorious, though my fear of my father's displeasure frighted me from directly owning it to Mr Rich ; till my sister Boyle's taking sick of the measles (and by

my lying with her when she had them, though I thought at first it might be the small-pox, I got them of her), my kindness being then so great for her, that though of all diseases the small-pox was that I most apprehended, yet from her I did not anything, and would have continued with her all her illness, had I not by my father's absolute command been separated into another room from her ; but it was too late, for I had got from her the infection, and presently fell most dangerously ill of the measles too, and before they came out I was removed into another house, because my sister Dungarvan, in whose house I was, in Long Acre, was expecting daily to be delivered, and was apprehensive of that distemper."

In these days, when the small-pox has been reduced from the commonest and the most terrible scourge that people had to fear, to a comparatively infrequent disease, it is difficult to gauge the self-sacrifice which Mary Boyle was willing to undergo, in running what she believed to be the certain risk of catching the infection. It is an accidental but very strong proof of the power of affection and devotion which her nature possessed. She loved her dear "Bettie" so much that she would sooner take the small-pox than be prevented from nursing her!

Small causes often bring about great events. Mary's attack of measles was the means of bringing to a crisis the affair which had been so long pending.

"Mr Rich then was much concerned for me, and his being so made him make frequent visits to me, though my sister Boyle was absent from me, and he was most obligingly careful of me ; which as it did to a great degree heighten my passion for him, so it did also begin to make my family, and before suspecting friends, to see that they were by a false disguise of his kindness to my sister abused, and that he had for me, and I for him, a respect which they feared was too far gone.

"This made my old Lady Staford, mother to my sister Boyle (who was a cunning old woman, and who had been herself too much and too long versed in amours), begin to conclude the truth, and absolutely to believe that her daughter was the great actor in this business, and that her being confidant with us, would ruin her with my father; and therefore having some power with him, to prevent the inconveniencies that would come to her daughter, resolved to acquaint my father with Mr Rich's visiting me when I had the measles, and of his continuing to do so at the Savoy,—whither I was, after my recovery, by my father's order, removed, and where by reason of my being newly recovered of an infectious disease, I was free from any visits."

We need but slight acquaintance with the stormy history of the year 1641 to shew us how overwhelmingly occupied with affairs of state Lord Cork must have been. It must have come as a disagreeable shock indeed to him to be suddenly recalled to affairs domestic by the information sprung upon him by Lady Stafford, when she told him that a courtship was proceeding, under his very eyes, by young Charles Rich, of the daughter whom he hoped to see splendidly married to a husband of his own choosing. Mary shall herself tell the tale:—

"After she had, with great rage, chid her daughter and threatened her that she would acquaint my father with it (to keep me, as she said, from ruining myself), she accordingly, in a great heat and passion, did that very night do it. My sister presently acquainted both Mr Rich and me with her mother's resolution, and when she had Mr Rich alone, told him if he did not that very night prevail with me to declare my kindness for him, and to give him some assurance of my resolution to have him, I would certainly the next day by my father be secured from his ever speaking to me, and so he would quite lose me. This discourse did make him resolve to do what she counselled

him to ; and that very night when I was ill and laid upon my bed, she giving him an opportunity of being alone with me, and by her care keeping anybody from disturbing us ; he had with me about two hours' discourse, upon his knees, by my bedside, wherein he did so handsomely express his passion (he was pleased to say he had for me), and his fear of being by my father's command separated from me, that together with as many promises as any person in the world could make, of his endeavouring to make up to me the smallness of his fortune by the kindness he would have still to me, if I consented to be his wife ; that though I can truly say, that when he kneeled down by me I was far from having resolved to own I would have him, yet his discourse so far prevailed that I consented to give him, as he desired, leave to let his father mention it to mine ; and promised him that, let him make his father say what he pleased, I would own it."

We can almost see Lady Stafford, bubbling with anger and excitement, bouncing away from her daughter's room and going straight to Lord Cork, lest time should let her anger cool and bring back that awe with which the old man seems to have habitually inspired those who had dealings with him. She little dreamt, as she poured out her tale, that her interference was, in that self-same hour, working the accomplishment of the very end she was so desirous of preventing. Her story of a little girl's deception and a young man's wilfulness must have seemed very petty to ears fresh from hearing the lion-hearted Strafford's splendid defence ; but it had the desired result of rousing the offended father's hot displeasure, and causing him to take immediate steps to carry his unruly daughter out of harm's way.

That conference in Mary's bedroom, which to modern ears sounds such a strange, not to say improper, proceeding, ended in a complete understanding between the lovers, and they parted an affianced couple. The very next morning Nemesis descended upon them, and the dreaded "separation" took place. A change of air, after the measles, was prescribed by Lord Cork. Mary, it seems, had already wished for it. She continues :—

"In the morning my father, upon what the night before had been told him by my Lady Staford, came early to me, and with a very frowning and displeased look, bid me go (as I had before asked to do) into the country to air myself, at a little house near Hampton Court, which Mrs Katheren Kilegrew, sister to my sister Boyle, then had ; and told me that he was informed that I had young men who visited me, and commanded me, if any did so, where I was now going, I should not see them. This he said in general, but named not Mr Rich in particular, which I was glad of ; and so after my father had dismissed me, with this unkind look (and I thought severe command), I was presently, by my brother Broghil, in his coach, conveyed to a very little house at Hampton, which was at that time though, much more agreeable to me than the greatest and most stately one could be, because it did remove me from my father some distance, which I thought best for me, till his fury was in some measure over, which I much apprehended."

## Chapter V

# The Family of Rich

"Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British peers;
And worthy be the memory to renew
The fate and honour to that title due,
Whose brave adventures have transferred his name,
And through the new world spread his growing fame."
—*Edmund Waller.*

THE strong objection made by Lord Cork to Charles Rich, as an aspirant for Mary's hand, throws up in a forcible light his family pride and determination that his children should make brilliant marriages. For the young man was not penniless, though his estate was small; and his family was more noble than the Boyles' and at least as powerful.

The name of Rich had been prominent for three generations in English politics and court life. The first to make it widely known was Richard Rich, born about 1496. He began life as a merchant of the city of London, served as sheriff, and became an active minister under Henry VIII., rising eventually to be Lord Chancellor. As a politician his renown was not of the kind to make his descendants proud

of him, for he was a time-server and place-hunter of the most unscrupulous sort, and by his betrayal of the confidence of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More left blots on his honour of a very deep dye. But in the county of Essex his fame bears a better complexion. One of the most important activities of his public life had been the helping his master, King Henry, to suppress the religious houses. "He was," says Fuller, "a lesser hammer under Cromwell, to knock down abbeys—most of the grants of which lands going through his hands, no wonder if some stuck to his fingers." Members of his family had already purchased property in Essex, and it was in that county that he established himself. A very large domain, including the Augustinian priory of Leighs, near Felsted, soon became his; part, but it is hard to say how much, being granted by the King in reward of his services.

We shall see in the next chapter what he did for Leighs Priory, which he selected to be the family seat, and which was so for five generations. He showed himself a patron of learning and lover of the poor. At Felsted he built and endowed a grammar school, which has since developed into the well-known public school; he also founded almshouses there and at Rochford in "the Hundreds," and established other charities for the poor of the county in which he had become a landowner. In 1547 he was created Baron Rich, of Leeze,* Essex.

* In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Leighs was invariably spelt Leeze, Leez, or Lees.

His son Robert, the second Lord Rich, was less known in the political and religious world of his day, though he made some figure at the court of Elizabeth and was employed by the Queen in various diplomatic negotiations. He was succeeded, in 1581, by his eldest surviving son, Robert, the third Lord Rich and first Earl of Warwick, who is chiefly known to fame as the husband of the beautiful and worthless Penelope Devereux, sister of Elizabeth's unlucky favourite, Lord Essex.

Lord Rich had inherited from his father nearly a hundred manors in Essex, besides the estate of Leighs Priory with its three magnificent parks, and a very large income. His *status* warranted the possession of a higher title than a mere baron's. In 1618 he received from King James—some say by purchase from the penurious monarch—a patent of the Earldom of Warwick. He had no local connection with Warwick, and his choice of that title may have been for the sake of its past glories won by Beauchamps, Nevilles, Plantagenets, and Dudleys. In the following year he died, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Robert, second Earl of Warwick and fourth Lord Rich of Leez, the father of Mary Boyle's lover, Charles.

At the date when the families of the Boyles and the Riches first came in contact, the head of the house of Rich was a man of fifty-four, well advanced in his busy and, on the whole, admirable career. As a young man he had been much at the court of James I., but his spirit was too active and independent to

ROBERT RICH, SECOND EARL OF WARWICK ; LORD HIGH ADMIRAL
*From Hollar's Print*

let him long be satisfied with court life. As a contemporary historian said of him, he "cared more for planting colonies in the western world rather than himself in the King's favour." Like Richard Boyle, he was something of an adventurer, only his quest led him further afield than across the Irish Channel. The New World was just beginning to be laid hold upon for practical purposes. The English grip was being fastened on the fair islands of the West Indian seas, on the fertile lands near the North American coast, on the teeming waters washing the rugged shores of Newfoundland. Companies were being formed, funds collected, and royal charters sought for colonising purposes. Into these enterprises Lord Warwick threw himself with an energy as great, and as keen an eye to business, as Richard Boyle's own. He was one of the original company for planting the Somers Islands, as the "remote Bermudas" were first called; he had a seat on the council of the New England Company; and was a member of the Guinea Company, founded in 1618. He also became joint Lord Lieutenant for Essex, and took an active part, in 1625, in preparations against a Spanish landing expected on its coast.

If, on the one hand, Lord Cork belonged to that section of the nobility so well defined by Gardiner as being "distinctly Protestant without being Puritan, and which was disposed to support the King against rebellion, without favouring an arbitrary exertion of the prerogative," Lord Warwick, on the other hand,

had a definite bias towards Puritanism. He, as we shall see, when the great cleavage came, threw in his lot with the Parliamentary cause. His estrangement from the royal side had been a gradual process, beginning early in the reign of Charles and growing steadily stronger and more determined. In Essex especially, where he was among the most powerful landowners, he opposed the King's oppressive claims with all his might. On behalf of the gentlemen of his county he withstood the revival of the forest laws in connection with Waltham Forest; and the stout opposition made in Essex to the payment of ship money was attributed to his influence.

He was equally resolute in opposing the Church policy of Archbishop Laud, and shewed his Puritan sympathies by presenting clergy of those views to the livings in his gift, and affording sustenance and the protection of his house to many of the "silenced ministers" whom Laud and the Court of High Commission had ejected from their benefices. In charity of this sort he was said to have expended a considerable part of his estate. His steps in this path were, as we shall see, closely followed in after years by his daughter-in-law, Mary.

In his personal character Lord Warwick seems to have been of a more jovial and genial sort than Lord Cork, in spite of the bent of his religious sympathies. The late Duke of Manchester, in his amusing book, "Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne," describes him as "a Puritan sailor with very unpuritanical manners"; and his enemies, among

whom was the historian, Lord Clarendon, have called him a "jovial hypocrite," and suggested that his profession of strictness was merely a cloak for covering bad moral conduct. But there are other and powerful testimonies that his life was an upright one; and, in regard of his home life, his daughter-in-law, who spent nearly seventeen years under his roof, speaks of him as "the most civil, kind, and obliging father that ever any person had," and says that "he was one of the most best-natured and cheerfullest persons I have in my time met with," and that from him she never received "anything but constant kindness."

At the close of the last chapter Lady Mary had been taken, as a species of state prisoner, to a cottage at the then retired little village of Hampton, where she was to have change of air and leisure for change of mind. No doubt, during the long, jolting drive over the rutty roads, her brother, Lord Broghill, gave her plenty of advice on the foolishness of her conduct in setting herself against the wishes of her father and of the whole family; but Lady Mary's spirits were probably sustained by the secret knowledge that, at that very hour, a powerful advocate was standing forth to plead on her side. She continues :—

"That very day I removed into the country my Lord Goreing, afterwards Earl of Norwich, was by my Lord of Warwick and my Lord of Hollandes appointment chose to be the first person that should motion the match to my father, and acquaint him with my esteem for Mr Rich; he was chose

by them, and approved of by me to do it, because his son having married one of my sisters, there was a great friendship between them, and he had a more than ordinary power with my father with what he was designed to do ; but though he did it very well, my father was so troubled at it that he wept, and would by no means suffer him to go on."

"My Lord of Holland," here referred to, was Henry, younger brother of Lord Warwick and uncle to Mary's suitor. He had inherited his mother's extraordinary beauty and some at least of her want of principle ; and though an almost equally prominent figure of the period with his elder brother, had none of the latter's honesty and grit. He was a prime favourite with James I., who lavished huge sums upon him, created him first Baron Kensington and afterwards Earl of Holland, and married him to the heiress of Sir Walter Cope of Kensington. She brought him, as part of her dowry, Cope Castle, which he renamed, in honour of his earldom, Holland House, and which is now one of the few specimens left to shew Londoners in how princely a fashion the nobles of former days housed themselves. We are not concerned, in these pages, with Lord Holland's chequered career ; but his execution in New Palace Yard in 1649 was one of the family tragedies, not soon to be forgotten ; and through one of those early deaths so frequent among the Riches, his son was destined to become heir to the Warwick earldom.

Lord Goring having thus made the first attack on Lord Cork's defences, the two noble brothers

followed up the charge. Mary's reminiscences continue :—

"The next day, as I remember, my Lord of Warwick and my Lord of Holland visited him [Lord Cork], and mentioned it with great kindness to him ; he used them with much respect, but told them he hoped his daughter would be advised by him, and he could not but still hope she would not give herself away without his consent, and therefore he was resolved to send to me to know what I said the next morning, which accordingly he did ; and the persons he fixed upon to do it by were two of my brothers,—my eldest brother, Dungarvan, and my then third brother, Broghill, who came down early to me (but I was before informed by Mr Rich of their coming), yet for all that I was disordered at their sight, knowing about what they came ; but the extraordinary great kindness I had for Mr Rich made me resolve to endure anything for his sake, and therefore when I had by my brothers been informed that they were, by my father's command, sent to examine me, what was between Mr Rich and I, and threatened, in my father's name, if I did not renounce ever having anything more to do with him, I made this resolute, but ill and horribly disobedient answer, that I did acknowledge a very great and particular kindness for Mr Rich, and desired them, with my humble duty to my father, to assure him that I would not marry him without his consent, but that I was resolved not to marry any other person in the world ; and that I hoped my father would be pleased to consent to my having Mr Rich, to whom, I was sure, he could have no other objection, but that he was a younger brother ; for he was descended from a very great and honourable family, and was in the opinion of all (as well as mine) a very deserving person, and I desired my father would be pleased to consider, I only should suffer by the smallness of his fortune, which I very contentedly chose to do, and should judge myself to be much more happy with his small one, than with the greatest without him.

"After my two brothers saw I was unmoveable in my resolution, say what they could to me, they returned highly unsatisfied

from me to my father ; who, when he had it once owned from my own mouth, that I would have him, or no body, he was extraordinarily displeased with me, and forbid my daring to appear before him."

This sounds like appalling severity on the old Earl's part, but it was a severity not to be long maintained. The extreme affectionateness of Richard Boyle and the tenderness of his heart are as manifest as his shrewdness and worldly wisdom. It was but a short time ere the cloud of his displeasure began to melt away and he allowed himself to listen to "ambassadors of peace" from the other side. The repeal of the sentence of banishment is most fitly told in Mary's own words :—

"But after some time he was persuaded, by the great esteem he had for my Lord of Warwick and my Lord of Holland, to yield to treat with them, and was at last brought, though not to give me my before designed portion, yet to give me seven thousand pounds, and was brought to see and be civil to Mr Rich, who was a constant visitor of me at Hampton, almost daily ; but he was the only person I saw, for my own family came not at me ; and thus I continued there for about ten weeks, when I was at last, by my Lord of Warwick and my Lord Goreing led into my father's chamber, and there, upon my knees, humbly begged his pardon, which after he had, with great justice, severely chid me, he bid me rise, and was by my Lord Warwick's and my Lord Goreing's intercession reconciled to me, and told me I should suddenly be married."

## Chapter VI

# A "Stolen Marriage"

> "Thou hast no pompous train, nor Antick crowd
> Of young, gay swearers, with their needless, lowd
> Retinue."
>
> —*Henry Vaughan.*

LORD CORK'S desire for Mary's speedy marriage was no doubt quickened by political events. The affair which had summoned him from Ireland—Strafford's trial — was over. There were urgent causes calling him back to the country in which, to use his own graphic phrase, he "had eaten the most part of his bread these four and fifty years." His public duties as Lord Justice and High Treasurer and leading supporter of the Protestant interest demanded his presence; to say nothing of the manifold claims of his own estates and the countless local and family concerns on him depending. And besides all these reasons for his return, there was another of which his native shrewdness and foresight had plainly some suspicion, even without such ambiguous warnings as may have been conveyed to him by friends more or less in the secret. The seeds of trouble had long been growing among the native peasantry and the Catholic nobles and gentry;

and since the spring a definite plot had been on foot. "Ireland for the Irish!" The great Rebellion was about to begin.

Whatever Lord Cork may have known or guessed of troubles ahead, he was now in haste to begone from London and from England. His journal of 1641 shews him full of preparations for departure. Among other things desirable would be the satisfaction of having his last remaining daughter safely married and established in a home of her own. But her wedding must not be hurried over, or done in a corner. It must be a grand ceremony, suited to the dignity of the family to which she belonged and of that into which—in however poor a way—she was marrying. The King was in Scotland and the Queen in quasi-retirement at Oatlands—though many were coming and going between there and Whitehall—so it was useless to hope for Royal presences at the wedding feast. But those rooms of Sir Thomas Stafford's, ever at Lord Cork's disposal, would be graced by Lord and Lady Denbigh's presence, and the Duchess of Richmond's (her husband was in Scotland with the King), and by many another fine personage from the court, besides all the Earl's own titled sons and daughters, their wives and husbands, and a goodly muster of representatives of the bridegroom's family, all noble and distinguished in greater or less degree. It would be a ceremony after the old man's heart.

The bride-elect was of another mind. She dreaded the show and ceremony of a grand wed-

ding, of which she had seen such full-blown specimens in the cases of her three brothers. She would heartily have agreed with dear Dorothy Osborne in declaring, "The truth is, I could not endure to be Mrs Bride in a public wedding, to be made the happiest person on earth." And Charles Rich was entirely of the same opinion, and as anxious as herself to avoid the formidable ordeal.

In the register of the parish church of St Nicholas, Shepperton, occurs the following entry: "Mr Charles Rich, second son to the Right Hon. Robert Earle of Warwick, and the Lady Mary Boyle, daughter to the Right Hon. the Earle of Cork in Ireland, were married the 21st of July, 1641."

Mary's narrative tells us how this stolen march was accomplished:—

"But though he [Lord Cork] designed I should be married at London, with Mr Rich's and my friends at it, yet being a great enemy always to a public marriage, I was, by that fear, and Mr Rich's earnest solicitation, prevailed with, without my father's knowledge, to be privately married at a little village near Hampton Court, on the 21st July, 1641, called Shepertone; which when my father knew he was again something displeased at me for it, but after I had begged his pardon, and assured him I did it only to avoid a public wedding, which he knew I had always declared against, his great indulgence to me made him forgive me that fault also, and within few days after I was carried down to Lees, my Lord of Warwick's house in the country, but none of our friends accompanied me, but my dear sister Ranelaugh, whose great goodness made her forgive me, and stay with me some time at Lees, where I received as kind a welcome as was possible from that family, but particularly from my good father-in-law."

Before following Lady Mary Rich down to the Essex marsh-land which was to be the home of her married life, we must stay a few minutes to take leave of that brave and remarkable old man who has played, hitherto, so large a part in his daughter's history. We are reaching the last pages of his remarkable diary, and the last chapter of his stirring and eventful career. There are yet two or three entries to be noticed touching Mary and her affairs. They chiefly, and characteristically, are concerned with her dower.

On the 20th of July it is recorded:—"Paid charles Ritche in part of 7000$^{li}$ for my daughter Maries marriadge porcon 333$^{li}$ 6. 8$^{d.}$" The recipient must have felt rather mean the while in his consciousness of the clandestine ceremony planned for the following morning!

On the 30th (by which day we may suppose the doings of the 21st had been disclosed and forgiven) he gives her "in money to pay her London debts C$^{li.}$" Presently comes a note of the arrangement for securing, on two manors in Essex, "a Joincter of a thowsand pounds a year to my daughter Marie during her lyffe, if shee survive charles Riche her husbande."

At about this date the new-made wife must have gone down to Leighs with her husband's family, who were leaving town for the autumn recess—all the more rejoiced to do so, no doubt, because plague and small-pox were raging in London and Westminster. Lord Cork began his final preparations for returning to Ireland.

Among these were included various journeys into the country to take leave of relatives and friends. On the 14th of September he writes: "I rod in a Hackney coach (which coste me 50$^{s.}$) to lees in Essex, being thearle of warwick's howse, with my son in Lawe, charles Rich, in my company. I took leav the 16 and retorned to London, leaving my daughter Mary and her husband there. I gaue amongst the servants iiij$^{li.}$ x$^{s.}$"

When the old Earl, alone in his hackney coach, drove away through the arched gateway of Leighs Priory on that September morning, leaving his daughter behind him, neither he nor the little bride of fifteen can have guessed that it was their last farewell. Happily for both their tender hearts they could not know it, nor picture in what a tempest of bloodshed and misery one of those two lives was soon to close, nor what a long agony of patient endurance lay before the other.

Seventy-five though Lord Cork was, he was still hale and vigorous. "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." He was still full of plans and schemes for the future, and seemingly as keen as ever about the everyday affairs of life. But, from the moment of his setting foot in Ireland, there was no more peace or peaceful business for him. On the 17th of October he and his household landed at Youghal, on a Sunday morning, and he "went to morning praier to give God thancks for our safe and speedy passage." Two days following, "God be ever praised, we cam all that night to Lismoor."

On the 23rd of the same month the Irish Rebellion began, breaking out simultaneously in Dublin and in different parts of the province of Ulster, and rapidly spreading westward and southward, so that no corner of the kingdom was undisturbed.

To Lord Cork and his four gallant sons the preservation of Munster was chiefly due. This is not the place to tell the story, interesting though it is, of all that he did and endured during those two last years of his life.

In January 1641-2, "after a heavy and sorrowful Christmas," he writes to his friend Lord Goring, "in all haste, haste, post haste, haste," describing the desperate straits to which he is reduced—"To prevent the yielding of this town of Yoghall up to the rebels, as weak and infirm as I am, I am commanded down hither, to see whether my presence or power can preserve it. And I have brought with me for my guard 100 foot and 60 horse, which I have here with me in defence of this poor weak town, where the Irish are three to one of the English; and if this town should be lost, all the hope and retreat of the English in this province is gone. And, God willing, I will be so good a constable to the king my master, as I will die in the defence thereof; although I have no great hope to defend it, yet we will bestir ourselves like true Englishmen."

At Youghal the old man remained, and did most assuredly "die in the defence thereof," though not by shot or sword. On all sides he was "hardly

bestead"; sore hit at every point. His hard-won prosperity crumbled away under his eyes. "Before this rebellion," he writes to Lord Warwick, "my revenue, besides my houses, demesnes, parks, and other royalties, did yield me £50 a day rent." "Now," he pitifully adds, "I have not 50d. a week coming in to me."

Most of his family were as destitute as himself, and all looking to him for aid. Lady Dorothy Loftus, and Joan, Lady Kildare, had escaped to England with their eight little children, and thence wrote to Lord Cork—"wee have nothing in the world to live on."—"Pray have pitte on os, and let me hear from your lordship with what speed you may." Lord Broghill begged anxiously for "ten peeces," for his wife's "occasions," which he says are "verry vrgent." (This we can understand, seeing that she was near her confinement.) Lady Kynalmeaky, having suffered shipwreck of her goods on the voyage to the Hague, whither she had been sent for safety, writes, "I hope (when your Lordship heareth how greate a loss wee haue had) that you will send me some allowance."

Bereavement soon followed. In September 1642, his second son, Lord Kynalmeaky, while gallantly leading his troop of horse at the battle of Liscarroll, was killed by a shot through the head; and in the same month his brave and good son-in-law, Lord Barrymore, died after four days' illness, leaving "a distressed wife and four children, with an encumbered and disjointed estate, all his country

and livelihood being little better than wasted." (Letter from Lord Cork to the Marquis of Ormond.)

And yet, despite this ruin and all these griefs and losses, the dauntless old man's spirit was still unbroken. His brain was as clear and his will as resolute as ever. His diary was still kept, with all its minute details; and he continued to maintain watch and ward in Youghal, and to cheer on his sons, who were holding Lismore against frequent assaults of the rebel forces, and at times were in a state of siege. But his health was failing under the long-continued strain, and he evidently felt within himself that the end, for him, was not far distant. He made his final will; and filled the central space on his great monument, hitherto left blank, with the inscription still so plainly decipherable. "Ipse iam septvaginta septvm annos natvs, ac mortem in dies imminentem expectans sibi," he tells us there, and ends:

"Ipse de Se
Sic posvi tvmvlvm, svper est intendere votis,
Parce animæ, carnem solvito, CHRISTE! veni."

The last entry in the famous diary bears date August 13, 1643. It is so characteristic of the man that to quote it is irresistible:—"I sent as my guifte to Cap$^{n.}$ Broadrip, V$^{li.}$ in money, as alsoe a cloke of myne of black Waterford ffreze, lyned thorough with black Tustaffatie, with a ryding coat, dowblet, and breeches suitable, for defending soe

well my castle of Lismoor, when it was beseedged eight daies by the Rebels."

On the 15th of September Richard Boyle died, in the College house at Youghal, "from the infirmities of old age," we are told, "and the want of rest and quiet."

## Chapter VII

# Leez-le-Rich

"I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in grey,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in Plush and scarlet clad."
—*Thomas Randolph.*

IT is hardly possible to find a better specimen of the charms of Essex than the country round Felsted. The village itself is excellently placed, high on its hill, over which the air blows fresh and keen, and has some picturesque old houses standing near its fine church. Through it the broad white roads pass to Dunmow, to Braintree, to Great Waltham. They are trodden and frequented enough—not least by the wheels of bicycles—but off them, on either hand, lie tracts of country very little known save to the dwellers in them. A network of lanes connect the sleepy, old-world villages and hamlets with each other and with the great high-roads. The farmers' waggons pass along them, and groups of children going to school; but for the most part they are quite deserted, and you can thread their mazes for miles without meeting a single fellow-traveller. It is an endless pleasure to wander along these country

lanes, for the scenes through which you pass, though same and perhaps tame as to their main features, are full of sweetness and of endless small variety. The cottages and farmhouses are so charming ; the copses so bushy and free and so alive with birds ; the road-side grass so green and the hedges so springing and wavy ; the little dips—hardly worthy the name of valleys—have such clear brooks in them, and such stately alders and aspens. The villages come on us every now and then as a complete surprise ; each has its special characteristics, but all alike are smiling, simple, and wear a pleasant, gracious look. We are very soon past them and off again into the silence and peace of the deep, deep country.

About halfway along the high-road between Chelmsford and Braintree you come upon the village of Little Leighs. Its cottages are strung along either side of the great broad highway like beads on a string, but to find its church one has to turn off the road and wander for some distance through a maze of lanes, which dip and rise, twist and turn, for no reason that it is possible to discover. One comes on the church at last, well-placed on rising ground, with scarcely a house near it. All around are the fields ; and the little grey building, hardly bigger than a barn, lies apart, under the eye of Heaven, with no sounds about it but the wind blowing through the grass, and the larks—there are no bird singers like the larks of the eastern counties—trilling their songs high above in the clear, rasping air. The church itself is one of those little plain oblong buildings

which we find not infrequently in our small English villages, and which owe their chief charm to their absolute simplicity and the rugged, unadorned honesty of their workmanship. The side walls of Little Leighs church are obviously of great antiquity, with fine Norman doorways in them and little round-headed Norman windows set in deep splays. The roof has very fine oak tie-beams, grey with age ; and among the deep shadows of the west end, where but scanty light falls through the few and narrow lancets, stands a fine old font, with a base of probably Norman date, and a bowl carved in the Perpendicular style. The east end of the church has been a good deal modernised, but on the north side of the altar is a tomb bearing an early and curious effigy—that of a priest, wearing the eucharistic vestments, carved in oak. The Abbot of Darley's monument, in All Saints' Church, Derby, is the only other ancient example in the kingdom of a wooden effigy of an ecclesiastic. Several of the church benches are of very old oak, obviously older than the Stuart times. Our Lady Warwick and her household must have been seated on them times and oft, on Sundays and Wednesdays, as the diary will shew us. There is much still remaining in Little Leighs church that must have been there in the days when she was so attentive and frequent a worshipper within its ancient walls.

Leighs Priory lies two miles from Little Leighs church, and the lanes leading to it are so twisting and devious that it is no easy matter to find the

place. Like all monastic buildings its site had been chosen near water and in a secluded spot. It lies hidden away in the valley of the Ter, a tributary of the Chelmer. The water meadows on which its buildings stand are so fringed with trees, and there are such groves and thickets round about that no trace can be seen, till one is close upon it, even of the lofty Tower Gateway of the Priory.

We descend by a rough farm road from the higher —and drier—lands, cross the little river, and skirt a thicket of tangled trees. We pass under an ancient wall, ruinous in many places, and through a tumble-down gate come upon one of the most picturesque groups of buildings that it is possible to see on a summer day's journey. It is like a fragment of Hampton Court Palace married to an old grey farm. In front of us rises a gate-house of rich red brick, with crumbling stone facings, garlanded with ivy and climbing cluster roses, flanked on either side with a wing, of later date but admirably picturesque, having deep buttresses and square-headed windows, heavily mullioned. The grey walls and brown tiled roofs of these additions make a delightful contrast with the rich brickwork of the gate-house between them. All are festooned with creepers, and a rough garden, full of big flowering bushes and tangley plants, comes right up to the windows all along the front.

This Tudor gate-house was the porter's lodge of the palatial mansion raised by Sir Richard Rich on the site of the Augustinian Priory of an

earlier epoch. Its massive doors are shut and barred, but through a little postern in one of them we can pass into the deep shadow of the archway, where in hot weather the coolness is very welcome. A cloudless June day is the time of all others for seeing Leighs Priory in its glory. Was ever colour more noble than the russet red, clouded with purple, of its brickwork, seen against a faultless vault of blue? Was ever green so green as the grass of the meadow in which it stands?

The archway leads us into a courtyard, grass-grown now, and silent and empty. It is flanked on two sides by buildings, portions of which are of the sixteenth century and belonged to the stables and offices of Lord Rich's house. The north side is merely indicated by a broken wall and some insignificant buildings; but on the west side there stands—alone in its ruinous glory—the magnificent central gateway of the Tudor mansion, in which King Harry's Chancellor sought to establish his family for ever among the nobles of the land. Our illustration gives a good idea of its style and proportions, but cannot unfortunately convey the glowing tints of red, brown, and crimson which, in their green setting of fields and trees, make it such a vision of surprise and delight.

From Morant's grand old "History of Essex" we learn that the Priory, as rebuilt by Lord Rich, was of brick, and consisted of two courts, an outer and an inner one, the latter of which, "toward the gardens, was faced of freestone, or stone-mortar."

The "inward" or principal court has been entirely demolished. Through the lofty archway which formerly gave entrance to it there is nothing to be seen but a wide, flat meadow, covering several acres. The little Ter meanders along one side of it, hidden in alders, and at the far end departs through a thicket which possibly represents some part of the "wilderness" that we shall find so often resorted to by Mary during her life at Leighs. A graceful little fountain, with stone arches supporting a conical roof, which can be seen in our illustration, stands alone in the grass, and may have marked the centre of the inner quadrangle. It is now choked with rubbish and has lost its crowning ornament. Some slight undulations in the lush grass of the meadow mark the site of the buildings that ran round the three sides of the court. A dark well-like opening in the ground, with a suspicion of water in its depths, shews the mouth of a subterranean passage along which, a few years since, it was still possible to make one's way for a certain distance. Tradition says this passage ran from Leighs to Pleshy Mount and Castle, once the stately home of the Bohuns.

A curious print, reproduced facing page 88, shews the house as it appeared down to 1738. The view is taken from the "outward court." There are the porter's lodge and entrance gateway still remaining, and the picturesque wing on the west side. Facing us is the Tower Gateway, also surviving, and on either side of it are shewn some of the chief living-rooms and guest chambers, all vanished away. Over their gables rise

other turrets and chimneys, and the roof and west window of what must have been either the chapel or the great hall of the mansion. The subject has been drawn by the worthy brothers Buck with but little taste or charm ; and their print is more suggestive of an architectural elevation than of a portrait of a living house. Still it is interesting and precious as the only representation we possess of the home in which Mary Rich lived out her married life, so full of tears and strivings and laborious days, so rich in love and holiness and the fragrance of good deeds.

Under the fine arched gateway, with the arms of Rich and the family motto "Garde ta foy" carved over it, the Earls of Warwick and their wives must have stood, times and oft, to welcome their guests. The magnificent oak doors are still in position, though they now hang idly on their hinges and lead to nothing save a lumber strewn archway and the meadow beyond. They must then have been opened to let the coaches lumber through into a splendid quadrangle all of rich red brickwork in the Tudor style, with the great hall on one side and the chapel adjacent, and fine large Tudor windows, light and cheerful and suggestive of pleasant stately rooms behind them, looking down upon the flagged court. Servants run to and fro ; sounds of preparation ring out from the kitchens ; copious draughts of wine and beer, in huge black jacks and pewter tankards, are carried across from the cellars near the entrance gate ; the chaplain sallies forth in his Puritan garb, and stalks across the court, with the mien and gait

of one sure of his place and secure in the esteem of those to whom he ministers. The chapel bell rings; and the ladies of the house flutter down in their satin gowns and prim Puritan hoods, and hasten away to join in the daily prayers or listen to the discourse of good Mr Woodrooffe, or that "worthy spiritual friend, Docter Walker."

But these stately buildings and the noble and splendid life lived therein have all vanished. Leighs Priory, as will be seen, has passed through many hands. Its surroundings to-day are those of a farm. Hay and corn stacks nestle up against the ruins; and hard by are the cattle sheds, the pig-sties, and the gardens and byres. The pleasant hum of farm life, and its comings and goings, keep the old place drowsily alive. On the east side the monks' fish-ponds are still to be seen—for water abides, strangely enough, long after solid brick and stone have crumbled away. The banks of the ponds are fringed with rhododendrons. Their waters are replenished by the quietly flowing Ter, whose stream is the secret of the "living green" in which the surroundings of the Priory are so conspicuously "drest," and also of the dampness and floods from which, at least in former days, the house suffered severely. There are still tiny lampreys in the Ter; the survivals, we may suppose, of the monks' Lenten preserves.

The gardens and parks of Leighs were distinguished for their size and beauty; and were greatly admired even in an age when parks and gardens were much

studied and thought of. "That delicious Lees" was the title bestowed by Robert Boyle on his sister's home. And a friend of the Earl of Warwick told him that "he had good reason to make sure of heaven; as he would be a great loser in changing so charming a place for hell." The gardens lay on the west side of the house, in what is now the meadow skirting its walls. The little river bounded them on one side. Beyond the Ter stretched a long grove with an arbour in it, near to which stood the banqueting house. Fifty years ago this spot would have been called the shrubbery, and to-day would be known as the "wild garden." In the seventeenth century it was yclept the wilderness. It was the spot where Mary passed her happiest and most peaceful hours, and enjoyed the most of what she called "heart's-ease."

The parks of Leighs were even finer than its gardens. "Here," says Morant, "was a Park, even from the ancientiest times." The Prior of Lees, in the days of King John, got license to make the earliest of the three parks; and afterwards two more were added; making a total area of at least 1300 acres of wild land, abounding with timber and stocked with deer. They were the "sweet parks and accommodations" that Lady Mary so intensely loved, and for which she often thanked God as one of His kindest gifts.

Such, so far as we can picture it, was Leighs Priory in the seventeenth century. Some four miles to the north-west rose the tower of Felsted Church on

its hill, where the first Lord Rich had prepared the family burying-place, and had himself been interred; and in all parts of the county lay manors belonging to the family, many with livings attached to them, of which the patronage was in the Baron's hands, and others where scholarships had been founded, schools and almshouses built, and the power and influence of the Riches were paramount. It was indeed a noble home with princely surroundings to which, in the late summer of 1641, the youthful bride was brought, and where, as we know, she received such a kind welcome. "Delicious Leez," as she too loved to call it—Leez, "a secular elysium, a worldly paradise, a heaven upon earth," as it became under the eulogizing pen of her chaplain, Dr Walker—would compare favourably even with Lismore Castle and Stalbridge Park. The youthful Mary, in spite of the "high mind" which she herself tells us she possessed, and the "expensive" bringing up she had had in her father's house, must assuredly have been somewhat dazzled by the stateliness of her husband's early home and the profuse and lavish scale on which life was there carried on.

We left our heroine at that point in her reminiscences when she had arrived for the first time at Leighs, under the care of her elder sister, Katharine Jones. What did the family consist of when she became a member of it?

We know what manner of man its head was—the "good father-in-law" of whom Mary speaks always so affectionately, and who returned her love in fullest

measure. He had been already twice married and was the father of seven children, all by his first wife, Frances, daughter of Sir William Hatton. Of his four sons two had died young, and all the rest of his children, with the exception of Charles, had been long since married. In those days, however, the sons and daughters of great houses frequently continued, for some years, to make their homes under the parental roof; and those who had separate establishments paid long visits to the old home. The house was constantly full of children, grandchildren, and their attendants; besides the numerous hangers-on, in the shape of poor relations, who in those days were always to be found in great houses.

The eldest son, Robert, Lord Rich, had married Lady Anne Cavendish, daughter of Christian, Countess of Devonshire. Lady Devonshire was famous for her piety, hospitality, and as a patroness of the wits of the age, who frequently met at her house at Roehampton; also for her loyalty and the aid she gave in bringing about the Restoration. We shall find our Lady Warwick, often visiting her in later days. Anne, Lady Rich, bore her husband an only son and died at Leighs in 1638. Two poets sang her praises and mourned her early death. Sidney Godolphin, himself destined to fall in his prime fighting for the King on his own Cornish moors, did his best to immortalize her:—

> "Possess'd of all that nature could bestow,
> All we can wish to be or reach to know,
> Equal to all the patterns which our mind
> Can frame of good beyond the good we find"—

And Edmund Waller the poet, of fickle politics and yet more parti-coloured reputation, lamented her in equally stilted strains :—

" Ah cruel Heaven ! to snatch so soon away
Her for whose life, had we had time to pray,
With thousand vows and tears we should have sought
That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.
But we, alas, no whispers of her pain
Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word, at once like lightning spread,
Struck all our ears—The Lady Rich is dead ! "

Lord Warwick's three daughters, Anne, Frances, and Lucy, had married respectively Edward Montagu, then known as Lord Mandeville, afterwards to succeed his father as second Earl of Manchester ; Nicholas Lake, second Earl of Scarsdale ; and John, second Baron Robartes, afterwards Earl of Radnor. We shall find Edward, Lord Manchester, often referred to in our Lady Warwick's diary, as a friend on whom she greatly depended for help and advice. We shall also presently find him there in the rôle of her stepmother-in-law's husband, succeeding to that of husband to her sister-in-law. This will seem very confusing till we realise that the celebrated leader of the Presbyterian party was five times married ! Lady Anne Rich, his second wife, died in 1642 ; and in 1659 he took as his fourth wife the Dowager Lady Warwick, Mary's stepmother, who had been left a widow in the previous year.

As Anne, Lady Mandeville, died within a year

after Mary's coming into the family, she can scarcely have entered much into the sphere of the latter's married life. But with Lady Robartes and Lady Scarsdale she was on affectionate terms—both being reckoned, in fact, among her most intimate and best loved friends.

Frances Hatton, the mother of these numerous sons and daughters, had died in 1634; and her successor was reigning as Countess over Leighs Priory and Warwick House, when Charles Rich brought home his bride. She was, as Mary tells us, "a citizen," being Susan, the daughter of Sir Rowe Rowe, a former Lord Mayor, and widow of William Halliday, an alderman of London. It must have needed courage on this worthy dame's part to adventure herself into a family so proud and distinguished as the house of Rich; and it appears that the reception she met with had not been particularly friendly. Mary's autobiography tells us:—

"My mother-in-law was not my husband's own mother, she (Hatton) being dead, after she had brought her husband many fine children, and the greatest estate any woman had done for many years to a family. And my lord after her decease was married again to a rich woman, one Alderman Holidayes' widow, of the City, who because she was a citizen was not so much respected in the family as in my opinion she deserved to be; for she was one that assuredly feared God; but she was at my first coming to Lees removed to her daughter Hungerford's, near the Bath, where she was resolved to stay till she was, by some person she credited, informed whether my humour were such as would make her to live comfortably with me; for by reason of some former disputes with my first Lady Rich (a

daughter of Earl Devonshire), that had been between them, she was almost come to a resolution of never more living with any daughter-in-law."

This withdrawal of the old Countess to a safe distance is a laughable incident—though one is afraid it did not make Lady Mary laugh as it would have made her sprightly neighbour Dorothy Osborne. A sense of the ludicrous was not one of her strong points. But if she did not always laugh when she might have done, she never failed to be dutiful and kind.

Lady Robartes performed, on this occasion, the first of many good offices towards her sister-in-law. She followed the runaway Countess down to Bath and heartily assured her that there was no cause for fear. Mary continues :—

"But my Lady Robertes, that was my lord's sister, and a very pious woman, was pleased to assure her I would be dutiful to her, and at last did prevail with her to come down to Lees, where I then was, and I was so fortunate as I gained so much of her kindness, that for about five years that I lived constantly with her I did never displease her, or ever had any unkindness from her, but found her as obliging to me as if she had been my own mother, and she would always profess she loved me at that rate, and I did when God called her away mourn much for my losing her."

Besides the new relatives among whom Lady Mary found herself, there were other inhabitants of Leighs Priory who took an important place in the family life and were destined to have a deep and lasting influence on her mind. First and foremost among these came the domestic chaplain. At the time we have now arrived at the office was filled by

one Dr Anthony Walker, whom Mary describes as "a very good-natured, civil, and ingenuous person," but whom, as we shall learn, she afterwards found to be much more than that.

But Dr Walker was not the only parson to be found at Leighs. Lord Warwick, as we know, had become definitely recognized as a leader of the Puritan party, and a patron and protector of those clergy of Presbyterian tendencies who had given up their benefices sooner than read the "Book of Sports" from the pulpit and carry out the reforms insisted on by those set over them. These dispossessed ministers thronged to Warwick House and found their way down to Leighs, where they were hospitably entertained for months at a time and made what return they could by preaching in the private chapel. The family tone well suited their principles; and though the life lived at Warwick House may have been too gay and bustling to suit them, that at Leighs must have been exactly to their taste.

Mary's autobiography thus describes them :—

"Here let me admire at the goodness of God, that by His good providence to me, when I by my marriage thought of nothing but having a person for whom I had a great passion, and never sought God in it, but by marrying my husband flatly disobeyed His command, which was given me in His sacred oracles, of obeying my father; yet was pleased by His unmerited goodness to me to bring me, by my marriage, into a noble and, which is much more, a religious family; where religion was both practised and encouraged; and where there were daily many eminent and excellent divines, who preached in the chapel most edifyingly and awakeningly to us."

Such were the family and the atmosphere in which the little bride found herself when, in the August of 1641, she came into their midst, under the wing of her sister, that mature and experienced matron of five-and-twenty! Her first grief must have been experienced at the parting with the charming and gracious Katharine, whose own little children and difficult, anxious home life, must ere long have called her away from Leighs. Probably neither Katharine nor Mary then realized how much they were to be to each other in future years, nor guessed how many times the elder sister was destined to return to the Priory, to comfort its mistress in her overwhelming sorrows.

Mary's next tears must have been shed a few weeks later, when she took leave of her beloved father at the Priory gate, on the eve of his return to Ireland. But she had no thought of its being other than a temporary parting; and there was her husband, whom Lord Cork had brought down with him from London, to comfort her and dry her eyes.

We gather from her own account that she soon settled down in her new home and took her place there happily enough. She speedily became dear to her plain, homely mother-in-law, as well as to the jovial, friendly Earl. And the cares and joys of coming motherhood came quickly upon her; making her grateful for the good offices and tenderness of those around her.

Before she had been a year married her first child,

a girl, was born at Warwick House; and on the 24th of September, in the following year, 1643, her only other child, a son, came to make the chief joy and his loss the heaviest sorrow of her life. "The girl was named Elizabeth," she tells us, "and the boy Charles."

# Chapter VIII

## Inward Strife

"At first Thou gavest me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way:
My days were strewed with flowers and happiness:
There was no month but May.
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe."

—*George Herbert.*

THE first few years of Mary Rich's married life were looked back upon by her, from the standpoint of a later period, with regret and self-reproach. She calls them "the time of my vanity"; and says, "my only study" was "to please my husband and the family I was matched into." They were in fact her frivolous days, when she amused herself and followed the fashions, though never for a moment—like so many of her contemporaries—going beyond the limits of what a pure and true woman should do.

It was the custom of Lord Warwick and his family to spend the winter, spring, and earlier part of the summer not at quiet Leighs, but at Warwick House, where much company was kept and there were plenty of distractions.

No details have come down to us of the style and

history of Warwick House. We only know that it was situated in Holborn, on the north side, and stood, according to Cunningham, where Greville Street now stands, and a little to the west of Gray's Inn. We shall see, later on, that it just escaped the ravages of the great fire.

As far as possible we must follow Mary's own account of her life at this time. After speaking of her first mother-in-law, Dame Susan, she goes on to say :—

"After her death my Lord of Warwick married again, to the Countess of Sussex (widow of Thomas Savil, Earl of Sussex), with whom I had, too, the great happiness of living as lovingly as it was possible for an own mother and daughter to live, for about eleven years, in some of which time I went on in a vain kind of life, only studying to please my husband and the family I was matched into ; but, alas, too much neglected the studying to please God, and to save my immortal soul ; yet in this time of my vanity conscience would often speak to me, but yet I went on, regardless, though I was allured by God with many mercies, and had afflictions too."

It was even more to Lady Mary's credit that she managed to live peaceably with the third Lady Warwick than with the second. Eleanor Wortley was of a very different type from the quiet citizeness, her predecessor. She was an energetic, active woman, of high temper and masterful disposition. Wherever she might be she was a person to reckon with, and one who was always bound to play a leading part. We learn most about her from the Verney Correspondence, where she fills a good many pages, being one of the many women who looked

to Sir Ralph Verney for guidance and advice. Although, in his cipher correspondence, Sir Ralph dubs her with the ungallant nickname of "Old Men's wife," he was her staunch friend and counsellor in many difficulties. Her first husband had been Sir Harry Lee of Ditchley. After his death she married three earls in succession—Sussex, Warwick, and Manchester—so that it must be owned the sobriquet given her by Sir Ralph was well deserved. The first of her three earls, Lord Sussex, was many years older than herself, and had a long and very infirm old age, during which she lived with him in great seclusion at Gorhambury, near St Albans, and was cut off from the world of society and politics which she loved. Two years after his death, in 1646, she married Lord Warwick, and for the eleven remaining years of his life played an important part in London society as the wife of one of the few Parliamentarian peers and of the High Admiral of the Fleet. She helped to make Warwick House a rallying place for those lords and gentlemen who—as Professor Gardiner says—were "the champions of freedom rather than the assailants of monarchy," but to whom also "Puritanism was the very Gospel itself, the voice of God speaking to a careless generation."

The first of those "afflictions" to which Mary alludes was the loss of her baby girl, whom she says, "God was pleased to take from me by death, when she was not a year and a quarter old." At the death of this little Elizabeth the young mother was "much afflicted," but her husband, it would seem,

felt it even more acutely. He was "as passionately grieved as ever I saw him; he being most extraordinarily fond of her."

Very soon after came the sad news of the death of Lord Cork, during the siege of Youghal, in September 1643. The intelligence was brought to Charles Rich while his wife was lying ill after the birth of her son; "but by his care of me, it was concealed from me till I was up again; and then it was told me first by my mother-in-law." This instance of thoughtfulness on the part of Mary's husband is pathetically noticeable by its extreme rarity. As the years went on the tenderness and consideration came to be all on the other side.

"I was much afflicted," the narrative continues, "and grieved at the loss of one of the best and kindest fathers in the world; but I being young and inconsiderate, grief did not stick long with me."

Mary's autobiography shews us, very vividly, what a conflict was going on in her mind during these years. The call to lead the highest life she knew—a life withdrawn from the world—was ever ringing in her ears; while on the other hand the pleasures and gaieties of the life she had always been accustomed to lead were alluring her strongly, and she felt as if she could not give them up. And to the Puritan cast of mind there was no middle course. To be in the world and not of it seemed to them impossible. Rightly viewed, in their eyes, the world was "a nothing between two dishes." A retired life, "far from the madding crowd," with

boundless leisure in it for prayer and meditation, was as much the ideal of a Puritan would-be saint as of any hermit or cloistered nun. To be able to say, after a visit to London ; " I had this comfort, that I could truly say, I never found my heart taken with any worldly pomp or vanity I had seen there, but looked upon all with contempt, and chose rather to converse with God in solitude, than to be in the crowd of the world, where I was either diverted from God's service or distracted in it," was to be in the best and happiest frame of mind possible.

We can understand, then, how sharp was the conflict often passing in the mind of the young wife while apparently entering, with keenest zest, into the joys of " curious dressing and fine and rich clothes, and spending my precious time in nothing else but reading romances, and in reading and seeing plays, and in going to court and Hide Park and Spring Garden." —" I was so fond of the court," she adds, " that I had taken a secret resolution that if my father died, and I was mistress of myself, I would become a courtier."

For a time the temptation to this latter form of dissipation must have been taken out of Mary's path by her marriage. In the first place, during the six months immediately following it the court left Whitehall—never more to assemble there till " the King shall have his own again." And in the second place, had the old gay days been still existing, the Warwick family were out of favour with royalty. As one of the twelve peers who, in August 1640,

had signed the famous petition to the King, praying for the redress of grievances and summoning of a Parliament, Lord Warwick would not have been welcomed had he shown his face at Whitehall. And the ladies of his family would have received a yet more ungracious reception from the hot-tempered and indiscreet Queen.

If, however, the court were closed to her, those other attractions of "the town" which Mary mentions were all to be had. We hardly realise, perhaps, how quietly, through all the upheaval of the kingdom and the agonies of the birth of our modern England, social and domestic life went on, wherever they had a chance. Parties were given; visits paid; marriages were arranged; children were born and grew up in a thousand tranquil spots of rural England undisturbed by the horrors of war—scarcely knowing that the cannons were booming and the musketry fire crackling within perhaps thirty miles of them. Letters like Dorothy Osborne's and reminiscences like Mary Rich's bring this aspect of the time home to us. We should never guess, from Mistress Dorothy's delightful pages, that there was war, the while, in England at all. And our Lady Mary, in her tranquil *Specialities*, passes from point to point of her little personal history—here a birth, here a marriage, and here a death—without ever making us feel that, all round about her, mighty issues were being tried, and that the families to which, by blood and by marriage, she belonged, were in the very thick of the strife. Only once the dark

shadow of the Civil War is flung across her path, as we shall see in a page or two. When she has to encounter it, she plays her part well and shews herself worthy of being the daughter of the defender of Youghal and the sister of the gallant fellows who fought and bled at Liscarroll.

But though Mary might pace the walks of Spring Garden and ride in the family coach round the Ring in Hyde Park, and feast her imagination on the plays of Fletcher and romances like *Parthenissa* —the work of her brother Lord Broghill, so amusingly discussed by Dorothy Osborne in one of her sprightliest letters—still her narrative shows that her heart was by no means at ease. After mentioning her father's death and her own grief at his loss, she continues :—

"About the twenty-first year of my age [1646], God was pleased, by the powerful means I had constantly in that good family I was in, to awaken me to consider how necessary it was seriously to consider for a future state ; and I did then begin to think of being in earnest for my salvation, and made some promises to God of a new life. But these good resolutions I kept no longer than I had no temptation to break them. For when the family removed to Warwick House, and I had got again to my old companions, I neglected taking after the service of God ; yet my conscience would often call me to better things than I practised ; and though I did endeavour diverting myself as formerly, yet God was so merciful to me, as never to suffer me to find my former satisfaction, but still disappointed my expectations in everything wherein I sought for comfort. And though I could not but observe this, yet still I went on, though I had some inward persuasion that God would, some way or other, punish me for my doing so. And, at last, it pleased God to send a sudden sickness upon my

only son, which I then doated on with great fondness. I was beyond expression struck at it; not only because of my kindness for him, but because my conscience told me it was for my back-sliding. Upon this conviction I presently retired to God, and by earnest prayer begged of Him to restore my child, and did then solemnly promise to God, if He would hear my prayer, I would become a new creature. This prayer of mine God was so gracious as to grant; and of a sudden began to restore my child; which made the doctor himself wonder at the sudden amendment he saw in him, and filled me then with grateful thoughts. After my child's full recovery, I began to find in myself a great desire to go into the country, which I never remember before to have had, thinking it always the saddest thing that could be when we were to remove."

There were, however, difficulties in the way of her carrying out her wish. Her narrative continues :—

"My Lady Warwick being very ill of an ague, was unfit as well as unwilling to remove, and my Lord was going to sea; but at last it was by my Lord, upon my showing a willingness to do it, resolved that I should with his family remove to Lees."

The "going to sea" here referred to was the resuming by Lord Warwick of his post as Admiral of the Parliamentary fleet, which he did at the urgent request of the Commons in May 1648. He had been first appointed Lord High Admiral in April 1642, and had held the command till 1645, when he resigned it in order to become commander of the forces of the "Eastern Association" in support of the Parliamentary cause. He was also Lord-Lieutenant of Norfolk and Essex and personally executed the militia ordinance in the latter county,

besides being a member, from its foundation, of the Committee of Both Kingdoms—the executive governing body of the realm from 1644 to 1648. He had thus plenty to occupy him on shore, and was proving himself one of the most zealous champions of the Parliamentary cause. It was, however, at sea that "the gallant, jolly parliamentarian admiral" did best service to his party and was the most appreciated. When, in the spring of 1648, the revolt against military rule began, and the reaction in favour of the King, the dissatisfaction spread to the fleet, and a revolt took place against the newly appointed Vice-Admiral, Rainsborough, who was hated by the seamen as the nominee of the army. It seemed as if the next step would be for the fleet to go over bodily to the King, and join the insurgents just on the rise in Kent and Essex. In this difficulty the Parliament appealed to Warwick to take the command as Lord High Admiral, thus practically superseding Rainsborough; knowing that his appointment was sure to be popular with the captains and seamen. He at once hastened to Portsmouth; and began the task of weeding the disaffected sailors out of the ships under his command.

Her father-in-law being absent, as we see, and her husband also away in the service of the Parliament, Mary must perforce go down to Leighs alone, accompanied only by her little boy and that small army of "gentlemen" and domestics of which the household of a noble family in those days consisted.

Her determination to go, in spite of having neither of her natural protectors with her, speaks strongly both for her longing for quietness and solitude and her natural courage. For the county of Essex was in a most disturbed state. In April the Second Civil War, as it is now usually called by historians, had begun. King Charles, from his quasi-prison in Carisbrooke Castle, had succeeded in working upon the loyal Scots, and in kindling agitations in his favour in Wales, Devon and Cornwall, London, and Kent. Even in Essex, where the royalists were fewer than in any other part of the kingdom, a rising was imminent. The set of the current had changed ; and as Gardiner says :—" The very Eastern Counties which had pronounced most strongly against the King in 1642, pronounced with no less strength against military rule in 1648." On May the 4th a petition from Essex was brought to Westminster by 2,000 men on horseback and on foot. The petition was said to represent the wishes of 30,000 of the inhabitants of the county, who, as Lord Warwick's steward Arthur Wilson, describes it, " petitioned the Parliament for a personal treatie with the king. That, by bringing in the royal power againe, with some limitation, they might close up the breach, which the division between the prince and the people had made."

The royalist party in Essex was quick to seize the chance which the popular discontent and hatred of the despotism of the army gave them. Meetings were held on both sides. Lord Warwick, as Lord

Lieutenant, was urged to call out the trained bands to hold the county in the Parliamentary interest. A proposal was made to move the county magazine of arms and ammunition from Chelmsford to Maldon, whence the stores could be easily transported by sea to London; but this idea was received with indignant clamour by the Royalist gentry, who complained that "soe they should be left naked to the malice of their enemies." Riots flamed up in various towns; and by the middle of June a general rising in the King's favour was daily expected.

Into the midst of this commotion Lady Mary and her little son were to adventure themselves, without the protection of either father or husband. They started on a June morning, in the huge lumbering coach, drawn by six horses; other vehicles following and a bevy of serving-men on horseback attending, with footmen running by the sides of the carriage to help it, where needful, out of the mire. It was thirty-five miles from London to Leighs—a long day's journey on such roads and by so slow a conveyance.

The way lay through Romford, Brentwood, and Chelmsford; thence to Great Waltham, and so into the lanes leading to Leighs. The journey was unmolested. Mary tells us its chief incident:—

"As I was doing so [*i.e.* "removing" to Leighs], upon the road near London I unexpectedly met with my husband returning out of Essex, having been sent thither by the Parliament to prevent a rising they feared there; and when I went from

Warwick House I concluded I should come time enough to see my husband before his return to London. When I was met by him he told me he feared it might not be safe for me to go on; and some other Parliament-men that were in the coach with him, absolutely advised me to return and not to hazard myself. Though I found in myself a loathness to deny going with my husband (having never before left him hardly, when I could conveniently be with him), yet my desire to go to be quiet at Lees prevailed so much with me, as I desired my husband to leave me to myself, which he did, and I then told him I would go on, for I was very confident there was no danger for me, and so parted from him, not without wondering much at myself when I had done so; but afterwards I saw a good providence of God to me in it, which I must always with great thankfulness acknowledge, for I had never, to my remembrance, before been in so much quiet as by my now going down I enjoyed, having in my father's house, before my marriage, been almost in constant crowds of company, and afterwards so too at Warwick House."

This occasion and one other are the only occasions on which we find Mary's husband appearing in any public capacity. If he left Leighs for London fancying that his work in Essex was accomplished, he must have been very blind to the true state of affairs, for the expected rising in the King's favour took place soon after his wife's arrival at the Priory. Lord Norwich, father-in-law of Mary's sister Lettice, hurried over from Kent, where he had been commanding a similar rising, "crossing the Thames in boates," and reached Chelmsford on the 7th of June. He there found a powerful supporter in Sir Charles Lucas, an influential Essex man and a tried and capable soldier; and a considerable army soon gathered round the two commanders. *Arms*, how-

ever, were what they needed. More than half the force was as yet unarmed.

It was in connection with this crying need that our heroine had her one actual experience of the conditions of war.

"And now," her chronicle continues, "when I came to Leez, what was believed of the rising in Essex proved true, and being headed by my Lord Goreing* and Sir Charles Lucas, they came to Leez for arms that were there, and brought thousands with them; but my Lord Goreing being one of my best friends, I was upon that account used so well that, bating some arms they took, there was not anything touched, and they stayed but only a dinnering time with me, and so marched on to Colchester. My being there was well for the house, for possibly, if there had been none but servants, the house would not have been secured as by my being there it was."

It was on the 10th of June that Lady Mary received these unexpected and unwelcome guests at her dinner-table. We have another and fuller account of their visit from the pen of Arthur Wilson, the steward, whose presence in the house as a counsellor and protector Mary does not seem to have thought important enough to mention, though in his own estimation his being there was of the first consequence. Mr Wilson retaliates by entirely ignoring his young mistress's presence, and any part she took in the affair. According to him, the safety of Leighs and of the greater part of its store of arms and

* The Earl of Norwich was invariably styled Lord Goring by the Parliamentarians; as they did not acknowledge his earldom conferred since the great seal had been carried off in 1642. Note to Gardiner's *History of the Civil War*, vol. iv. p. 139.

powder was due entirely to his strategical wisdom and skill, and in no wise to "the young Madam's" influence, to which she herself ascribed their escape. His account forms one of the chapters in his autobiography — a curious little narrative which was saved from oblivion by the care of Mr Francis Peck, that reverend antiquary of the eighteenth century. It was published by him in his quaint folio collection of curiosities, the *Desiderata Curiosa.*

Arthur Wilson's account, interesting though it is, is too long to quote entire. He tells us how, after attending a meeting of the Royalist leaders at Chelmsford and warning them, in vain, that the rising in Kent had failed and therefore "they ran a dangerous hazard in this attempt," he "slunke away" and "went home to Leeze, to secure my lord's house: which I could easily do, if any partie, or straglers, should attempt it." From Leighs Wilson sent out "scouts" every day, "to know, which way they bent their course, and what they did."

For a little while all was quiet; but on the morning of the 10th one of the look-out men brought news which set the household in a bustle. The scene which followed is so vividly described by the steward's pen that his account of it must be given. Though Lady Mary is not referred to, we know by her own narrative that she was present, and can picture her quieting the fears of the women servants, seeing to the provisioning of the house for so large a party, and entertaining her guests, with youthful dignity, at the hasty dinner in the great hall.

"My lord generall [Fairfax, Commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary army], hearing of this commotion, and of Goring's joyning with them; sent Colonel Whaley, with a partie of fifteen hundred horse and foot, to follow theise roisters, and annexe them, 'till he could bring up more forces to quell them. Who, drawing somewhat nere them, they began to stirr.

"Upon this first motion, one of my scouts gave mee intimation, that they intended to rifle my lord's armorie at Leeze. And, presently after, I had a message from my Lord Goring, that he would dine at Leeze (being on Saturday the . . . of June), and borrow my lord's armes.

"I knew it impossible for mee, with five hundred men (if I had them), to hold the house against an armie which brought ordinance. And, receyving assurance from them, that nothing should be taken away but armes; I shut up the gates; cal'd our people into the armorie, and tooke downe one entire side of it, and better: hiding the armes in divers obscure places of the house. Which we had no sooner done, but some thirty or forty gentlemen, collonells and other officers, came to the gates: protesting they came from the Lord Goring and Sir Charles Lucas, to protect the house, from the violence and rapine of the souldiers. And,

"Finding some of them to be our neighbours (as, Collonel Maxey, and his brother; Mr Nevell's son, of Cressing-Temple, and some others, whom I knew) who might do us good, and could do us noe hurt (for

wee had men enough in our house to grapple with them ; theye being arm'd onlie with swords, and wee having everie man his carbine or muskett) I lett them in. And trulie their demeanour was very faire and civill.

" Presently, after them, the armie marcht through one of the parkes, and came close by the house. But, having neither order nor discipline among them, the souldiers left their ranks ; and some fell to killing of deere ; some to taking of horses ; and others clamber'd over the walls and came into the house. Those who were abroad could not be restrayned ; but those who came over the walls, were beaten out againe by theise gentlemen.

" About one of the clock the Lord Goring came : who, in a very formall speech, told mee, his intention was onlie to borrow my lord's armes. That there was a necessitie for it ; their lives, honor, and all that was deare to them, depended upon it. That they were pursued by an enemie ; and, they, having many unarmed men, must make themselves as strong as they can, for their owne defence. That they should be delivered to him by inventorie, and hee (like an old courtier) would see them made good againe. But he assur'd mee, wee should receyve no other prejudice : for nothing, but armes and munition, should bee diminisht.

" Then he went up into the armorie. And, seeing it so emptie, hee askt what was become of the rest of the armes ? I told him, my lord of Manchester had armes out of it for his regiment, which were

lost at the battle of Kinton. Which was a truth. And hee made no further enquirie; but tooke those he found there.

"Then he commanded a partie of about an hundred men to come into the outward court to take away the armes: whereof he distributed some. The rest were loaded in carts. And theise men could hardly secure the house from the rabble, who prest to get in. So that the officers had much ado to keep themselves from being over-run by their own souldiers. For there being two generalls, and all the scum of the countrie, and many hundreds of apprentise boyes from London (for the train'd bands were most of them gone, leaving their armes behind them), who knew not whom to call commander, nor how to bee obedient; there was such a confusion, that the officers, with swords drawne, did not onelie protect the house, but them selves.

"By that time that they had gott carts, loaded them with armes, and fitted my lord's teame of horses to drawe away two brasse field-peeces which were in the house, it inclined towards night. About seaven of the clock (my Lord Goring being gone), Sir Charles Lucas, and some of the chief officers, came to mee and told mee there were more armes in the house, and they would have them, or they would search all the house for them. And some of the officers were pleas'd to threaten me verie roughlie if I conceal'd any. I wisht them to do their pleasures; they should see all the house freelie.

"Lucas pointed to one of the places where the

said armes were. It seemes some traytor among our selves had inform'd him that we had reserv'd some of them. I suspected one of the ordinarie women to be the divulger of it. The housekeeper being by mee, I winkt on him to goe out of the way. And then I cal'd for the housekeeper, with the keyes; seeming greedie to lay all open to their view. But, the housekeeper not being soudainely found, night drew on, and part of their army was marcht away. Collonel Whaley was also at their heeles, and gave them an alarum. So that it hindred any further search.

"Then they mounted with all speed, and had much adoe to gett their souldiers out of the house. Lucas, riding into the inner court, to fetch some of them out (the pavement being of smooth free-stone), his horse slipt and fell flat upon his side, bruising the rider's thigh and knee, so that he could scarce stand (which was but a bad omen to his enterprise), but hee was helpt up againe, and they hasted away.

"So wee lost some horses, two brasse guns, a great part (though not halfe) our armes, foure barrells of pouder, some match and bullett; and after (the drinking of some twenty hogsheads of beere, one hogshead of sack, and eating up all our meat, and killing at least one hundred deere in the three parkes about the house) we were rid of our ill guests."

Thus far Mr Arthur Wilson. How Lord Norwich marched on to Colchester and was there besieged by General Fairfax "will be," as he remarks, "out of the rode of my storie heere." Nor does it greatly

concern us that detrimental rumours were "bruited in the countrie," to the effect that "wee had feasted them (the Royalists), and invited them to take away the armes; that wee might have held out the house against them, but were willing to entertaine them; that I was of that partie, and had been at their meetings, and was forward enough to comply with them," though such slurs on his reputation both as a supporter of Puritanism and a faithful guardian of his lord's interests naturally made the steward very angry.

Lady Mary just gently chronicles that memorable day, and seems to think its trials not worth recording. She passes on to what was, at the time, the most vital of all concerns to her—the bearing of outward events on the inward discipline of her soul.

## Chapter IX

# Allured into the Wilderness

> "All various lusts in cities still
> Are found: they are the thrones of ill;
> The dismal sinks, where blood is spilled,
> Cages with much uncleanness fill'd.
> But rural shades are the sweet sense
> Of piety and innocence;
> They are the meek's calm region, where
> Angels descend and rule the sphere;
> Where heaven lies leaguer, and the Dove
> Duely as dew comes from above.
> If Eden be on earth at all,
> 'Tis that which we the country call."
>
> —*Henry Vaughan.*

THE extreme quietness and *innigkeit*—to use that luminous German word which has no true equivalent in our language—of Mary's soul is never more strikingly shown than at this period of public stress and turmoil. The scourge of civil war had passed lightly over the Priory itself. When once, on that June evening, the last drunken soldier had "with much adoe" been driven out of the house, and the army had been formed in marching order on the road to Braintree; when the rough and proud Lucas, bruised and shaken, had been helped on horseback again and had ridden away out of the courtyard with pain and difficulty,

the Riches' mansion saw no more of strife and bloodshed. It fared better than Basing, Holmby, Wardour, and many another beautiful English home, where sacking and burning were the order of the day. But, though Leighs itself had escaped, within twenty miles there was fierce and protracted fighting, the roaring of cannon and rattle of musketry, many gallant men falling on either side, and a siege being sustained in which dogs and horses were being eaten, and famishing women and children were pleading in vain to be allowed to pass out of the city.

But our friend leaves the horrors of the siege of Colchester to be chronicled by other pens, and after ascribing—*pace* Mr Wilson!—the safety of Leighs to the fact of her being there, goes on to say:—

"But by these troubles that was in the country I was kept from having almost any of the neighbourhood to visit me, and from London nobody came neither; and as well as I loved my husband's company, yet the apprehension I had that if he came down he would engage, made me rather at that time desire he should forbear coming (for I always was much averse to his engaging in the wars), so that for about two months together I had a retiring time; but, O my God, how graciously did Thy gracious providence provide for me a good companion, who, by Thy goodness to me, proved a kind of spiritual father to me. My Lord of Warwick had then for his household chaplain, one, Mr Walker, who, being a very good-natured, civil and ingenuous person, I took much delight in conversing with; and it pleased God by his ministry in the time of my retirement to work exceedingly upon me, he preaching very awakingly and warmly the two texts that were, by God's mercy, set home to me: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God"; and the other was: "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at

peace." By the first I was much terrified, but by the last I was much allured to come unto God, and to taste of the sweetness of religion, which he told me was very sweet, and which I afterwards experienced to be true. This good and pious friend of mine perceiving in me some inclination to be good, did much assist and encourage me to a holy life, and by frequent discoursing with me, did shew me the expediency and necessity of it, which made me begin to have more serious thoughts than ever in my life before I had; for I desire to acknowledge it to God's glory in changing me, and my own shame, that I was, when I was married into my husband's family, as vain, as idle, and as inconsiderate a person as was possible, minding nothing but curious dressing and fine and rich clothes, and spending my precious time in nothing else but reading romances, and in reading and seeing plays, and in going to court and Hide Park and Spring Garden; and I was so fond of the court that I had taken a secret resolution that if my father died, and I was mistress of myself, I would become a courtier; and though I was at this time of my vanity by God's restraining grace kept from any gross or scandalous sin, yet I had only, to please my father, a form of godliness; but for the inward and spiritual part of it, I was not only ignorant of it, but resolved against it, being stedfastly set against being a Puritan.

"But, O my good God, what shall I now render unto thee for thy converting grace, who didst by first shewing me the creature's inconsistency, and not letting me find my happiness in any worldly thing, but still embittering the stream that I might come to the fountain, and so by a sanctified affliction didst first in some measure loosen me from the world, and then by my worthy spiritual friend Dr Walker's ministry, didst persuade me to come in and try what peace, happiness, and comfort there is in thy most holy ways, in which I did then find such contentment, as all my forepast life, in which I designed pleasing myself, never yielded me."

Dr Anthony Walker, domestic chaplain at Leighs Priory during the first nine years of Mary's married

life, should have a special interest for us, from being our heroine's counsellor and guide at so critical a period. In fact he and his wife were to the close of her life among her chosen friends; and our picture of Lady Warwick and her surroundings would be incomplete without a glimpse of the life of the Walker household, where she was ever an honoured guest.

Ample materials exist for such a picture, for Dr Walker left behind him a memoir of his wife, which was printed in 1690, under the title of *The Holy Life of Mrs Elizabeth Walker*, and is a vivid description of life as it was lived in a country parsonage in the seventeenth century.

Dr Walker quitted Leighs about 1649 for the living of Fyfield, one of the many Essex benefices in Lord Warwick's gift. Fyfield had an old moated rectory, and to it, in 1650, the worthy parson brought home a bride, and there they spent the rest of their days. Dr Walker's tendencies were of course Presbyterian, and at the Restoration an attempt was made to deprive him of the living, which he had retained during the Commonwealth by conforming to the views of the ruling powers. Thanks to the protection of powerful friends, he escaped from this difficulty; though, in 1685, during Monmouth's rebellion, he again came under the unfriendly notice of the Government, and was for ten days a prisoner in Tilbury Fort.

Fyfield was within a drive, though a long one, of Leighs, and on the anniversary of their wedding day (besides other occasions), Dr and Mrs Walker were

wont to entertain the Earl and Countess of Warwick to dinner, and others of their neighbours of high degree. For this festivity the venison was always supplied from Leighs Priory, and the crowning ornament of the table was a dish of pies, made by Mrs Walker herself, their number corresponding with the years of her married life. On the last anniversary before her death in 1690, a pyramid of thirty-nine pies made its appearance.

Lady Warwick's dear friend, Madam Walker, was a striking and interesting character, and though her life was uneventful it was noteworthy as the outcome of a most vigorous mind and fervent piety. In her girlhood she had sustained one of those spiritual conflicts which her contemporary, John Bunyan, has taught those who never experienced them to understand and sympathise with. She knew well what it meant to say, "I am cast out from before Thine eyes. All Thy waves and Thy billows passed over me." Her past trials made her present life the more strenuous and faithful. She was a most diligent housekeeper; a most painstaking mother; a most charitable neighbour; a most conscientious alms-giver.

Elizabeth Sadler was London born and bred, the daughter of a wealthy druggist, and had never, before her marriage, been used to country ways. Her friends expected her to make a mess of a rural *ménage*; but she quickly mastered its details and was able both to direct and instruct her maids in "cookery, brewing, baking, dairy, ordering linen, in which her neatness was curious, and such like."

Her day began at dawn, when she rose to pray, and at six o'clock called her maids, heard them read a chapter in the Bible, and then herself superintended their labours, for "though she was neither her own cook, nor dairy-maid, yet was she always clerk of her little kitchen." She afterwards occupied herself in sewing till the hour of family prayer, at which all the labourers on the farm, as well as the household servants, were assembled; and, if any worked by the piece instead of the day, she made up to them by an increase of payment what they had lost in time. The afternoon she divided between visiting the poor and instructing her children; of whom only three out of eleven survived infancy, and only two daughters lived to grow up. These girls, Elizabeth and Margaret, learnt from her "whatever might fit them for family employments"; and "whatever required more art or curiosity for the closet or the parlour, as preserving, drawing spirits in an alembic or cold still, pastry, angelots, and other cream cheese, of which she made many, both for home use and to present to friends—on her daughters she imposed these matters, to perfect them by practice, in what she had so accurately taught them." Needlework too was exquisitely taught to the two maidens; and for a time a foreign master resided in the house, to instruct them in languages; and they received occasional lessons in singing and writing from other teachers. It was a special part of their mother's care to make them good readers aloud.

Foremost of all, however, came the care of their

souls. Their mother herself composed a First Catechism for them to learn when very young; but as soon as they could say the Church Catechism perfectly they were expected to repeat it in church, in order that "the meaner sort might be ashamed not to send their children, and the poor children might be quickened and encouraged by their example and company." In the evening they always accompanied their mother to their father's study for religious instruction. When they had been dismissed, the husband and wife said their prayers together; after which she would herself bring him his evening meal—a service which she would never hand over to any domestic, "because she would not lose the pleasure and satisfaction of expressing her tender and endeared affection."

Such was the life, in those days, of an ideal country parson's wife; but our sketch would be incomplete without some notion gained of her Sundays, which were days looked forward to all the week, and carefully contrived for, so that no worldly affairs should encroach on the tranquillity of the day. "Her maids," says the memoir, "were never allowed to make a cheese that day; and she would seldom use the coach to carry her to church except in extremity of way and weather." Visitors, so warmly welcomed at the rectory on other days, were never encouraged on a Sunday; but many a sick neighbour she cheered with a visit between the services. On her walk to church she was accompanied by all her servants, "that they might not

stay loitering idly at home or by the way." In the evening she gathered her children and servants round her for religious instruction.

Such was Dr Anthony Walker's busy, notable, and most pious spouse. One gleans an impression, from the memoir, that she was, in truth, the ruling spirit at the rectory. Quick of wit and shrewd of tongue, with a store of pithy maxims ever at hand, and an energy that never tired, she was one born to rule; and rule she did, over her own little kingdom. But if her good man filled a somewhat less conspicuous place by the hearth than is deemed the prerogative of husbands, he was greatly esteemed and valued in his own peculiar sphere. We find him being summoned to Leighs to perform the marriage ceremony on an important occasion; and to him was given the task of preaching the funeral sermons for the young Lord Rich, for Charles, Lord Warwick—Mary's husband—and lastly, for our good Countess herself.

The rising in Essex began, as we have seen, early in June; and the siege of Colchester lasted from the 13th of that month, when Lucas closed its gates and fastened the bar, for want of a handy peg, with his walking cane, to the 28th of August, on which day the Parliamentary army marched into the town and he met his tragic death in the castle yard.

That period of strife and misery to so many was Mary Rich's "two months of quiet," during which what we must needs call her conversion was taking place. The only drawback to her enjoyment of its

leisure and peace was Mr Rich's absence, about which she naïvely says: "If I had had the satisfaction of my husband's company, I could have been contented for a time to have wanted all other."

Towards the end of August her leisure for unbroken enjoyment of

> "Sweet, downie thoughts, soft Lily-shades, calm streams,
> Joyes full and true,
> Fresh, spicie mornings, and eternal beams,"—

drew to a close. It is probable that the Rich family had waited in town for the subsidence of the disturbances in Essex before returning to their country home. In due course there arrived at Leighs "the rest of the family that were absent with my Lady Warwick, and with her returned, as did too my sister Rich, and many more branches of that truly great and numerous family." Mary had dreaded their coming, as she tells us, "being fearful that I should by them be drawn to vanity."

"But," she continues, "when they returned I was very fearful and watchful of myself, and my good spiritual friend, Dr Walker, was so too of me, and would often be my monitor not to be drawn by company to misspend my time and to neglect the service of God. But after they had been some time with me, and could not but observe my constant (at such hours) stealing from them for secret retirement to my devotion, they began to take notice of the change which they said was to them very apparent in all my manner of life; for the thoughts of a future state having seized me then in earnest, had made me in all my way of life much more serious, and had taken away from me that lightness and vanity of mind, in some measure, which I formerly had, and which was noted by them; for the thoughts of eternity were so

much upon my mind, that I delighted in nothing so much as being alone in the wilderness, that I might there meditate of things of everlasting concernment, and therefore never was with the company but when I could not fairly avoid being so, and indeed it was no wonder to me that I appeared so altered to them, for I was so much changed to myself that I hardly knew myself, and could say with that converted person, 'I am not I.'"

Mary Rich never swerved again from the sober and holy path on which her feet had been set. It was within two years of her death that she wrote the reminiscences from which we have so largely quoted; so the sentence which follows may be looked upon as a summing up of her life, as she humbly believed it to have been lived in the eyes of her Maker and her Judge:

"After God had thus, as I hope, savingly wrought upon me, I went on constantly comfortable in my Christian course, though I had many doubts and fears to conflict with, and did truly obey that precept of working out my own salvation with fear and trembling, yet God was pleased to carry me still onward; and though I too often broke my good resolutions, yet I never renounced them; and though I too often trifle in my journey to Heaven, yet I never forsake my purpose of going thither."

## Chapter X

# Love and Discipline

"Thus while thy sev'rall mercies plot
And work on me, now cold now hot,
The work goes on, and slacketh not;

For as thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best 'twixt joyes and tears,
And all the year have some grean ears."

—*Henry Vaughan.*

WE know less of Lady Mary Rich's personal and inner history during the ten years following her conversion than we do of the remaining twenty of her life, for she had not yet begun the diary through which she and we shall grow so intimately acquainted, and her autobiography passes rapidly on, barely indicating the most important way-marks of her course.

Illness now begins to play a larger part in the disciplining of her character. Her health, in her youthful days, seems to have been good, but the nervous temperament which she had inherited from her mother and shared with her famous brother Robert began to show itself as she grew older and added much to her trials.

The first serious illness — after that fateful measles!—of which she makes mention is small-

pox—"God was pleased in the year 1648 to make me fall dangerously ill of the small-pox." It is impossible to open a memoir of the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries without finding some record of this fell disease and its ravages. Its cruel ways worked havoc in promising matches and tried the honour and constancy of lovers to the uttermost. We shall recall Mrs Hutchinson and her beloved Colonel, who, she tells us, "married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her." Dorothy Osborne, too, after her seven years of waiting, fell ill of the same complaint just before her marriage and lost her bright hair and charming complexion—though not, happily, the faith and affection of her Sir William Temple. Lady Mary caught the disease in London and lay very ill at Warwick House. She was attended by a certain Dr Wright, of whom we know nothing beyond his name and the fact that his patient had great faith in his skill and wisdom. At about this period several Jesuits, under the name of Wright, practised medicine, astrology, gambling, and other occult sciences in England. It would be curious to know if Lady Mary's adviser were one of these.

Whatever may have been the real character and ulterior objects of Dr Wright, Mary attributes her recovery to his means. When, however, she was, in her physician's opinion, "almost past danger," someone told her, suddenly and without preparation,

of "that barbarous and unheard of wicked action of beheading King Charles the First," and thereby "did again endanger" her life, through grief and trouble of mind. "For," she says, "I had a great abhorrence of that bloody act, and was much disordered at it."

Her next illness was of a more mysterious kind, and seems for a time to have affected her mind. Her account of it is as follows:—

"Some years afterwards I was again, at Lees, infected with a very long and dangerous sickness, in which, by reason of great fumes I had, my head was highly disordered, to a degree that sometimes I knew nobody, and would talk idly and extravagantly; in which sickness, too, my dear sister Raneleigh came down to see me; afterwards, when I was able, though very weak, to be put into a coach, I was by Dr Wright's order removed to my own house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to be near my doctor, where I lay a great while in a very weak and ill condition; but in that sickness had much satisfaction to see the great, tender, and obliging care my husband and father-in-law had of me, and my mother-in-law too was much concerned for me. It pleased my good and merciful God after a long time to cure me perfectly, by his blessing upon Dr Wright's means, who told me, that in all his great and long practice, he had never known but one that had been as I had been.

"My illness was, as he told me, occasioned by fumes of the spleen, which had such strange effects upon me as to make my head shake as if I had had the palsy, and made me too many times to speak so that I could hardly be understood by anybody. In this distemper I would laugh too and cry for nothing; and though I did recover, yet for a long time after my head by fits would be much disturbed, but at last, by God's mercy, I attained to perfect health again."

We shall however see that the "perfect health" for which Mary is so thankful, was in her later years

sadly broken down; and that it became a constant struggle between her failing body and her eager soul as to which should have the mastery of her days.

In the correspondence of Katharine, Lady Ranelagh, we find an account of this illness of her sister's. Writing on September 14, 1652, she begins by saying: "The last fortnight I have been something more than ordinarily excercised in those accidents that teach me experimentally to confess that sentence which Solomon pronounced, of vanity and vexation upon all things under the sun, to be extremely true." We will glance presently at the life and character of this "incomparable lady," as a contemporary called her, and see how various its trials and keen its disappointments had been, and were still to be. At the time of which we are speaking she had just been interviewed by a committee of the House of Commons, commissioned to enquire into her pecuniary necessities, who had taken a friendly view of her case and promised her the needed help. This, her letter continues, "though it was very small in point of receipt, was not altogether inconsiderable in point of restoring and securing, and very welcome to me, . . . and in that I began, as soon as they dismissed me, to delight myself. But to chase me out of that fool's paradise, that very evening I received a letter from Charles Rich, telling me of my sister's being strangely and extremely ill, and inviting me very earnestly upon that occasion to Leighs."

From the state of her own affairs it was very inconvenient to Lady Ranelagh to take this

journey; but her love for her sister and wish to be serviceable to her in a time of such distress—"wherein," says she, "commonly the company of a poor puritan or sectary is more acceptable than that of the most pleasant and quick droll in the world"—made it impossible to her to refuse. She started the next morning for Leighs, and found poor Mary a sad spectacle, suffering under the stroke of a malady which had greatly impaired her mental faculties and her speech. "This," writes Katharine, "was a mortifying encounter to me, . . . to see the carcase of a friend there, and her soul gone as to any rational use she had of it." She stayed at Leighs till the following Saturday, and then, with the consent of physicians and friends, took her sister back with her to London. There, by very slow degrees the patient recovered.

The next event in Lady Mary's history is a pair of deaths, which occurred within two months of each other and wrought a great and unlooked-for change in the prospects of herself and her husband. Lord Rich, the heir of the earldom of Warwick, had an only son who had, in 1657, reached the age of twenty-three years. In the November of that year he had been married to Frances Cromwell, the youngest of that interesting and attractive group of the Protector's daughters. There had been much stir and discussion beforehand concerning this marriage, about which Cromwell made various difficulties. Lord Warwick, it was true, was his old and faithful personal friend. Though disapprov-

ing of the abolition of monarchy and of the House of Lords, and on that account withdrawing from public affairs after the declaration of the republic, the late Admiral, on several occasions, gave his personal support and encouragement to his old friend. He bore the sword of state before Cromwell at his second inauguration as Lord Protector, and helped to invest him with the robe of purple velvet. And in the same year he sought to knit the bonds between his family and the ruling one yet closer by forwarding the marriage of his grandson to Lady Frances.

But Cromwell, as has been said, did not much approve of the match. The ostensible reason was the smallness of the provision offered to be made by the Riches for his daughter, which shewed, he thought, that too little value was set upon the alliance. Frances was a young lady of many and splendid suitors; and a proposal had even been mooted, and was said to have been favourably entertained by the exiled King, for the acceptance of her hand by him as a means of repairing his broken fortunes and opening a way for him to regain at least the neighbourhood of a throne. From the family correspondence of the Cromwells it appears, however, that the Protector's true ground for opposing the match was suspicions that had been cast upon the moral character of young Rich. Frances's elder sister Mary writes about the matter to her brother Henry. After declaring that "I can truly say it, for these three months I think our family, and my-

self in particular, have been in the greatest confusion and trouble that ever poor family can be in," she alludes to the difficulties about the settlements, and continues; "but if I may say the truth, I think it was not so much estate, as some private reasons, that my father discovered to none but my sister Frances and his own family, which was a dislike to the young person, which he had from some reports of his being a vicious man, given to play, and such like things; which office was done by some that had a mind to break off the match." The character of young Robert's father, who was well known as a worthless libertine, may have had some weight in the scale; although Mary Cromwell, in the same letter, speaks of "my Lord Rich having no esteem at all of his son, because he is not so bad as himself."

Frances, though only nineteen, evidently possessed some of the paternal strength of purpose and determination to carry her way. She and Robert Rich were deeply in love; and a secret engagement had existed between them for some time. She hunted down the rumours concerning his unworthiness, and succeeded in satisfying both herself and her father that they were either without foundation or greatly exaggerated. Shortly after, Lord Warwick and his son-in-law Lord Manchester—rare visitors in those days at Whitehall—were seen waiting on the Lord Protector. A curious spectator inferred thereby and wrote to Henry Cromwell: "'Tis verily thought that the match between your sister and Mr Rich is upon the point concluded on."

He was right. The Honourable Robert Rich and Mistress Frances Cromwell were married in the chapel of Whitehall Palace, on the 11th of November 1657, with pomp and splendour worthy of a royal wedding. Among the spectators were the bride's parents—the Protector proud and glad, though with the shadow of death already deepening on his face—the bridegroom's father, Lord Rich, his grandfather the Earl of Warwick, his maternal grandmother the Countess-Dowager of Devonshire, with many other noble and distinguished personages. If Lady Mary, as no doubt was the case, was among the guests at her nephew's marriage, she can scarcely have failed to recall like occasions when her own brothers had been united to noble maidens in that same chapel, in the Whitehall of a byegone era! And if the story of the Protector's behaviour on this occasion be a true one—of his throwing sack-posset and wet sweetmeats over the ladies' dresses and pulling off the bridegroom's wig and sitting upon it—she must have had the contrast brought forcibly to her mind between the hosts at this ceremony and the stately, graceful pair who had presided over the nuptials of Lord Shannon and Lord Kynalmeaky.

Supposing rumour spoke truth and young Rich had been a scapegrace, there must yet have been a natural seriousness about him; for the fact is recorded that he had a secret presage of an early death, having often been heard to say that he should not live beyond the age of his mother, who died before she had completed her twenty-seventh year. At the

time of his marriage he renounced all youthful follies, and consulted his former tutor Gauden—the preacher of his funeral sermon in Felsted Church—what books he should read and what was "the best method of living to the improvement of his mind and time both for God and man."

His premonition of an early death was destined to a speedy fulfilment. A few weeks only after his marriage he was seized with a mortal illness, under which he lingered for two months, and died at Whitehall Palace, February 16, 1657-8. Through his illness he had been tenderly nursed and cared for by his young wife, who sat constantly at his bedside, reading to him passages from the Bible.

This early death of his grandson, on whom life seemed opening with such special promise, came as a crushing blow to the old Earl. "I was heartily troubled for him," is Mary's comment; "but his good grandfather never was so well or merry after his death as before, and outlived him but a little while." The old Earl went down to Leighs, for the funeral at Felsted Church, and when, for some cause, it was delayed, was heard to say, "if they stayed a little longer they should carry him down to be buried with him." Two months later, April 19th, 1658, the old man too was gathered to his fathers, after a brief illness —"keeping his chamber but a day or two." His body was laid to rest, on the 1st of May, in the family vault in Felsted Church, under the aisle which the Lord Chancellor Rich had chosen to be the monumental chapel of his race. This loss of her

"good father-in-law" was the keenest sorrow Mary had yet experienced.

"He died at Warwick House," she says, "to my unspeakable grief, then the most smarting and most sensible trouble I had ever felt; for though I had before lost my own dear and deserving father, yet my being then young and gay, made an affliction not take so deep an impression as this did; and indeed this worthy father-in-law of mine merited as much from me as was possible, and it was some time before I could forbear exceeding much to mourn for him."

The old Earl's death brought great changes at Leighs. Charles Rich and his wife had for some years past had a house of their own in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they occasionally resided when not at Leighs. Lincoln's Inn Fields had then but lately been enclosed and surrounded by fine mansions, some designed by Inigo Jones. On the death of Lord Warwick they took up their permanent—or what bid fair to be permanent—abode in "the Fields"; and Lady Mary bade a sorrowful adieu to Leighs and her beloved "wilderness." She and her husband would not be likely in future to return thither save as occasional visitors. Mary's brother-in-law, Lord Rich, now third Earl of Warwick, was not the sort of man with whom she would care to associate; and as Charles Rich—with all his faults—has never been accused of profligate ways, it is not probable that he would find his brother's company more to his taste.

The energetic and masterful Countess Eleanor had also to gather her possessions about her and depart

from Leighs—ere long, as it proved, to find consolation in a fourth marriage with a "belted Earl"! Her faithful friend, Sir Ralph Verney, was summoned to protect her interests; and in the published Verney Memoirs we find several pages of minute and curious description of her belongings. The inventory of the furniture which she was entitled to carry away with her gives us a dazzling glimpse of what must have been the domestic splendours of Leighs—such tapestry hangings, such suites of chairs and couches, in "blue wrought velvet fringed with blue," "crimson figured satin," and other costly upholsterings. Her "widow's bed" is of fine black embroidery, with "a sheete wrought with black silke shadowed," and black chair, stools, and carpet to match. We also hear of furniture and hangings of gilt leather, of carpets from Turkey and Persia, and other grandeurs. The items of her jewels and trinkets are also given, and of a variety of treasures which, being hers when she became a widow, "shall continue to be in her sole and personal disposal." "Ropes of pearle" are among these; "a faire knot of gold, enamelled with Tulipps set with diamonds"; "a sweet bag embroidered with pearles"; "sixteen dozen of buttons enamelled with black, with a diamond in every button," and other costly gewgaws. She and her goods vanished from Leigh; sbut the diary shews us that Lord Warwick had left her the possessor, for life, of the family town mansion, Warwick House, and that no stipulation was made as to her vacating it in the event of her re-marriage. She lived there, both as Countess-

Dowager of Warwick and as Countess of Manchester till her death in 1667.

The new possessor of Leighs was destined to enjoy a very brief tenure of his stately and beautiful home. Scarcely thirteen months later Mary's autobiography tells us of his death :—

"In the year 1659, in May 30th, died at London, my Lord's eldest brother, then Earl of Warwick, and left no son, only three daughters, which, upon his death-bed, I promised to have while I lived as great a care of as if they had been my own, and that promise I can truly say I have performed, for I have from the time of their father's death, that I took them home to me, with the same care bred those three ladies, who were all left to my care young, as I could have done if they had been my own children, studying and endeavouring to bring them up religiously, that they might be good, and do good afterwards in their generation ; and I am sure I have the affection of a mother for those three sweet, hopeful young ladies, which I beseech God to bless, of whom the name of the eldest was my Lady Ann, the name of the second my Lady Mary, and the name of the youngest my Lady Essex."

These girls were the daughters of the late Earl by his second wife Anne, the daughter of Sir Thomas Cheeke, an Essex knight and a distant cousin of Dorothy Osborne's. Their care and nurture, and the choosing of good husbands for them, took a leading place, for the next fifteen years, in their kind guardian's time and thoughts. We shall see from her diary how she taught them, prayed for them, chose their trousseaux, blessed their marriages, watched by their sick-beds, and made them and their little children ever welcome at the Priory.

It is very characteristic of our good Mary that, in looking back on a death which brought her such momentous changes, her first thought is not of the earldom and the estates, and their accompanying dignities, but of the orphan children and their needs, and her own responsibility towards them. It is only when she has lingered lovingly over them and their entrance into her life, that she goes on to say :—

"By the death of all these three above-named endeared relatives of my husband's, he, in about a year and four months, came to be Earl of Warwick, and I had this satisfaction when he came to that honour and noble estate, that I never had so much as a wish for it ; but on the contrary, hourly prayed for the recovery of them, and mourned for their deaths ; for when I married my husband, I had nothing of that honour nor fortune in my thoughts ; it was his person I married and cared for, not an estate.

"After my Lord's brother's death, I can truly assert that I entered upon that unexpected change of my condition with much disturbance and fear, lest by having a more plentiful estate, I might be drawn to love the glory of the world too well. I was very jealous of myself, and did (if ever I prayed earnestly to God) beg of Him, the day after my Lord of Warwick died, to keep me close to Him in this change of my condition.

"After the funeral of my Lord's brother, we removed from Lincoln's Inn Fields (where we then lived) to Lees, where I came with a design to glorify God what I could, and to do what good I could to all my neighbours."

Let us go back a moment, in thought, to the nursery at Lismore Castle, and the eight little girls who had once played there. The eldest of these

sisters, Alice, Lady Barrymore, had lost husband and possessions in the Irish Rebellion and been reduced to poverty. Sara had been left a widow at sixteen, after four months of married life; she had married again, and died young. Joan's husband, the ramshackle Earl of Kildare, had brought her to such an extreme of poverty that she and her children were often dependent on her father for the necessaries of life. Lettice's husband, the notorious Colonel George Goring, was a thorough scamp, who left his poor little wife to shift for herself, both in England and abroad. Dorothy, Lady Loftus, was entirely estranged from her own family. The brave and beautiful Katharine's married life had almost every conceivable trial in it, including such neglect and ill-treatment on her husband's part as compelled her eventually to leave him. Margaret had died of consumption while still a child. Of all Lord Cork's daughters, Mary, whose marriage had been so vehemently objected to, and had seemed, at the outset, so poor a match, had proved the most prosperous and attained the highest position in honours and wealth. Ambitious old Lord Cork, who had loved both this world and the next so well, and sought great marriages for his sons and daughters with such untiring patience, would have been charmed, had he been still alive, to contemplate his little Mary as the wife of an English earl. We may be sure he would never have been allowed to discover what our prying eyes and hands, shuffling over a dead woman's

papers, have brought to light—that there was a reverse side to the picture.

> "There is but joy and grief;
> If either will convert us, we are Thine:
> Some angels used the first; if our relief
> Take up the second, then Thy double line
> And several baits in either kind
> Furnish Thy table to Thy mind."

## Chapter XI

# After the Restoration

" 'Mid venal beauty's lavish-arm'd embrace,
And hills of gambler-gold, a godless King
Moved through the revelling
With quick brown falcon-eye
And lips of gay reply ;
Wise in the wisdom not from Heaven ! "

—*F. T. Palgrave.*

" To glorify God what I could, and to do what good I could to all my neighbours,"—these, then, were Mary Rich's aims when she came to Leighs Priory as its mistress in the midsummer of 1659. How she fulfilled these aims during the nineteen remaining years of her life it will be the object of these pages to shew—doing so chiefly in her own words. But before turning to follow her quiet record—quiet, that is, so far as outward events are concerned, but full of strivings within, of victories over self painfully achieved, of a couch often "wet with tears," of the struggles of a soul " following hard after God," —it will be well to glance briefly at the historical events of the period and try to glean an idea of what the England was like in which her later life was passed. That it was a very different England from the England of her childhood, we may be sure.

When she was born at Youghal on that November afternoon in 1625, James I. was only a few months dead, and with him the traditions of the feudal days of "good Queen Bess" were but just passing away. Since then the country had been swept by civil war. There had been vital changes everywhere. Only the family and domestic life of the nation, and the secret life of Englishmen and Englishwomen with their God, had survived the storm; and even they had been touched and to some extent altered by the sorrow and suffering endured, and by the new lights which had broken upon men's minds. Modern England—the England which is great and free—had begun to be; though it was only, as yet, in its infancy. It would be strange if our Lady Warwick's life, secluded though it was, and rigidly though its lines were fixed, were unaffected by the changes around her.

The great Protectorate was over. Cromwell, it was said, had never been himself again since the death of his young son-in-law, Robert Rich. In April his old friend Lord Warwick had gone down to the grave, crushed by the same blow. All through the summer the great heart of the Protector had been wrung by the agony of suffering, in mind and body, endured by his favourite daughter, Lady Claypole, who had been brought to Hampton Court in the clutches of a mortal illness. By her bedside he watched, praying for her and consoling her—"Be still, my child; trust thou yet in God; in the waves of the dark river, there too is He a God of help"—

till, three days before her death, illness overcame him and he too lay down to die.

The year and a half which followed Cromwell's death, and which covered the protectorate of Richard Cromwell, was, as all men felt, a time of crumbling away. The strong hand and iron will which had held the conflicting elements of the nation together and kept them at least outwardly united, were no more. Cromwell's body was at rest in the Abbey, beside the coffins of Ireton and Blake, of his aged mother and his best loved child. The famous sealed paper, containing the name of his successor, had not been found, and Richard, doubtfully named by the dying man when speech had almost left him, had succeeded to the government.

Whether a good or an evil thing for the country, it was certainly an unhappy thing for Richard Cromwell that the death of his two elder brothers* brought him into so responsible a position. He only of the Protector's sons would seem to have inherited no spark of the father's genius and no trace of the strenuous, earnest spirit so characteristic of his family. A feeble soldier and an idle lawyer, field sports held the strongest place in his tastes, and he would have made a tolerable country gentleman. Lax and worldly in his conduct, he was no true Puritan, and had no attractive power for the

* Robert, the eldest, died at Felsted School at the age of eighteen. Oliver, also a scholar of Felsted, served as a cornet of horse in the Civil War, and died—it is now generally believed of small-pox—in 1644.

group of stern spirits who had stood, with Oliver, for national godliness. And the army, by and through which Oliver had governed, knew him not for its leader and despised him as much as did the shadow of a Parliament by which he was willing to be moulded. That Parliament met in January 1659, and proceeded at once to criticise the late Protector's system and to hurl defiance at the army, their real masters.

The army was not slow to reply. Already it had shewn, in the previous November, its mistrust of the new government by demanding that a soldier should be appointed General in place of the new Protector who, in imitation of his father, had assumed the command. The tone of the Council of Officers now became so menacing that the Commons ordered the dismissal of all its members who refused to engage "not to disturb or interrupt the free meetings of Parliament." Richard commanded the Council of Officers to dissolve itself. Its reply was a demand for the dissolution of Parliament; and to this demand, on the 22nd of April, the Protector was forced to agree.

This summary act involved another—the abolition of the Protectorate; and with this also the Protector, being the man he was, was forced to comply. He was, in Clarendon's unsparing phrase, "scornfully thrown out of the Protectorship." "Richard Cromwell," as Monk said, "forsook himself"; and hence those who had promised his father to support him and maintain the present system of

church and national government felt themselves absolved from those ties. The man who might have been King of England, in all but name, retired into the private life which was the best he was fit for and died at Cheshunt in 1712, aged eighty-six years, having seen four kings and two queens upon the throne.

All-powerful though it was, the army did not venture to govern England in its own name. It knew that the mass of the people, though passive for the time being under its iron yoke, would not long be content without the constitutional forms it was part of their national inheritance to love. It summoned to Westminster those members of the famous Long Parliament who were to be found in London; and they took their seats in the House of Commons under its protection, with Lenthall, the old Speaker, in the chair.

The Rump, as they were speedily nicknamed, numbered but forty-two — a mere fragment of a House of Commons—yet, few as its members were, they soon took to trying to rule their masters; and on the 13th of October were summarily dismissed, by soldiers, who guarded the approaches to the House and forbade them to enter. It was the civil element and the military striving for the mastery, and that contempt of the military power for the civil of which we saw such a conspicuous example in France in 1898. But fortunately, no army, however excellently trained and disciplined, can long maintain itself at the head of a nation on such terms

as these. Armies are composed of individuals, and will not long hold together when the personality which keeps them welded into a whole has disappeared. Divisions of opinion within the army itself began to appear, and there were grumblings over irregular pay. At Christmas Lenthall was once more recalled to the chair, and the Rump resumed its sittings as if nothing had happened.

Thus, by what seemed a series of mistakes and of backward movements, the way was being paved for the restoration of monarchy. The tide in its favour which—out at sea—had long since turned, began to make itself seen and heard upon the shore. George Monk, Oliver's old soldier and the commander of the English forces in Scotland, came to the front to do the work of the hour—the bringing back of the King. He had been preparing the way ever since the dissolution of Richard Cromwell's government in the previous April. On New Year's Day, 1660, he crossed the border; on the 3rd of February entered London; and became the ruling power during the time of confusion that followed. On the 16th of March the Rump dissolved itself; and thus the Long Parliament "came by its own act to its unhonoured end." On the 25th of April the new House, known in history as the Convention, assembled at Westminster, and proceeded to discuss the terms on which Charles II. might be invited to assume the throne. Its discussions were interrupted by the discovery that Monk was already negotiating independently with the exiled Court. Then came

the Declaration of Breda, taking the nation by storm. A general pardon, religious toleration, satisfaction to the army, and the assurance, to present owners, of the retention of confiscated estates, were announcements that turned the possibility of the Restoration into a certainty. On the 25th of May Charles landed at Dover and proceeded, amidst the shouts of excited multitudes, to Whitehall. "It is my own fault," was the new King's characteristic comment on his reception, "that I had not come back sooner; for I find nobody who does not tell me he has always longed for my return."

With the Restoration, says Mr J. R. Green, "modern England began. The influences which had up to this time moulded our history, the theological influence of the Reformation, the monarchical influence of the new kingship, the feudal influence of the Middle Ages, the yet earlier influence of tradition and custom, suddenly lost power over the minds of men. From the moment of the Restoration we find ourselves all at once among the great currents of thought and activity which have gone on widening and deepening from that time to this. The England around us becomes our own England, an England whose chief forces are industry and science, the love of popular freedom and of law, an England which presses steadily forward to a larger social justice and equality, and which tends more and more to bring every custom and tradition, religious, intellectual, and political, to the test of pure reason." *

* *History of the English People*, vol. iii. p. 327.

Looking back, as we can do, from the vantage-ground of two centuries, we see the truth of this statement. We know that the dark night of civil war and the tyranny of the Commonwealth did herald the dawn of the brighter day in the full sunshine of which we stand. But to many at the time, not only among pious and gentle souls but among the shrewd and worldly-wise observers, the changes which came with the Restoration must have seemed no advance or improvement, but a great and grievous retrogression. The strict and minute laws passed by the Puritans, while in power, against Sunday sports, bear-baiting, drinking, gambling, horse-races and stage-plays, and the rigid discipline of the army, had had a strong effect upon the outward behaviour of the nation. And the example of the lives of such men as Cromwell, Fairfax, Fleetwood, Ireton, Lambert, and others, exercised a powerful influence upon those around them. The fashion had spread to the Royalists, and—as the Royalist, Sir Philip Warwick, describes—they became "so regular in their lives and so exemplary to all (though there were some drinking Hectors intermixed), that they converted very many; and had they kept the same temper upon His Majesty's return which they did to make way for his return (to say no more) we had certainly been in a better state than we are at present." The change may, it is true, save in individual cases, have been only skin deep. Oliver himself *may* have been, beneath his outward sobriety, what

the shrewd Charles called him, "the greatest rogue in the world." But at least vice had not been openly the fashion. It was not boasted of, but concealed. And the intolerable fopperies of dress and demeanour of the succeeding time were not able to ruffle it, uncriticised, in the street. Those who, like Evelyn's typical traveller, came abroad "all ribbon, feather, and romanço," were liable to be called "French dog"; and the wearer of a hat and feather ran the risk of being pelted as he went on his way. On the surface, at any rate, a far better state of things prevailed. A higher standard had been set up.

But the Restoration swept all this outward seemliness away. The face of England—the demeanour of society—was changed in a day. The revolt which had long been silently brewing against the tyranny of Puritanism flamed out in an instant, and broke down the barriers which had seemed so strong. Religion had been made a stalking-horse for politics; it had been turned into a system of political and social oppression; and it fell with that system's fall. The mass of ignorance and untaught brutality on which the society of the seventeenth century rested heaved itself up again, and shewed its ugly face in the sports and pastimes, the manners and customs, of all classes.

To those reformers who survived the Restoration, the last state of England must have seemed worse than the first. In all those directions in which effort had been greatest, failure appeared most entire. They had swept away a court and its vices, only to

see the restoration of a court with vices worse in degree and far more unblushing. Godliness had become a byword; sobriety in dress, speech, and manners was flouted as a mark of the detested Puritanism. Poets and playwrights held religion up to scorn; in verses, masques, and comedies licentiousness was openly taught. Some even of the bishops and clergy were infected by the spirit of the time. We see Archbishop Sheldon, in his hall at Lambeth Palace, listening to the mock sermon of a Cavalier, who held the Puritan phrase and twang up to ridicule. Duelling and immorality became the marks of a fine gentleman; and grave divines winked at the follies of "honest fellows" who fought, gambled, swore, and drank, and ended a day of debauchery by a night in the lock-up. When such ways were the vogue at court and in the fashionable world, it was small wonder if those who were not the great, but who loved the great—follies, vices, and all—and strove to copy them in everything, followed in the same path. A general loosening of moral ties and casting off of social restraints was the result. Manners lost their stateliness, and ladies and gentlemen much of their good behaviour. Loose living and hard drinking were the characteristics even of quiet country gentlemen. It was no shame to get drunk at a dinner-party; and to spend the evening over pipe and bottle was the habitual custom with the man-kind in gentle families.

Those who had fought at Dunbar and Worcester, and prayed with Cromwell and Fleetwood, must

have felt the Restoration, and all that came with it, to be the sign of utter and irretrievable failure. But we know now that it was failure in seeming only, not in truth. Memoirs of the time shew us that the reaction, in its more violent forms, was confined to the capital and the court. It has been well observed: "The mass of Englishmen were satisfied with getting back their maypoles and mince pies; and a large part of the people remained Puritan in life and belief, though they threw aside many of the outer characteristics of Puritanism." The social influence of Puritanism might have already spent itself, and its influence as a political power have crumbled at a touch; but its inner spirit, which was its true life, had passed into the vital forces of the nation and become a power which will never die as long as England lives.

Professor Gardiner finely says: "It is written of Samson that 'those which he slew in his death were more than they which he slew in his life.' Puritanism, with 'all passion spent,' would wage a warfare with evil more effectual than when it appeared clothed in the habiliments of war at Naseby." It was when it laid down the sword and ceased the long attempt to build up a kingdom of God by force and violence that its real conquest began. It fell back on its truer work of building up a kingdom of righteousness in the hearts and consciences of men. "Slowly but steadily it introduced its own seriousness and purity into English society, English literature, English politics. The

history of English progress since the Restoration, on its moral and spiritual sides, has been the history of Puritanism." (Green's *History*, vol. iii. p. 322.)

Milton, we know, was a prophet, and surveyed the times in which his lot was cast with a prophet's eye. Though the Divine Ruler had seen fit to blight his personal hopes and had "remitted" him "to life obscured," his mental vision could pierce the darkness and rejoice in the light beyond. But less far-seeing souls could only weep and pray over the nation that had forsaken its God and of whom—by the tokens of Pestilence, Fire, and Sword—it had been forsaken. We have proofs from Lady Warwick's diary and meditations that she was among the most sincere of these mourners. By inheritance and up-bringing, as we have seen, she had sympathy with the gay and frivolous side of life. In her own quaint phraseology, she had shrunk from yielding herself to the service of God, "for fear of slaying my Isaac, losing all my joy and delight, as if I might never have been merry after my so doing." But when once the offering had been made and she had obeyed the call "to devote myself entirely to Thee, in a course of strict religion," she accepted the Puritan standpoint with absolute wholeheartedness. She viewed the national misfortunes of the reign of Charles II. as clear signs of God's displeasure, and was never weary of weeping and praying for "poor England." "The crying sins of the kingdom," "the abominations of the land," "the nation's sins, for which God was provoked to punish

us," "the bold sins of the K—— and Kingdom," are ever-recurring phrases of her diary; she was as eager to fast for the nation's transgressions as for her own.

It was in May 1659 that the third Lord Warwick died, just after the self-dissolution of the disconsolate remnant of the Long Parliament. Throughout that summer and autumn of national confusion and distress the new Earl and Countess were, probably, much engrossed in their own affairs and withdrawn from the scene of action into the quiet depths of the country. There was first the elaborate funeral of the late Earl to be accomplished—the carrying down of the body to Leighs, and its interment, with all due state and ceremony, in the vault at Felsted. Then there was possession to be taken of Leighs, with its hundred manors, its long rent-roll of farms and small holdings, and all its network of claims and responsibilities. Arrangements would also have to be made for Charles, the precious only child, now a lad of sixteen, in the additional state and circumstance required by one no longer the insignificant son of a younger son, but the heir of an earldom and himself by courtesy Baron Rich of Leez. And for Lady Warwick there was the "taking home to her," as she calls it, of the three desolate girls, whom their father's death had made orphans, and who were to fill the place in her tender motherly heart left vacant by the death of her own little Elizabeth, nearly sixteen years ago.

In the following spring—1660—Lord Warwick was called upon to perform the second of the only

two public services in which we ever find him engaged. It was the month of May. The new Parliament which succeeded to the dishonoured Rump, had lately met. General Monk had been returned as one of the two members for Devon. It passed the first five days of its existence in uttering bitter invectives against the memory of Cromwell and execrating the murder of the late King; but no one dared to breathe the name which was in all men's hearts "till they could make a discovery what mind the general was of." He sat in sphinx-like silence in his place. Only one man in the House—the other member for Devon county—knew that he had in his pocket a communication that would change the whole face of affairs. By the first of May the cautious leader had made up his mind. On that day he came—as Clarendon describes—into the House, and announced that he had in his hand "a letter from his majesty," but that he "would not presume to open it without their direction." Also that at the door was "one Sir John Greenvil, a servant of the King's," bringing another letter—"a letter to the house."

We know what followed on the reading of those letters from "our court at Breda," the shouts of joy that burst forth, and the unanimous agreement to appoint a committee forthwith to prepare an answer to his majesty's letter.

There was no House of Peers sitting at the time, in which the new Lord Warwick could take his seat; still we cannot doubt that the Earl and

Countess were in London, watching, with great anxiety but otherwise mingled feelings, the course of events. A committee of Lords and Commons was now appointed, who were to proceed to Holland and tender the crown to the King. It consisted of six peers and twelve commoners. Among the peers was Charles, Lord Warwick. John Evelyn should have made one of the commoners had not illness prevented him, as he says, to his "great detriment." They sailed for the Hague in a vessel of the fleet sent to escort Charles to England; and the day after their arrival were granted an interview with the King that was to be.

Charles Rich could look back to old days at Whitehall, before his marriage, when he was a young spark about the court, and this Charles Stuart, now a man of thirty, was a shrewd little black-avized boy of ten years old. Since then that prince had been a hunted fugitive with a price on his head, and next a comfortless exile, driven from court to court. Now, all in a moment, the scene had changed. His journey from Breda to the Hague had been a royal progress, and he was entertained there with all the pomp and splendour of a sovereign on a visit. His lodging was besieged by Englishmen bringing presents and protestations, assuring him of their loyalty and professing the greatness of their sufferings under "the late tyrannical government." And here were six proud peers and twelve members of the House of Commons—many of them bearing names to be for ever associated with the struggles of

the years so lately passed—all bending the knee before him and presenting "the humble invitation and supplication of the parliament 'that his majesty would be pleased to return and take the government of the kingdom into his hands, where he should find all possible affection, duty, and obedience, from all his subjects.'"

Charles, we are told, "treated all the committee very graciously together, and every one of them severally and particularly very obligingly. So that some of them, who were conscious to themselves of their former demerit, were very glad to find that they were not to fear any bitterness from so princely and so generous a nature." (Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*, p. 962.)

Whether Lord Warwick was among those suffering from twinges in the conscience, we do not know; but he was not a very sensitive person. Undoubtedly, as regarded the attitude of his own family in past times towards the Stuarts, there was much for the new King to condone. Possibly, however, the adhesion of the late Earl to the Royal side (though in himself he had been no great acquisition), may have been some make-weight against the gallant Admiral's disloyal behaviour at sea, and his hanselling of the purple velvet robe with which Cromwell had come so near to kingship. And the marked loyalty of most of the family of Warwick's wife, and the countless services rendered to the royal cause by her father and brothers, should have their weight in the scale.

Lord Warwick and the other peers were, of course, on board one of the ships of the fleet which, on the 24th of May, escorted the *Prince* (re-named from the *Protector*) and her royal passenger back to England "in one continued thunder of cannon"; and they probably also tarried for that memorable Sunday at Canterbury, and joined the returned exile in his devotions in the "very much dilapidated" Cathedral where "yet the people seemed glad to hear the Common Prayer again." On reaching London, Lord Warwick no doubt rejoined his wife at their house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He probably had a seat, like the other Commissioners, at the banquet given to the King by the Lord Mayor at the Guild-hall, on the 16th of June following; but with that ceremony ended the very small part he ever played on the stage of public life. His remaining thirteen years were, as we shall see, passed at Leighs, with occasional visits to London, in a martyrdom to gout and kindred ailments.

The present seems a fitting place for pausing to gather together what few facts we know about this Charles, Lord Warwick, whom Mary Boyle in her girlhood fell so passionately in love with, and who for twenty-two years was her husband. That he was a man of small ability and less ambition may be gathered from comparing his position and chances with the use he made of them. His only two appearances in public life are of the briefest; he seems to have returned as speedily as possible from the service of his country to a private existence of

indolence and ease. His Puritan leaven, no doubt, disgusted him with the scandals of the court after the Restoration, and there is nothing to shew that, in his personal habits, he had any inclination to drinking and immorality. We must, in excuse for his apparent want of energy, remember this—that his health, at any rate in his later years, was exceedingly bad. When we come to his wife's diary we shall find constant references to " my lord's " illnesses ; and in her autobiography she draws a deplorable picture of his sufferings. After referring to his death and the grief it caused her, she says :—

"Though God had given me many years to provide for our separation by seeing my poor husband almost daily dying (for God had been pleased for above twenty years to afflict him with the gout more constantly and painfully than almost any person the doctors said they had ever seen), yet I still flattered myself with hopes of his life, though he had for many years quite lost the use of his limbs, and never put his feet to the ground, nor was able to feed himself, nor turn in his bed but by the help of his servants ; and by those constant pains he was so weakened and wasted that he was like a mere skeleton."

This extremity of suffering and dependence can only have been Lord Warwick's portion during the last few years of his life, since we find him paying several visits to London between 1666, when the diary begins, and his death in 1673. But even for a comparatively short time to be reduced to such utter helplessness must have been a trial of the heaviest sort to a man hardly past the prime of life.

We have seen that Lord Warwick was not an

evil-liver, after the fashion of those times—not an unfaithful husband, nor a drunken debauchee. Why then have we such constant proofs given by his wife, in the privacy of her diary and to the one or two faithful friends who were her spiritual advisers, that his conduct was an almost unceasing sorrow to her, and that through him she found her heaviest cross and the deepest affliction of her soul? The fact is that Lord Warwick was a man of ungovernable temper, a swearer of great oaths, and of a profane habit of mind and conduct which was all the more marked in one of a family of such high religious profession as the Riches.

The Earl might assure Dr Walker, with vehement protestations, "that he would rather have his wife with five thousand pounds than any woman living with twenty." And with a sort of coarse pride in her devoutness, he might, as is narrated, on some particular occasion convey "a grave minister into a secret place within hearing" of the closet where she was wont to pray, that he might listen to and admire the "humble fervency" of her supplications. But side by side with these queer proofs of his admiration are the countless passages in the diary which shew a heart bleeding from his harshness and the cruel violence of his temper and manners.

Bad temper, a habit of strong language, a tendency to shrug his shoulders and laugh at the things that his wife held tender and sacred—perhaps these seem hardly sins to call forth the passion of weeping and agonies of reproach and distress that we find

chronicled, again and again, in our poor Mary's tear-stained pages! Many a husband would think that, if those were the sum of his faults, his domestic life would contain little cause for self-reproach. But that they were very grievous sins in the eyes of Charles Rich's wife, and that for them she "wept and chastened her soul with fasting" there is abundant proof. Of her most truly might it be said: "The reproaches of them that reproach Thee are fallen upon me." She was haunted with anxiety for her husband's soul, and was never weary of praying for him—clinging, in spite of many a disappointment, to her trembling faith "that a person of so many prayers and tears might not miscarry to eternity."

Well—poor, gouty, irritable, ungodly Charles Rich has been long laid away to rest, in merciful obscurity, under the pavement of a country church. He was not an important person in any way. He played no great part in his day and left no halo round his name. He only asked to be forgotten, and forgotten he would have been had not chance preserved those forty or fifty little quarto volumes, of rough brownish paper, closely written in a scrawling hand and with spelling of the queerest, in which his wife kept the artless record of her daily life. Our prying eyes have deciphered the secrets of those pages, and shewn us many things that we were never meant to see. We have taken Mary's citadel by storm; and forced our way into the innermost shrine of the Forbidden City. There is, I think, a certain responsibility involved in

handling records of this sort. Mary Rich never invited us to read her diary. She never meant people, two hundred years after her death, to know that her husband was a brute and often made her life a misery. On the contrary, it was her constant care to shelter and conceal his infirmities and defects. If we choose to explore that sad little history we must deal gently in our thoughts with him who to the very end was Mary's "dear and honoured Lord," and whose death she firmly and deliberately stated to have been "the greatest trial" of her life. We must handle his faults with the same gentleness and reverence as if she, in her widow's weeds, were looking on. We must glance at his frailties and pass by, remembering how Mary prayed for patience :—

"O Lord, bring all my passions into subjection to my reason, and my reason to my religion. Let me not fret myself in any wise to do evil, nor to be angry, and sin in my anger ; but give me a meek, quiet, contented spirit, which is in Thy sight of great value. Let me learn of Thee to be meek and lowly, that I may find rest unto my soul."

## Chapter XII

# The Entertainment of a Pious Heart

"The true Christian must grow all his lifetime. . . . Meditation waters and cherishes the plants of heavenly graces. It helps them to root deeper, shoot higher, and grow stronger. Such Christians as meditate most will grow most, be growing to the end."

—*Nathaniel Ranew.*

"GREAT by her pen" is one of the themes in *Eureka: The Virtuous Woman Found*—Dr Anthony Walker's funeral sermon on the subject of this biography; and on this theme he proceeds to enlarge. The characteristics of funeral sermons in the seventeenth century are well known—how laboured they were, how ornate in their language, how frequently unreal and fulsome in their praises. Beneath their flowery periods there is often much both of truth and of charm, many graphic touches, much half-unconscious portraiture which reveals their subject and makes the dead man or woman whom they are celebrating, a very real personage. But to discover that portrait the ground has to be sorted and sifted; it is overlaid with much that is both wearisome and false. So, when the good rector of Fyfield proceeds to enlarge upon his statement that the dead lady, over whose coffin so many were in all sincerity weeping, was as great by her pen as she was by other claims to

honour, we can scarcely forbear smiling. "Great by her pen; as you may discover by that little taste of it the world hath been happy in, the hasty fruit of one or two interrupted hours after supper; which she professed to me with a little regret, when she was surprised with its sliding into the world without her knowledge or allowance, and wholly beside her expectation."

This "hasty fruit" in which the world rejoiced, and which had been published without its author's will, was a little treatise called *Rules for a Holy Life*, embodied in a letter "to the Right Honourable George, Earl of Berkeley," a contemporary and friend of her own.

No doubt it had been handed about in the family, as MS. productions were in the days before printing "for private circulation only" had been thought of. And there was someone at hand ready to appreciate anything of the kind, to seize upon it, and to get it published with or without leave. This was Nathaniel Ranew, one of that swarm of Presbyterian clergy—of those "holy and strict divines"—who, as Mary records, "much frequented" the Rich family mansion, and were comforted, sustained, and assisted to preferment by the reigning Earl. Ranew was vicar of Felsted from 1647 till ejected by the Act of Conformity in 1662, and played a leading part among the Nonconformists in Essex affairs. He became a friend of Countess Mary's, and wrote for her benefit a little book bearing the lengthy title, *Solitude improved by Divine Meditation, or a treatise*

*proving the Duty, and demonstrating the Necessity, Excellency, Usefulness, Natures, Kinds, and Requisites of Divine Meditation. First intended for a Person of Honour, and now Published for General Use.* When ousted from Felsted he retired to Billericay, near Chelmsford, and there lived—no doubt upon the Warwick bounty—till his death, which occurred within a few weeks of his friend's in 1678.

George, 13th Baron Berkeley of Berkeley Castle, for whom Mary framed her *Rules*, was three years her junior, having been born in 1628. His public career was notable chiefly by the part he took in colonial affairs. He was a member of the Council for Foreign Plantations, and held other appointments connected with those colonizing enterprises which formed one of the few redeeming features of the government of Charles II. He was styled by Evelyn his "old and noble friend"; and Pepys' Diary contains a few references to him. Besides his long friendship with Lady Mary, he was linked at two points in his career with the Riches and Boyles. He was a fellow-commissioner with Lord Warwick at the Hague in 1660, and was one of the original members of the Royal Society, of which Robert Boyle was a founder. In 1679 he was created Viscount Dursley and Earl of Berkeley.

In his inner life Berkeley would seem to have been a kindred spirit with his friend and counsellor. Or perhaps he became like-minded through her influence. In 1668 he published a religious work named *Historical Applications and Occasional Meditations upon*

*several Subjects*, which ran to three editions. Its aim was to illustrate the value of religion from the recorded experience of distinguished men. Edmund Waller complimented its writer in a set of verses, beginning,

> "Bold is the man that dares engage
> For piety in such an age,
> Who can presume to find a guard
> From scorn, when Heaven's so little spared?"

There is not space here to give the whole of Mary's *Rules* — even were nineteenth century readers likely to study them!—but their counsels are so shrewd, their tone so wise and sincere, and they give such attractive glimpses of their writer's character and habits of thought, that some extracts will not come amiss.

The letter opens with a few introductory sentences, in which Mary deprecates her fitness for her task, and assures her friend that he is "very much better able to instruct" her than she him in "rules for holy living." "Holy living" must, by the way, have been a familiar phrase to one who was a student of Jeremy Taylor. She then addresses herself without more ado to the matter in hand:—

> "I will begin my first rule of advice to your lordship with desiring you not to turn the day into night, and, by sleeping so long in the morning, give yourself only time in haste to put on your clothes, and it may be sometimes with more haste say a short formal prayer, to stop the mouth of a natural conscience, which for haste you hardly mind yourself, and therefore have little reason to expect God should. Therefore I shall advise your lordship, to go to bed in so good an hour at night, as that

you may awake in so good time, as you may not lose the morning, which certainly is the best time for the service of God. And I would have you, as soon as you wake, fix your thoughts upon that God, that gives you time to think, and do as holy David did, who said, 'When I awake, I am still with thee.'

"Consider how your bed might have been your grave; for many every night go down into the place of silence, and there take their long and last sleep. Consider also what a mercy sleep is; and if we miss but a night's rest, how burdensome and uneasy a man would be to himself; therefore begin the morning with blessing God for it, and then commune with your heart upon your bed, and be still: and consider what a mercy it is to have another day added to your life, that you may make your peace with God before you go hence, and be no more seen. . . .

"When your lordship has thus in the morning brought your heart into a serious frame, then my second advice is, to leave your bed; and as soon as you are ready, retire to your closet, and let none of the business of the world be first dispatched, though the devil be never so busy to persuade you to it; but say to all your worldly employments, 'Stay here while I go yonder and worship, and I will come to you again.' When you have shut your door, and have shut out outward company, then have a care to shut out likewise vain and distracting thoughts, which will be very busy to steal away your heart.

"Then I would advise you to begin your private devotions with reading the word of God, the Holy Scriptures; for David says, 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.' And certainly these divine oracles of God are a most excellent means towards the mending of our lives. Therefore I would have you begin every morning with reading some portion of it, remembering it is that word by which we must one day be judged.

"When you have done this, I would not advise you presently to clap down upon your knees, but first to consider seriously what you are going about; namely, that you are going about to speak to that God before whom the angels and the cherubim do cover their faces in token of reverence, as not being able or worthy to behold so much glory. . . . Therefore do you

prostrate yourself before him with humility, remembering that he has said, that he will have respect unto the lowly; and yet come with confidence as to a gracious Father, who has promised that whosoever comes unto him he will in no wise cast out; and that before we call he will answer, and whilst we are yet speaking, he will hear. . . . Therefore do not only make conscience to pray, but make conscience also to pray aright. Pray with zeal and fervency; do not satisfy yourself with the body of the duty without the soul; but as pious Hannah did, pour out your spirit before the Lord. Pray, in the name of Christ, for things that you stand in need of. . . . And do not leave your prayers till you have enjoyed some communion with God in them, and then you will be fit to go cheerfully about your worldly employments."

Lord Berkeley had two sons and six daughters. Counsels upon the care of his children and servants follow next among Lady Warwick's precepts. That the servants should be expected to be "at least morally civil" is one of her stipulations—meaning that they should outwardly conform to the rules of a well-ordered household. God is to be, twice a day, "solemnly worshipped" by the master and his family. He is to set the domestics "good examples, and say unto them as Gideon did to his men in another case, 'Look on me and do likewise.'"

Rules about amusements follow. This was a point on which his good counsellor was very sensitive—anxious not to repel by over strictness, yet full of conscientious fears lest, by seeming laxity, she should cause others to offend. She wants her friends to realise that she too had been young and gay, and knew the strength of the attractions she dreaded for him.

"I too," she says, "had as much as most people in this kingdom to please me, and saw it in all the glories of the court, and was both young and vain enough to endeavour having my share in all the vanities thereof; yet I never found they satisfied me."

And she had understanding too and sympathy with the difficulties that a man in Lord Berkeley's position must find in suiting his Christian profession to the demands of a courtier's life, and hence her advice about recreation has a tinge of worldly wisdom which found no favour in the eyes of some who afterwards read her book.

"When you have thus spent your morning [in prayer, business, and the ordering of the household], then I am not so rigid as to forbid you all recreations; no, I think them very necessary for diversion; but I must be so severe as to forbid you such as may put you into any passion or disorder, which may be hurtful both to soul and body. Therefore I would absolutely forbid you dice and cards too, unless it be sometimes, when you must keep these limitations; first, not to play all day long, as if you were made only to eat and drink, and rise up to play. For certainly God did not give us time, as we give children rattles, only to play withal. Remember what your good friend Dr Taylor says, that 'He that spends his time in sports, and calls it recreation, is as he whose garment is nothing but fringes, and his meat nothing but sauce.' Therefore I shall advise you, that your recreations may be as your sauce, not as your full meat. The second limitation I would advise is, not to play for more than you care, whether you win or lose; remember that Mr Herbert, in his excellent poems, says,

'Game is a civil gunpowder in peace,
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.'"

Lord Berkeley is to choose his friends well; to avoid "ranting gamesters" and keep company most

with those who are "civil, and religious, and ingenious." But, as no public man can always choose his associates, when he has to rub shoulders with the vicious and profane he is to "let such company be rather a punishment than a choice."

He is also to "frequent the public ordinances, which are excellent helps to devotion." Many allusions in the diary and Dr Walker's description in her funeral sermon shew us how diligently Mary herself kept this rule which she so earnestly enjoined on her friend. Mention of attending "chapel prayers" occurs over and over again; and Dr Walker sententiously remarks: "She very inoffensively, regularly, devoutly observed all the orders of the Church of England, in its Liturgy and public service, which she failed not to attend twice a day with exemplary reverence."

One more glance at Mary's *Rules*, and I have done.

"Next," she says, "I would desire you to be as cheerful as you can; and to that purpose I would recommend to you that gaiety of goodness, which will make you most pleasing to yourself and others."

"Be as cheerful as you can." The advice is as simple and homely as it is possible to imagine. Not Hopeful, calling across the dark waters—"Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom and it is good"—could have clothed his succouring words in balder language. But, however plainly said, the counsel was of the best. There is something about

the word *cheerfulness* that touches the common sense of men and quickens their sense of duty when an appeal to loftier sentiments would only make them angry. We may recall to mind Bishop Hacket's motto —"Serve God and be cheerful"—and what a message it carried to the great heart of Bishop Lightfoot. "Golden words these," he says to his Ordination candidates; "I do not know how it may be with you; but the remembrance of these words has often lifted me up from the pit and dissipated the cloud of gloom." And so, "Be as cheerful as you can," stands for all time as one of Lady Warwick's golden rules and a testimony to the robustness and common sense of her religion.

At length, having guided her friend through his day, Mary draws courteously to a close.

"And now, my lord, I fear I have tired you with my too tedious rules, and therefore I shall put an end to them when I have given you this one, which is to conclude the day always with prayer, and not to give sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, till you have called yourself to an account for the mercies you have received that day, that you may praise God for them; and what sins you have committed that day, that you may be humbled for them; remembering what the good primate of Armagh * said, that 'the best man living did enough in the day to bring him upon his knees at night.' Therefore every night make your peace with God, remembering that many have shut their eyes in a healthful sleep, and yet waked in another world."

The letter ends with a reminder to Lord Berkeley that he had not only sought the writer's advice, but

* Usher.

promised to practise it. She is so much his friend that with great earnestness she seeks the salvation of his soul. This, she begs his lordship to believe,

"is the earnest desire of

My lord,
Your affectionate friend and
Most humble servant,
M. W."

## Chapter XIII

# "As the Mourning for an Only Son"

"Perhaps some think a tombe
No house of store,
But a dark and seal'd up wombe,
Which ne'r breeds more.
Come, come!
Such thoughts benum:
But I would be
With him I weep
A-bed, and sleep
To wake in thee."—*Henry Vaughan.*

THE five years from May 1659 — when Mary became mistress of Leighs Priory—to May 1664, must have been the happiest and least troubled period of her married life. The rheumatic gout which held her husband a distressful prisoner during his latter years had not yet got entire possession of him; he was able to travel—witness his share in the Restoration—and to take some part in the active life of his time. And the family life which Lady Warwick loved, and in which she was so well fitted to shine, was bright and busy and full of promise for the future. Her gallant young son, Lord Rich, was at home with her, and so were the three

"daughters of her soul," the Ladies Anne, Mary, and Essex. The eldest of them was about the age of the son of the house, so that companions and playfellows were provided for him ready made.

Nothing could exceed the pains which Lady Warwick took with the upbringing of her three nieces. Again and again in the diary we find entries referring to the religious teaching she gave them. "In the morning I rose a long time before day, and when retired I meditated upon the sacrament. After dinner, my lady Essex being to receive, and she never having done it before, I did with her sister and her take much pains." "After dinner, I heard my lady Essex repeat the sermon; and did, with all the awakening considerations I could, endeavour to persuade her to be strictly and powerfully religious. Whilst I was endeavouring to move her heart, God was pleased to move mine, and to enable me to speak to her with many tears; and when she was gone from me, to make me pour out my heart in prayer to God for mercy for her and her two sisters."

Evidently the "young ladies" were sometimes naughty and troublesome, as girls in their teens are apt to be, and their aunt's quick temper and keen feelings got the better of her patience. Thus the honest diary records—"Being much out of humour, when I was chiding my lady Essex, I did it too passionately, for which afterwards I was troubled." "Whilst I was discoursing with my lady Mary, and telling her of some little faults, I found a sudden

eruption of my passion, which made me speak unadvisedly with my lips some passionate words." But no mother could have been more tenderly careful for her children's welfare than Lady Warwick was for these three girls, her relations only through marriage. Their love affairs cost her boundless concern; and the settling of them well and happily in life filled great stretches of her thoughts and time. She never wearied of persuading her husband to add to the somewhat slender portions they had inherited from their father. And, even supposing that, in their girlhood, they secretly rebelled against the strictness of her rule and wearied of her fervent exhortations, it is evident that in the sicknesses and trials of their married life they clung to her for support and threw themselves, like very daughters, into her kind arms. Again and again she is sent for to them in their confinements, or she has them home to be nursed. And when their children are ill, it is their great-aunt who must come and help to care for the suffering creatures; and when the little things die—as so many of them did—it is Lady Warwick who is the first to enter the house of mourning and the last to leave it.

In the matter of their son's marriage Lord and Lady Warwick were not put under royal pressure, as Lord Cork had been with his boy bridegrooms, Lords Shannon and Kynalmeaky; but they followed the traditions of the Boyle family in seeking to settle him in life while yet in his teens. Young Charles was only nineteen when, on September

2nd, 1662, he was married to another Lady Anne Cavendish, daughter of the third Earl of Devonshire and niece to his uncle's, the third Lord Warwick's, first wife of the same name. The wedding took place at Roehampton, in the chapel of the Earl of Portland's house there, which had been sold, about 1640, to Christian, Countess of Devonshire, grandmother of the bride. The young couple were not of an age to begin housekeeping together, so, three days after the wedding, the bridegroom "went to travel into France," and Lady Warwick brought her "daughter Rich" home with her to Leighs. The autobiography tells briefly the brief history of this married pair :—

"My son stayed not so long as he was designed to do in France ; but returned back to his wife, and they lived together with me till May 1664 ; and then, the eighth day of that month, my dear and only son fell ill, and it proved to be the small-pox, in which distemper of his, after I had removed his wife out of the house from him to her father's (for fear of her being infected), and had sent away my three young ladies to Lees, and got my Lord to remove to my sister Raneleigh's, I shut up myself with him, doing all I could both for his soul and body ; and though he was judged by his doctors to be in a hopeful way of recovery, yet it pleased God to take him away by death the 16th of May, to my inexpressible sorrow. He wanted about four months of being of age."

What this bereavement was to both parents, the next few sentences of Mary's narrative plainly shew :—

"It was so sad an affliction that it would certainly have sunk me had not my good and gracious God assisted me to bear it, and given me this comfortable cordial of seeing him die so penitently that I had many comfortable hopes of his everlasting

happiness; he making so good and sober an end. And here, O my good God, let me bless Thee for enabling me to bear that great trial of my life without ever having a repining thought at Thee for that sad but just chastisement of me; and for enabling me to confess with my mouth to others, and really and steadily believe in my heart, that Thou wert just in what Thou hadst brought upon me, far less than mine iniquities do deserve. I was, under this sharp trial, so enabled from above with some degree of patience, that I did endeavour to comfort my sad and afflicted husband, who, at the news of his death, when it was was told him (by my good friend, the Earl of Manchester*) that he cried out so terribly that his cry was heard a great way; and he was the saddest afflicted person could possibly be. I confess I loved him at a rate, that (if my heart do not deceive me) I could, with all the willingness in the world, have died either for him or with him, if God had only seen it fit; yet I was dumb and held my peace, because God did it, and was constantly fixed in the belief that this affliction came from a merciful Father, and therefore would do me good."

The coffin in which so many hopes lay buried was carried down to Leighs, and the funeral took place at Felsted on the 23d of May. Dr Walker was called upon to preach the first of his three funeral sermons for members of the house of Rich. It must have been a more congenial task to a man of sincere mind than was the next of the series; but it is evident that his ingenuity was somewhat taxed to find themes to discourse upon in the uneventful annals of a lad who was but twenty when he died.

It is not difficult to imagine the scene within the ancient walls of Felsted Church—the broken-hearted parents and young widow on the old oak benches;

* Now husband to Mary's mother-in-law, Eleanor, late Dowager Countess of Warwick.

and the throng of servants and retainers crowding into the lower end of the nave. In the far corner of the aisle the opened vault, at the foot of the towering monument on which Robert, the founder of the family, reclines in his Chancellor's robes, with his small head and keen features bearing the evident stamp of true portraiture. Near by the grisly hearse, with its nodding plumes and emblematical devices heaped, tier above tier, almost to the roof. In the pulpit the black-gowned Doctor giving out his text—"Behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother"—and proceeding to enlarge upon it—"a young man in the flower and blooming of his age, not fully yet of age, not of disposing age, in the laws and stile of England, yet of an age to be disposed in the chambers of death." —"The only son of an Antient Hereditary Earldom, by Blood and Marriage the son of Two, and the grandchild of Four Eminent Earls, and as many Countesses, and Nephew to more Peers than all Arithmetick hath Digits."—"A branch of Two Families; the one the grand nursery of Antient Piety; the other the happy Source of Newest Ingenuity . . . in a word the Son of two bloods which I may boldly call, not the least ornaments, of two great Kingdoms."

Rather fulsome praises these! Dr Walker wallows in coronets and labours heavily to clothe the distinguishing characteristics of Riches and Boyles in phrases sufficiently ornate. He is more natural and human a little later, when he drops the strain of

compliment and speaks, from heart to heart, the tender, simple message of submission and spiritual consolation.

"*Weep not*, for he was Mortall, he must have dyed ere long . . . And 'tis but a little, little sooner that he's gone.

"*Weep not;* he dyed not in a foreign land, at a neglected distance (the seas returned him safe); but in a Mother's bosom, where she both might and did assist his soul and body with the most pious tenderness.

"He dyes not too soon, who dies in the time that God hath set, and so dyed he, and this should stay your hearts.

"He's nearer our envy than our pitty."

Grief for this loss seems, at first, to have nearly broken the poor mother's heart. Her autobiography continues:—

"After my son's death, I was, by my dear sister Raneleigh's care and kindness to me, instantly fetched away from my own house at Lincoln's-inn-fields, where my dear child died, to her house (and never more did I enter that house; but prevailed with my Lord to sell it); my dear sister took such care of me in my sadly afflicted condition that I was much supported by it; and I was much, too, assisted and comforted by my good spiritual friend Dr Walker's advice, who was much with me.

"After that by my dear and only child's death, my Lord's family grew so thin, that the name was like to sink; there being but one brother of my Lord's left, and he, being a very extraordinary wild man, was not like to be a very good head to it. I was (as well as my Lord), very desirous (if God saw it fit) to have more children, and sought to God for some to keep up the honour of that noble house; but I can with

truth say, I desired a son more upon the account of the hopes I had that He might be honoured and owned in it, than upon any other; for that family had for several generations been justly honoured in the county of Essex for the owning and countenancing good people, and for the encouraging of them; and it was a very great aggravation of my loss of my son, to think who would come in his room, if my Lord died, and what a sad change would be made if my brother Hatton should come to Lees, who would, as himself said, alter the way of that house for the entertaining there those holy and good persons that came, who he was resolved to banish thence; but though he was very confident, as himself often told many of his companions, that he should be Earl of Warwick, yet God was pleased to disappoint his expectation by taking him away by death at London, in February the 28th, 1670.

"I can truly say I was sorry for him, though, because of his not fearing God, I could not at all delight in his company. At my son's death I was not much more than thirty-eight years old and therefore many, as well as my Lord and myself, entertained some hopes of my having more children; but it pleased God to deny that great and desired blessing to us, and I cannot but acknowledge a just hand of God in not granting us our petition; for when I was first married and had my two children so fast, I feared much having so many, and was troubled when I found myself to be with child so soon; out of a proud conceit I had, that if I bore many children it would spoil what my great vanity then made me fancy was tolerable (at least in my person); and out of a proud opinion too that I had, that if I had many to provide for they must be poor, because of my Lord's small estate; which my vanity made me not endure well to think of: and my husband, too, was, in some measure, guilty of the same fault: for though he was at as great a rate fond of his children he had, as any father would be, yet when he had had two he would often say he feared he should have so many as would undo a younger brother; and therefore cannot but take notice of God's withholding that mercy from us when we so much needed it, being we were unthankful for them we had, and durst not trust to His good providence for more, if He saw it fit to give them to

us. But O Lord, though Thou hast with justice denied us an heir, and hast made our wound in this case incurable, by letting our coal be quite put out, yet be pleased to give us in Thy house a name better than that of sons and daughters."

This seems an appropriate place to turn aside a moment, in order to gain a more complete idea of one who in this and almost all the sorrows of her life was at Mary Rich's side to comfort and help her. Only in her last hours was Lady Ranelagh not at hand, but that was because for Mary

"Death came unheralded,—and it was well."

Throughout the rest of her journey she could say, as Hopeful said to Christian: "Hitherto hath thy company been my mercy."

Katharine Boyle, the fifth daughter and seventh child of Lord and Lady Cork, was eleven years Mary's senior. In a family distinguished for their spirit and cleverness, she was one of the cleverest and most charming. An Irish neighbour, a friend of Lord and Lady Barrymore's, thus describes her in her girlish days: "A more brayve wench or a Braver spiritt you have not often mett with all. She hath a memory that will heer a sermon and goe home and penn it after dinner *verbatim*." The *Lismore Papers* shew that her marriage with Arthur, son and heir of Roger Jones, first Viscount Ranelagh in the Irish peerage, took place at Dublin in 1630, when she was only sixteen; but till her father's death she still spent much of her time under his roof at Lismore and Stalbridge.

Lady Ranelagh was a much more distinguished

personage than Lady Warwick, and played a more prominent part in the life of her day. Bishop Burnet, in his funeral sermon on her brother Robert, goes so far as to say, "She made the greatest figure in all the revolutions of these kingdoms for above fifty years, of any woman of her age." Her long life of seventy-eight years, covering as it did the whole periods of the reign of Charles I., the Civil War, Commonwealth, Restoration, and Revolution; the influence she had with Cromwell, Queen Mary, and others; her friendships with Falkland, Lord Clarendon, her famous brother Robert, Bishop Burnet and other leading men; and the many letters of hers still preserved, make her worthy of a complete biography, not merely of the brief and scanty notices which exist. In these pages, however, we have only to do with Lady Ranelagh as she touched on the life of her sister, and must content ourselves with the barest outline of her eventful and interesting history.

During the first ten years of her married life her four children were born. Her father-in-law, who was Lord-President for Connaught, took the side of the Parliament and died in 1643. His son espoused the royal cause and was for that desertion discharged and disabled from being any longer a member of the House of Commons. Lady Ranelagh, a keen and thoughtful spectator of passing events, shared the views of her friend Lord Falkland, one of the class of royalists who, though taking the side of the King from a chivalrous loyalty, was hostile to the despotic rule to which his evil genius urged him, and

desired and endeavoured to bring about an accommodation between the two sides. In a long letter to Sir Edward Hyde (afterwards the celebrated Lord Clarendon), dated March 3, 1643-4, a few months after Lord Falkland had fallen in the Battle of Newbury, she urges the possibilities of peace and the fatal mistake that the King's party are making by refusing to acknowledge the Parliament to be a parliament—without which acknowledgment they will never consent to treat with the King. She thus closes her letter: "Now I must beg you would believe all this is spoken to my Lord Falkland's friend, from one that was to him, and is to you, upon his score, a very faithful humble servant."

In the year 1645 the publication by the Parliament of the private correspondence of Charles with the Marquis of Ormond and the Queen, greatly damaged the King in the estimation of the Protestant nobles of Ireland, by revealing his desire to come to terms with the native Irish, and engage them to fight for him, though at the sacrifice of the Protestant interest. This and other causes brought Lord and Lady Ranelagh over to the parliamentary side, and Lord Ranelagh threw himself and his influence into the Irish civil war, and rendered important services in his own county of Roscommon, where the parliamentary force had fallen into so low a condition that without his timely help it would probably have been forced to abandon most of Connaught. The result to himself personally was the loss of nearly all his property; and poor Katharine and her little ones,

like various others of Lord Cork's children, were reduced to actual poverty and distress.

About the beginning of the year 1646-7 she presented a petition to the House of Commons, "desiring some allowance for the present support and relief of the extreme necessities of herself and four children." She was granted a pension of six pounds a week, out of the treasury of sequestered estates. It was continued till 1650, when she had to petition again, and it was decided to allow her four pounds a week, which was paid her, though whether without any interruption is somewhat uncertain, till the middle of the year 1653.

Poverty was not the only trial that these years of strife and confusion brought to Lady Ranelagh. She was not happy in her married life, and met with such unkind treatment from her husband that, after years of endurance, she was persuaded by her relations in Ireland to leave him, taking her children with her to live with them. But as Lord Ranelagh refused to make her any allowance, she found herself dependent on the charity of her friends—a position very trying to the "brayve spiritt" which was yet hers. She had considerable influence with Cromwell, as with other leading men of the Commonwealth; and in her dire straits resolved upon applying to the Protector, by "whose authority and severity," she writes, "against such practices as my lord's are, I thought the utmost would be done that either persuasions or advice would have effected upon my lord."

Her brother, Lord Broghill, who was so much employed by Cromwell and so closely in his confidence, presently brought back a stern letter from the Protector to Lord Ranelagh, which his wife was to convey to him. The letter remonstrated with him for his conduct in rendering it necessary for his wife and children to leave him, and in refusing to give them anything for their subsistence. Cromwell's death, however, took place before the letter could be delivered; and Lady Ranelagh had now no one able or willing to promote her cause. She resolved to try and compass a sufficient maintenance independently of her husband, and wrote accordingly to Lord Broghill, September 17, 1658: "I do but what all good laws make my duty—use honest endeavours in order to providing for myself and family, so as to keep us from feeling extremities, or from being burdensome to friends." Apparently her elder brothers, Lord Cork (better known as Lord Burlington in the peerage of England) and Lord Broghill (afterwards Lord Orrery), who had succeeded in maintaining, or had regained, their Irish houses and estates, would have preferred their sister's making her home with one or other of themselves, for she adds: "Yet I would not execute these thoughts till I had acquainted both my brother Corke and you with them, who having nothing to oppose against them but your unreasonable kindness to me, I shall have resolution enough to resist that with as great and greater resentments of gratitude for it than I can express, by not yielding to stay longer here, where I am

altogether unserviceable, and yet very chargeable to my friends, and where, as I told you before, my children are neither like to be preferred in marriage, nor prepared for the narrow condition their father's obstinacy condemns them to live in."

Lady Ranelagh and her daughters accordingly came to London. Her hope apparently was to obtain the needful maintenance from some of the forfeited Ranelagh estates in Ireland. In this we may conclude she was successful, as in her later years she was evidently not hampered in her wide and generous charities by want of means.

Lady Ranelagh lived, from 1659 till her death in 1691, in London. She took a house in Pall Mall, and there spent over thirty years brimful of interests and activities. There she was joined, in 1668, by her brother Robert, and he made her house his home till his death, a week after her own. The brother and sister were united in the closest ties of love and fellowship. As Bishop Burnet quaintly says: "Such a sister became such a brother; and it was but suitable to both their characters, that they should have improved the relation under which they were born, to the more exalted and endearing one of friend." We shall see, when we come to examine Lady Warwick's diary, how large a place in her heart also was held by "dear brother Robin," and how she looked to him for sympathy and counsel.

The shock of her son's death seems to have affected Lady Warwick's health, for after telling how Lady Ranelagh fetched her away from the sad house

in which she had seen him die, the autobiography continues :—

"Afterwards I was advised to go and drink the waters of Epsom and Tonbridge, to remove that great pain I had got constantly at my heart after my son's death ; and by the blessing of God I found a great deal of good in them."

Next follows the record of a more cheerful event—the marriage of the eldest of the Ladies Rich.

"Then we returned back to our own house at Lees, where we had a match preferred us for my Lady Anne Rich. It was Sir John Barrington's son ; and he being a very civil gentleman and of a very good family, and having a good estate, it was accepted by my Lord and the young lady ; and she was married to Mr Thomas Barrington, in Lees Chapel, in November the 8th, 1664. And after they had continued to live with me for nearly two years, she went from me to her father-in-law's to Hatfield, in Essex, distant from Lees but ten miles ; the nearness of the neighbourhood was a great motive to us to accept that match."

Hatfield Broad Oak is a village not far from Dunmow. The family into which Lady Anne married was less prominent than those of St John and Finch, with which her sisters became connected ; and occasional references to her in her aunt's diary are all the clues we possess for tracing her further history.

## Chapter XIV

# Hidden Thoughts

"Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast."

—*Milton.*

"WHEN you have spent what time you think fit in your recreations, or visiting friends, or receiving visits from them, then I would have you every day set some time apart for reading good books and meditation; do not fear that a little time alone would make you melancholy; for the way not to be alone is to be alone, and you will find yourself never less alone than when you are so. For certainly the God that makes all others good company, must needs be best himself."

This advice, worthy of Saint Theresa or Madame Guyon, is one of those *Rules of Holy Living* which Lady Warwick drew up for her friend Lord Berkeley. And, like her other rules, it was one which she herself had verified and which was based on her personal experience. "The way not to be alone is to be alone"—"Never less alone than when alone." In her power of withdrawing herself into the spiritual

region and there, like Milton's "pensive nun," communing with her own heart, Mary Rich was a true soul-compatriot of those mystics of Port Royal who, during the same century, were dreaming their holy dreams and yet working out their very practical tasks amid the marshes of Chevreuse and within the gloomy walls of Port Royal de Paris.

We can learn, both from her diary and the records of her contemporaries, what Lady Warwick's own practice was. Dr Walker, in his elaborate style, thus expresses himself about it:—"But if she exceeded herself in anything as much as she excelled others in most things, it was in meditation: this was her masterpiece. She usually walked two hours daily in the morning to meditate alone; in which Divine art she was an accomplished mistress, both in set times and occasional." And in the diary, at the beginning of each daily record, there occurs with almost wearying regularity the entry: "In the morning, as soon as I waked, I bless'd God, then I retired myself into the wilderness to meditate."

Some note as to how she fared in her meditation usually follows. Often she is "weary and distracted," tired with her frequently recurring ailments or oppressed by the trials of her life. She grieves over her "amazing dullness," and says, "my wicked heart was dull and in an extraordinary manner distracted with wandering thoughts."—"I found a great drawing back to the duty and a great dullness in it."—"My mind was discomposed, and I had

upon me a great lightness and vanity of spirit, and could not, for a long time, bring my mind into any serious frame." But she never gives up the duty on that account. Rather she takes infinite pains to "bring" her heart "out of that dull frame it had been in." And, very often, she is rewarded by some of those "white celestiall thoughts" which raised Henry Vaughan's lowly spirit to the skies. "My meditation of God was sweet," she can record, with humble thankfulness. "I had large meditations of the great mercy of God in sending the Holy Ghost, and found my heart much affected with it."

The substance of her meditations is frequently noted in the diary. Death and eternity are the constantly recurring subjects of her thought. "I was much comforted with thoughts of my eternal rest"; or, "God was pleased to awaken my heart with the serious thoughts of death and of eternity and of the day of judgment." Two other topics occur and recur with faithful iteration—the consideration of her sins and of God's special mercies granted to her throughout life. We feel it almost profane to raise our hand and lift the veil from the sanctuary of her inner life. The humble secret record of her deep and enduring penitence for the faults of her girlhood and early married life is too sacred a page to be thrown open before chance, careless eyes. It may be, we cannot wholly sympathize with the expressions in which her thoughts are clothed. We hear her sighs and groans and see

the showers of tears falling down her cheeks. We find her, year by year, to the very close of her life, bewailing her disobedience to her father in her choice of a husband and her "stolen marriage," and mourning over what she calls "the great pride and vanity of my youth, when I spent my time in reading and seeing playes and in too curious dressing and looking in glasses."

We do not understand it, maybe. Such grief and shame for such venial offences, of such bygone years, seem exaggerated, fanciful, overstrained. Such tears and sighs and depths of woe strike us as morbid and unreal. So be it then. Morbid and overstrained her penitence possibly was, but unreal never! A more genuine, transparent soul than hers never breathed. And we must remember that "the saints on earth" are of two sorts. There are the unconscious saints, the—

> "Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
> Who do Thy work and know it not."

And there are those whose features Isaac Watts knew so well how to portray—the saints who "go on their way weeping, bearing precious seed"—

> "Once they were mourning here below
> And wet their couch with tears;
> They wrestled hard, as we do now,
> With sins and doubts and fears."

They are the saints who tread the stones with bleeding feet and cry at God's footstool, with Christina Rossetti—

"Give me the lowest place: not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by Thy side.

"Give me the lowest place: or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God, and love Thee so."

It would, however, be doing Mary's character great injustice if we let it be assumed that she had no power of rejoicing in God, and that thankfulness was not a prevailing song with her in the house of her pilgrimage. Her express purpose in writing the characteristic little autobiography which has been woven into this narrative was that she might remind herself of God's many and signal mercies to her. And in her diary we more than once find it recorded:—"Spent much time in reading in my Diarys of many years past."—"By reading in one of my Diaries wherein I had noted God's support to me under great tryalles, I found my heart in an extraordinary manner melted by God's love." Again and again her thoughts, while pacing her wilderness, are busy counting up "the great and special mersyes of my life vouchsafed unto me in my youth and elder days." On the last birthday before her death (Nov. 8, 1678) she wrote a record of thankfulness in her diary, in a hand that had grown stiff and trembling, though she was but fifty-two. "Those mercies which," she writes, "in an espetial manner I was grateful for was bringing me by marriage

into a Religious family, where I had good examples to be good and encouragement to be so, and powerful and awakening means for my soul's good; and for sanctified affliction, and for supports under it; and for free grace, and for the Gospel, and so large time for repentance; and for the sweet refreshing hours I had enjoyed with God in solitude; and for by His unexpected providence bringing me out of Ireland where I was born to come and have to possess houses full of all good things which I filled not, gardens and orchards which I planted not. I was much melted by God's love and shed many tears."

Lady Warwick had, as we know, a tutor in the art of meditation in her friend Nathaniel Ranew, the Presbyterian minister of Felsted. His treatise with the long-winded title was first written for her private instruction, in the great plague year, and was afterwards published for the benefit of others, to induce them—as the introductory epistle says—"to take a turn often in the garden of God and breathe the fresh air of paradise." It was re-printed more than once during its author's lifetime; and was popular enough to be thought worth republication, by the Religious Tract Society, in the year 1839. It has now, however, been long out of print. Whether or no meditation is still commonly practised, those who nowadays strive "to draw out the golden thread of holy thinking to its due length" would hardly have the patience to wade through the prolix sentences and cumbrous exhortations of the worthy minister.

Like her instructor, Lady Warwick discriminated between two several kinds of meditation. "Meditation," wrote the good Ranew, "is either that which is more set and solemn, or that which is more sudden and short." So his pupil, besides her daily or almost daily custom of a set time of retirement, had her "occasional meditations" — the thoughts which came to her by the way, which she brooded over in chance moments of leisure from ever pressing occupations, and set down when opportunity came and the spirit moved her to do so.

Among the bound volumes of her manuscripts in the British Museum is one containing these "Occasional Meditations." They are written in the same little books, or collections of loose sheets tacked together, of rough whitey-brown paper, in which her diaries are kept; and each "parcel" has inscribed on its cover the words *Occasionale Meditationes, by M. Warwicke*, in a bold and graceful hand. The earliest "parcel" we possess is dated 1663, and the meditations go on at intervals till 1677, the year before her death. A glance at their titles shews us that their writer possessed some measure at least of the faculty of reading "sermons in stones." She had a touch of the genius for parable of which her great contemporary Bunyan possessed such a master-gift. Nature spoke to her of God. The trifling occurrences of everyday life had a significance beyond what met the eye. They were to her allegories of the unseen and eternal.

Besides the light they throw on her inner life, the

titles, or themes, of these meditations give curious glimpses into Lady Warwick's everyday doings and into the ways and manners of her time. As the pages open before us and our eyes fall on the straggling lines, the image, faint but clear, of a woman's life, as it was being lived two centuries ago, rises before our eyes.

Mary was always one whose heart could uplift itself best in the open air; and we see by the titles on her pages how many things in her parks and gardens were messengers to her.—*Upon walking in the round walk in the wilderness, which when I first did I found very rough and unpleasant, but by frequent walking in it I found it to grow very smooth and pleasant.—Of my gardener's choosing fine young thriving stocks to graft on, and rejecting old and withered ones.—Upon walking in Chelsey Garden and observing that the frost had made whole banks of Anemones hang down their heads: but after ye sun shined they were again revived.*

The sight of "a dam made to stop the water" is turned to most practical account. "This dam," she writes, "that is put up purposely by this person to keep to himself the water, declares him to be no good-natured man. Because, though he is supplied by neighbouring springs with more water than he needs for his necessary uses, yet he stops the current of it from his neighbours who want it, desiring to keep it all for himself." This practice is turned into a parable for "rich persons, to whom God hath given with a liberal hand great

plenty of this world's wealth," but who, instead of "distributing to the necessitous poor, inclose to themselves all that God hath bestowed upon them, to bestow it upon their excesses, in rich clothes and furniture, with which they adorn their persons and walls." No one, we should say, less needed a lesson of this sort than Mary herself, whose charity was as generous as it was discriminating. Nevertheless she goes on to confess her "former guiltiness in this kind;" and prays God to make her in the future "an open flood-gate to water my neighbour's necessities."

An act of her husband's, which must have threatened the very defences of her soul, serves to call to her remembrance the bitterest grief of her life. In the year 1673 we find a meditation with the sorrowful title, *Upon ye cutting down of ye wilderness*; and it opens:—

"This sweet place that I have seen ye first sprouting, growth, and flourishing of for above twenty years together, and almost daily taken delight in, I have also now to my trouble seen by my Lord's command ye cutting down of, in order to its after growing again thicker and better, tho' I have often interceded with him to have it longer spared. This brought to my remembrance afresh ye death of my only son, whom I had also seen ye first growth of in his childhood and ye flourishing of to my unspeakable satisfaction for almost twenty-one years; and in a short space of time, to my unspeakable grief, by my great Lord's command cut down by death that he might rise again in a better and more flourishing condition; though I often implored, if it were agreeable to the Divine will, he might be longer continued to me."

Another contre-temps connected with her best-

loved retreat is turned by its mistress to profit. The theme is as follows:—*Upon sitting in my Arbor in ye Wilderness at Leez, and hearing two of ye labouring men discourse.*

"How much was I both surprised and troubled when I had got into ye pretty wilderness (a place so solitary that I thought I had been there hid from all mortall eyes and freed from all outward intangling distractions, and was indeavoring to get rid of all inward ones too, if I might taste that Divine gusto which is to be found in conversing with God in solitude), to find this sweet quiet interrupted by a loud voice, which gave me a very unpleasing disturbance; yet my curiosity soon drew my attention to hearken who the person was that had thus intruded into my privacy, which I no sooner had done than I discovered it was two of the labouring men that looked to ye garden and were now employed in rowling a gravel walk in ye wilderness, which though at a very remote distance from the arbor where I was set, yet their rude loud mode of speaking had made their voices soon approach my ears; one of them was showing his companion that they rowled ye worst way because it was something uphill, and ye other way was much ye easier: upon which assurance ye other labourer without any debate was so far convinced that he presently went to begin at ye other end of ye walk, which whilst he was doing I did, as Pharaoh's Butler, call my own fault to remembrance; for not unresemblingly have I been drawn by ye great enemy of my salvation to quit my begun and intended journey to Heaven because I sometimes found it hard and was by him persuaded to believe that ye way ye world walks in was best because most easy, not remembering that 'tis duty and not ease, that a Christian is called to."

It is a quaint picture this—the displeased lady peeping out from the shelter of her bower to discover the disturbers of her peace, and her eyes lighting on the pair of Essex yokels in their smock-frocks, wrangling

over their work. The occasion seems but a trivial one, and quite inadequate to be weighted with so heavy a moral. But we must realize that everything connected with her beloved wilderness had a peculiar weight and significance in Lady Warwick's eyes; and also that it was the glory and pride of the moralists of that day to draw the most solemn lessons from the most homely occurrences. The *Pilgrim's Progress* will occur to us as furnishing countless instances of this habit; and Quarles's *Emblems* give a conspicuous example of the same class of mind.

Things domestic also preached their sermons to Lady Warwick. *Upon feeding the poor at the gate with some broken meat left at a feast.—Upon seeing a fine carpet taken off a dusty table.—Upon the lighting of many candles at one.* ("This candle, that hath lighted so many, still gives as much light as it did before, and hath lost nothing by what it hath imparted to them.")—*Upon wondering at an unthankful person* (To which her annotator, Woodrooffe, the chaplain's son, has appended the note, "Possibly her woman, Mrs English").—*Upon seeing, as soon as I waked in the morning, upon my bed's tester just over my head, a fine embroidered crown.*

The trials of her home life took their turn in being applied to spiritual profit. Two at least of her meditations bear the title, *Upon a dispute with a friend*; and the sometimes superfluous Mr Woodrooffe has his comment, in square, bold writing and jet-black conspicuous ink :—"Doubtless her Lord." And one

page bears the following inscription, saying much in its unconscious pathos :—*Upon one's being retired for her devotions, but upon hearing her husband come home, huddling them over to go to him, and then perceiving that he had a mind to be rid of her.*

One last example shall be given, which shows to a nicety our moralist's aptitude for turning small occasions to great uses and also throws a characteristic side-light on the domestic habits of the day. In the homes of the upper classes, at the Restoration period, though beer was still the habitual beverage, coffee and chocolate had become fairly usual ; but tea was still a curiosity. Pepys, in 1667, records :— " Home, and there find my wife making of tea ; a drink which the Potticary tells her is good for her cold and defluxions." In this case tea seems to have been regarded more or less as a medicine ; but in some great families, at least, it was customary to have about this date a " solemn service of tea " in the withdrawing room after dinner. To Lady Warwick, however, tea was evidently an unwonted brew, which had to be laced with sugar to make it tolerable. The following are her reflections *Upon drinkeing Tea* :—

" How strangely bitter did this Tea taste till I had mingled some sugar in it, which when I had done and stirred it well together, what before was so displeasing to me that I could not gett it down I afterwards did with great delight drink a good draught of, which did mind me of my Good Godes mersyfull and wise dealings with me His most unworthy servant in all the course of my life which I have hitherto passed in this vale of tears, who have had it filled with checkerwork, having had both

Black and White, bitter and sweet, and yet by His good providence towards me He has been pleased so to mingle the bitter draught of affliction, which He saw wholesome for me, with many mercies, and some manifestations of his love to me, that the cup which my Father hath given me, I have not only been able to get downe, but have with delight done so.

"O Lord, I adore Thee with my soule for mingling with the wormwood and the gall some honey, for sweetening my bitterest Crosses with a lovely sense of Thy unmerited special love, which has made me, believing in Thee, to rejoice with joy unspeakable, and has cheerfully carried me through all the smarting tryalles of my life when else I should like Issachar have crouched under my burthen. O Lord, I know that knife only shall cut which Thou puttest an edge unto, and Thou hast been pleased not to make one gash more than was necessary, and when Thou hast wounded me, Thou hast, like the good Samaritan, poured oyle into my wounds and bound them up againe, and hast spoken peace in the midst of all my troubles, which has sweetened every condition to me and made me cheerful in the midst of all my tryalles with which Thou wast pleased to exercise me, and which has made me experimentally able to say, *If He speaks peace, who can give trouble?*"

## Chapter XV

# "Un Journal Intime"

"Guide not the hand of God, nor order the finger of the Almighty unto thy will and pleasure; but sit quiet in the soft showers of Providence."—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

To keep a diary is not, perhaps, a fundamental instinct of human beings; but diaries have been kept by such various sorts of men and women, under such various conditions, that it seems to come very near to being an instinct common to all men. Or perhaps it would come nearer the fact to make the definition a somewhat narrower one and to say—All *unhappy* men and women keep diaries. May not this be taken as, roundly speaking, a truth? As a rule, when people are happy, they don't think about themselves; and it is impossible to keep a diary without thinking about one's self. Loneliness is the chief source of unhappiness in the world—or if not that, it is a chief ingredient in almost every cup of sorrow put to human lips—and the instinct of lonely people is to keep diaries. Witness Dr Johnson, Marie Bashkirtseff, the disappointed genius, B. R. Haydon, and hosts of other suffering men and women, whom we pity, love, and cherish in the records of themselves that they have left behind.

Mary Rich is no exception to this rule. Dr Walker would have us believe that she took to keeping a diary for the good of her soul; and—not to contradict the worthy man—no doubt this motive had its place among those which set her to her task and kept her faithful to it for twelve years. But she had been many years converted when her diary begins, on the 25th of July 1666. And we, who have taken count of the chief events of her life hitherto, know that before that year she had been stricken by her heaviest sorrows and that the wearing visitation—the "smarting tryall"—of her later years had come upon her in its fulness. She was a childless mother, "a woman grieved in spirit"; all hopes of another heir to save their branch of the family from being quite put out were fading from her; and in the region of her home life, where if anywhere she had the right to look for comfort and sympathy, she met with little but harshness, misunderstanding, and ill-temper. No, though doubtless what Dr Walker says is true, and she kept that daily record of "the frame of her own heart towards God, his signal providences to herself and sometimes towards others, his gracious manifestations to her soul, returns of prayer, temptations resisted or prevailing; or whatever might be useful for caution or encouragement and afford her matter of thankfulness or humiliation," in order to her spiritual advancement, she also turned to her diary because it was "someone to speak to," because she was sore-hearted and solitary and often much cast

down, and could unbosom herself to its kind and safe ear of some of the trouble that hung so heavy on her sensitive spirit, but of which she might tell nothing to the world.

Her time for writing her journal was at first in the evening; but finding that "inconvenient," as Dr Walker tells us, "by reason of her lord's long illness, which gave her many inevitable diversions and interruptions at that season, she changed the time into the quiet, silent morning, always rising early."

The "diary papers" or "parcells," as her contemporaries called them, fill five of the eight volumes of her MSS. preserved in the British Museum. Each of the thin quarto books, to the number of thirty, covers the record of from four to five months; its outside page is carefully endorsed with the date of its beginning and close, followed by the bold autograph signature of which a reproduction is given in this volume.

Each parcel that we possess is perfect, and every page is legible. But not all the parcels, unfortunately, have come down to us. There are several missing, notably those for the whole year 1674 and the last parcel of all, which would have carried us doubtless to within a few days of the writer's death. The diary, as we possess it, closes the 24th of November 1677.

The domestic chaplain at Leighs, at the time of Lady Warwick's death, was the Rev. John Woodrooffe, afterwards rector of West Hanningfield in Essex. Many entries in the diary shew us that the Countess esteemed his services highly, and that his wife was her intimate humble friend and frequent companion.

It would seem that the chaplain's son Thomas was one of the many scholars "of hopeful promising parts," whom Lady Warwick "wholly or in good measure educated at the university; allowing some thirty, some twenty, some ten, some eight, many five pounds per annum, and some others who had more assistance, less."* He had special opportunities for knowing his kind patroness, for, in the diary of September 1673, he inserts a note—"About this time I was removed to Leez-house, where I stayed till I went to Cambridge on April 23, 1674"; so it is evident that when his school days† were over he was allowed to make his home at the Priory till entered at Jesus College.

At Lady Warwick's death her manuscripts passed into the hands of the chaplain, who took them to West Hanningfield, near Chelmsford, the little Essex parish in which he spent the remainder of his days. Here the younger Woodrooffe constituted himself the Countess's annotator and seems to have spent the leisure moments of many years in working upon her MSS., correcting the spelling, touching up the writing, and adding explanatory notes, worked with infinite pains and care into the hair's breadth blank spaces left between paragraphs and on margins. He also made a rough index, on the blank pages at the beginning and end of each parcel; noting the

* Funeral Sermon.

† Query, at Felsted? Two of his name, but of later generations, are given in the list of scholars prior to 1800, which is confessedly imperfect.

principal events of the portion under review. Woodrooffe's corrections of the quaint and irregular spelling strike the reader as needless and impertinent; but his notes—assuming their accuracy—are often of much value, especially where he carries on the history of the persons referred to in the text or gives the *locus standi* of the many "worthy ministers" to whom allusion is made. Besides his labours as a commentator, he made an abridgment of the diary from its beginning to April 1672, and added specimens of the *Occasional Meditations*, under the title of *Collections out of my Lady Warwick's Papers.* This volume was preserved as a precious treasure in the Woodrooffe family, and was handed down from generation to generation. About the year 1846 it had passed into the hands of the Rev. Nathaniel George Woodrooffe, vicar of Somerford Keynes, in Wiltshire. It was then edited and published by Barham for the Religious Tract Society.

At the time of this publication, the original diary, consisting of a bundle of loose sheaves of paper, was lost. According to Mr T. Crofton Croker it had been sold by an executor of one of the Woodrooffes to a bookseller at Long Melford in Suffolk, who had parted with it to a brother in the trade. This bookseller had gone to France and become bankrupt; and so the manuscripts had been lost sight of. About the year 1835, however, Mr Crofton Croker saw the precious bundle in the possession of a distinguished firm of booksellers in New Bond Street; and in the year 1866 they were acquired

by the British Museum, in which safe keeping they have found their final resting-place. The abridged diary, published by the Religious Tract Society, has been for years out of print, and has to be sought for on the shelves of second-hand booksellers. The only other portion of the manuscripts which has hitherto seen the light is the *Specialities in the Life of M. Warwicke*, which was edited, with admirable notes, for the Percy Society, by Mr Crofton Croker, and was published in 1848.

It would be impossible, of course, in this sketch of her life to give Lady Warwick's diary *in extenso*. It fills five stout volumes of many pages, and the manuscript is closely written. And, even were the length not a bar, I doubt my readers having the patience to plod after me through page after page whereon the good Countess records the "frame of her heart," and sums up, with unwearied persistency, the trials and mercies of her past life.

A few examples must be given, as without them we should have no complete idea of the character we are trying to portray—no full picture of a devout and beneficent life, lived out in single-hearted simplicity in one of the worst periods of English society. Those who wish to know more can study the MS. itself in the British Museum.

Although in the main a *religious* diary, in which the concerns of the soul take ever the foremost place, it would be a mistake to suppose that there is no relief or variety in Lady Warwick's pages. Quite the contrary. Mary was no recluse, rather she was

famed for her hospitality and distinguished for her "noble and splendid way of living." She moved freely among her Essex neighbours, receiving or paying visits almost every afternoon. Her funeral sermon goes so far as to say that "as a neighbour, she was so kind and courteous, it advanced the rent of adjacent houses to be situated near her"! And "not only her house and table, but her countenance and very heart were open to all persons of quality in a considerable circuit." When in London she mixed a good deal in society, and was in familiar intercourse with many of the distinguished and active people of her day, both in the political and the scientific worlds. She also, as we shall see, went occasionally to court, though never very willingly after the spell of its attractions had once been broken. She was much beloved in the large and influential circle of her own and her husband's relatives, with many of whom she kept up close and frequent intercourse. She was a passionate lover of her country, and cared almost as keenly for what affected England as for the welfare of her own immediate circle. It would be strange if a life so full and rich found no reflection in the pages to which she confided the record of her days.

The year 1666 was one of gloom and depression for all serious-hearted patriots, to whom the calamities and disgraces coming so thickly upon England seemed tokens of the displeasure of the Almighty at the sins of those in high place. Two autumns previously the dreaded Plague had made its re-

appearance in London. All through the winter of 1664-5 it had smouldered in St-Giles's-in-the-Fields and the adjoining parishes; and in the early summer, with the coming of the warm weather, had burst out into a raging epidemic. On the 7th of June Samuel Pepys first saw, "much against his will," two or three houses in Drury Lane marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "*Lord, have mercy upon us!* writ there." (*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 242—Lord Braybrooke's edition as throughout.) We know from Daniel Defoe's sedate but wonderfully vivid narrative, how terrible was the scare that followed; how "the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry, from the west part of the city, thronged out of town with their families and servants, in an unusual manner"; how the "broad street" of Whitechapel, where he lived, became thronged with a stream of waggons and carts, crammed with goods, women, children, and servants, and of "coaches filled with people of the better sort, and horsemen attending them, and all hurrying away"; how presently "empty waggons and carts appeared, and spare horses with servants, who, it was apparent, were returning or sent from the country to fetch more people."

Lady Ranelagh and her three daughters had quitted London before the great stampede and gone to pay a long visit at Leighs. Their house in Pall Mall was left in the charge of servants. Robert Boyle, who had been living with his sister, also left London, though not so soon, to avoid the risk of infection.

During the hot summer and autumn "the

sickness," as it was commonly called, raged fearfully in London, attaining its height in the month of September, when Defoe estimates that the death-rate probably reached an average of 10,000 a week. Pepys saw the grass growing "all up and down White Hall court, no boats upon the river, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets." He met "dead corpses of the plague carried to be buried close to him at noonday through the City"; but exclaims, "Lord! to see what custom is, that I am come almost to think nothing of it." As the winter passed on, the pestilence gradually died away in the city, but by that time the infection had been carried far and wide, and in the following year it raged in many of the lesser towns and villages of the kingdom, carrying starvation and misery in its train.

At the same time the second Dutch War, which had begun early in 1665, was dragging out its miserable course. The British navy, so powerful and successful in the days when Lord Warwick and Blake were its admirals, had been suffered to go to rack and ruin. The ships were leaky and unseaworthy, lacking in needful stores of every sort; the seamen were in mutiny from sheer hunger and came crowding round the doors of the Navy Office, begging for their pay and "troubling and perplexing" Mr Pepys "to the heart," by their "horrible crowd and lamentable moan." The sums which should have been spent on the maintenance of the fleet were squandered at court, on the King's courtiers and favourites. The revelry and extravagance there

increased year by year; and the sunshine of affection and popularity in which Charles had ascended the throne was already fading away. The severity of the Act of Uniformity, and the insolent cruelty and want of faith with which the Nonconformists were treated, filled even the Royalists with indignation and worked the bitterest resentment in the minds of the common people. And when it gradually dawned on their perceptions that the Roman Catholics were receiving a very different measure of severity to the Presbyterians and Quakers; and the vague suspicion that the King and Duke of York were not the sincere Protestants that they should be gathered weight and strength, the fleeting popularity of the King and his government passed rapidly into hatred and contempt.

To the Dutch War was joined, in January 1666, the prospect of war with France, concerning which Pepys cries—"God knows how little fit we are for it!" It suited King Louis, for the moment, to appear to favour the Dutch, and to take their part against England. The hour had not yet come for the crushing of Holland and the buying off England's interference with handfuls of French gold. In the month of July the fleet, patched up and re-manned with pressed men after the disastrous engagement in the Downs of the 2nd of June, had assembled in the river, waiting for a fair wind to sally forth and meet De Ruyter and his armament of eighty-eight fine vessels. A great engagement was hourly expected; and all London was astir

and intensely anxious. Pepys went to Whitehall on Sunday, the 22nd, and reports, "not a smiling face through the whole Court."

Lady Warwick's diary begins on St James's Day, the 25th of July, in that memorable year. A battle is raging. Our friend Samuel again hastens to Whitehall and "finds the Court gone to Chapel." "And, by and by," he continues, "while they are at Chapel, and we waiting chapel being done, come people out of the Park, telling us that the guns are heard plainly. And so everybody to the Park, and by and by the chapel done; and the King and Duke into the bowling-green, and upon the leads, whither I went, and there the guns were plain to be heard; though it was pretty to hear how confident some would be in the loudness of the guns, which it was as much as ever I could do to hear them."

This battle, whose alarms sounded as far as London, was being fought off the North Foreland. It was one of the most stubborn naval engagements that the world has seen. It ended in an English victory, but a victory barren of all but immediate results. Twenty Dutch sail, it is true, were struck or sunk, and seven thousand Dutch seamen slain, while the English loss was comparatively small. But this success notwithstanding, within less than a year there were sixty Dutch vessels riding off Chatham; the sky was red with the blaze of English men-of-war; and the thunder of the Dutch guns in the Thames and Medway were waking the nation to a bitter sense of degradation and shame.

Lady Warwick starts her diary to the melancholy tunes of battle and pestilence :—

July 25. As soon as I awoke I blessed God, then went to walk and meditate. Then I came into my closet, and went to private prayer : my heart was carried out to bless God for preservation in these times of sickness from the noisome pestilence, and for the comfort of friends, when better than myself were shut up from them. Then I went to family prayer. After dinner came the news of hearing the guns, and that our fleet was engaged ; my heart was much affected at the consideration of the blood that would be spilt, and of the many souls that would presently launch into eternity : my heart was carried out exceedingly to compassionate them, and to pray to God to spare the shedding of the blood of those for whom Christ shed His precious blood. I got Mr Clarke to pray privately in the closet for them. Then, in the evening, went alone into the park, and begged again of God for mercy, and to give me assurance of my own everlasting condition, that whatever became of my body, my soul might be safe : then went to family prayer (namely, the common prayer*), my heart breathed after God. After supper committed myself to God.

30. In the morning, as soon as I awoke, I blessed God, then went out alone into the wilderness to meditate. After dinner, without any occasion given, my lord fell into great passion with me ; I bore it patiently, without saying anything to provoke it farther, though I was inwardly troubled a while for it.†

August 1,—Fast-day, for the plague. [Woodrooffe's note ; *This was the monthly fast-day, for the plague, first appointed to*

* Restored by the "Bartholomew Act" of 1662.

† It should be understood, in this and following extracts from the diary, that though no word is altered, there are portions left out, in nearly every quotation given ; it being my aim, for the most part, to give those parts only which are of general interest, and either refer to the events of the time or illustrate Lady Warwick's life at home and among her neighbours and friends.

*be observed*, 1665.] In the morning rose early, and went out into the wilderness to meditate ; when I came in, it was so near chapel time, that I had only time to commit myself to God in a short prayer. When the public duty was over, I went into my closet, and in prayer there my heart was carried out in earnest desires for pardon for my own and the nation's sins, and with sighs and tears to beg for mercy for those upon whom the hand of God was gone out in the sad visitation of the plague.

15. In the morning, as soon as I awoke, I blessed God, then ¶ went out into the wilderness to meditate. In the afternoon, my lord had a fit of an ague, and so I was kept from being retired by my attendance upon him.

19,—Sunday. Not sleeping well in the night, by reason of my lord's illness, I overslept myself in the morning, and was fain only in short to recommend myself to God for that day ; then went to the chapel, and there the desires of my heart went out after God. In the afternoon, went again to church ; but my heart was dead and dull in that service, and do what I could, continued so all that night.

21. My lord and many of my servants being ill, I was fain to spend the day in looking after them ; only committed myself to God.

24. In the morning, as soon as up, I went into a room where my window opened just against the door where the dead corpse of my lady Roberts' [Robartes'] maid was ; the sight mightily affected me, and made me consider that death was now entered into my house, and I was mightily moved to consider why God had yet spared me, and taken away one much younger than myself ; and I sent up many prayers and tears to God to prepare me for my death, and that I who was living might lay that prospect to heart. Whilst I was in my walk the dead body was carried by to be buried [*at Little Leighes*—Woodrooffe] in my sight, which did much move my heart, and made me in an awakened frame.

September 3,—Monday. After dinner much company came in : towards evening came the news of London being on fire, which much amazed and troubled me, and made me pray

heartily for that distressed place and people. The fire began the 2nd of September.

4. In the morning my sister [Lady Ranelagh] went to London, and I retired into the wilderness to think of the sad miseries of poor London. After dinner came the news of half the city's being burned down, and the fire still going on to devour.

5,—Fast-day. I got up betimes, and when ready went to meditate and to consider what I had in particular done to provoke God to punish this nation. News came that Holborn was all on fire, and Warwick-house burned. I thank God I found my heart more affected for the common calamity and suffering of others than for that, and was not at all disordered with the news, but bore it patiently. Then I went to the chapel to hear Mr Glascock preach : his text was, Isaiah xxvi. 9, "When Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."

6,—Thursday. In the morning, I went out into the wilderness to meditate ; when I came in, I heard that Warwick-house was not burned ; for which I blessed God. In the afternoon, went out to hear the news, came not home till evening ; then prayed again.

9,—Sunday. I went to visit my servant, Joice [*Seely, the still-house woman*—Woodrooffe] who thought herself to be in danger of death ; I spent some time with her, she seemed to be much awakened by what it pleased God to enable me to say to her.

22. In the morning, before the sacrament-day, having the Sunday before had warning given of a sacrament against the next Sunday, I rose betimes, and as soon as dressed, went into my closet and read the chapters of the institution of the Lord's supper and of the sufferings of Christ, and then did meditate on them and considered what a heinous thing sin was, that made him suffer so much. In the afternoon, I read two hours.

27. In the morning went into my closet, wrote some Scripture reflections and occasional meditations.

October 10,—Fast-day appointed for poore London Fire. I

got drest early, and then went into my closet and read in the word; then stirred up my heart by meditation upon the great judgments God had brought upon the land, and upon the crying sins of the kingdom, and how he was provoked by the abominations of the land. Then went to the chapel, to hear Mr Woodrooffe preach. My heart was affected, both at the prayer and the sermon; afterwards I endeavoured, with all the quickening arguments I could, to awaken the young ladies to humble their souls before God, and pressed them exceedingly to make their peace with God. After this I went and prayed over the sermon, and again with tears begged for mercy for poor England.

November 20,—Tuesday. In the morning, as soon as ready, prayed to God to go along with me in my journey to London, and then took coach to go, and by the mercy of God got safe thither without any misfortune. As soon as I entered into the burned city, my eyes did affect my heart, and the dismal prospect of that once famous city, being now nothing but rubbish, did draw many tears from me, and made me pity and pray for those who had their habitations burned, and beseech God to make up all their losses to them, and give them patience to bear them. When I came to Warwick-house to my lord, I found him, blessed be God, pretty well, but being weary and ill with the headache went to bed and there committed myself to God.

21. After dinner was visited by many of my relations; all that day had no time to be retired till night, and then committed myself to God.

23. In the afternoon, was busy in doing the business for which my lord sent for me, and signed the writing concerning passing away my jointure.

25,—Sunday. I meditated and prayed to God to fit me for the duties of the day, then went to St Andrew's Church to hear Mr Stillingfleet preach. After dinner had good discourse with my lady Manchester, my mother-in-law. [*At whose house she was*—Woodrooffe.]

Stillingfleet, afterwards Dean of St Paul's and Bishop of Worcester, was at this time minister of

St Andrew's Church, Holborn, the nearest church to Warwick House, and one which Lady Warwick usually attended when at the family mansion. Pepys notes in his diary of April 23, in the previous year, "I carried my wife and her woman to White Hall Chapel, and heard the famous young Stillingfleet, whom I knew at Cambridge, and he is now newly admitted one of the King's chaplains; and was presented, they say, to my Lord Treasurer for St Andrew's, Holborn, where he is now minister, with these words: That they, the Bishops of Canterbury, London, and others, believed he is the ablest young man to preach the Gospel of any since the Apostles. He did make a most plain, honest, good, grave sermon, in the most unconcerned and easy yet substantial manner, that ever I heard in my life." Lady Warwick agreed with Mr Pepys in approval of Stillingfleet's preaching.

28. In the morning, as soon as drest, went to prayer, then went in a chair to visit my sister Ranelaugh. As I went, had very serious meditations of the vanity of the world, and did there make a short reflection upon what I had seen since my coming to London; how vain and unsatisfactory all was, and how much more real and solid content there was in a retired life. Then came to my sister's, where she and I alone had discourse of that which was serious and profitable. After dinner was visited, and at night committed my soul to God by prayer.

Dec. 1. In the morning, as soon as drest, went to prayer, then went to my brother Burlington's to dinner, and stayed there and at my sister Ranelaugh's all the day.

2. Went to my sister Ranelaugh's, where my brother Robin and she and I had holy discourse.

4. In the morning, as soon as ready and had taken leave of

my lord, I went to prayer, to beseech God to be with me in my journey, and to bless him for my preservation at London; then took coach to go to Leez. As soon as I came out of Warwick-house, I was much pleased that I was now returning to my quiet home from the hurry I had been in at London. When I came again through the rubbish of the city, I wept over it, and was much affected at that mortifying sight, and prayed to God to give them new habitations who had lost their old ones. At evening, blessed be God! I came safe home to my own house at Leez without meeting any misfortune by the way, and found all my family well.

Woodroffe's note to the entry of December 2nd, touching "brother Robin," is—*Who lived with his sister Ranelaugh.* The abating of the plague, in the spring of 1666, had brought people generally back to London; and among others Lady Ranelagh and her daughters had left Leighs and returned to their house in Pall Mall. We find Lady Ranelagh very busy visiting the scenes of the great fire and giving money of her own and her brother Robert's to the homeless sufferers. She writes a lively description of what she had seen and done to Robin at Oxford. Shortly after this time the philosopher left his retreat at the university and came to live with his sister in Pall Mall. The Royal Society had met again, "after the dispersion from the contagion," as Evelyn notes, and must have needed the presence and active support of him who was one of its founders.

The limits of this book forbid our enlarging on the life and character of "the most illustrious of all the Boyles;" though there are plenty of materials for a complete and interesting picture. The *Lismore*

*Papers* contain many references to him. Lord Cork, Dr Grosart suggests, had a special affection for his youngest son; and the allusions to "my Robin" in the diary are both touching and tender. And the Swiss tutor Marcombe's amusing letters give countless little glimpses of the boyish ways and tastes of "Master Robert," who even in his early teens seems to have been marked off, by his feeble health, ardent temperament, and a certain austere holiness, from ordinary lads of his age. In his own unfinished autobiography he describes his childhood, youth, and upbringing, till his narrative comes to a sudden stop in the city of Marseilles, while on his grand tour. In Evelyn's correspondence there is a delightful letter about him which is, in fact, a biography in miniature. It was written by Evelyn to his friend Dr Wotton, that prodigy of learning, when the latter had in view the writing of Boyle's life. Evelyn knew so well how to give the living touches that make a pen-and-ink portrait breathe and speak. His sketch of the pale, spare, gentle philosopher, so temperate, plain, and unassuming, "without any sort of singularity," yet so apart from the common herd; an "excellent Christian," "without noise, dispute, or determining"; so frail and delicate of body "that I have frequently compared him to a chrystal, or Venice glass," and with a reputation equally transparent—"as clear and candid; not a blemish or spot to tarnish his reputation," is one not to be easily forgotten. Boyle's name will be honoured as long as the Royal Society exists; and he has

another and still better place of remembrance in the history of our missions to the heathen. He was the first Governor of Charles II.'s *Company for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England and parts adjacent in America*—a Society whose charter is still in force. Only two years ago, Dr Doane, Bishop of Albany, U.S.A., preaching in St Paul's Cathedral the inaugural sermon of the commemoration of the bi-centenary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, chronicled among the foremost in "the goodly fellowship" of the servants of Christ's noblest cause on earth, the name of Robert Boyle.

The history of the Fire of London—the chief public event referred to in this period of Lady Warwick's journal—is too well known to need repetition in this place. The hot and dry summer —marked, like the plague year, by the appearance of a comet—had prepared (Pepys says, even "to the very stones of churches"!) the huddled, crowded old city to fall a ready victim to the blaze which began that Saturday night, "in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane." There are descriptions of the great burning, by eye-witnesses, which enable us to feel almost as if we had seen it too. We can drive with Evelyn and his wife and son to the Bankside in Southwark and behold "that dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadful flames near the water-side." We can hear with their ears "the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the

hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches." We can feel "the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth." Or, better still, we can repair with Pepys "to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes," and stay there till it is "dark almost," and "see the fire grow"—till we behold "the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long." "It made me weep to see it," says the Clerk to the Navy; and no wonder! We can help him to bury his Parmezan cheese in the garden for safety, and mount with him to the top of Barking steeple, thence to behold "the saddest sight of desolation that ever I saw."

Narratives like these, chronicled in the very act by men who were of the ablest of the day and in the forefront of the life of the time are, of course, of priceless value as records for later generations. They are threads of the very tissue of which history is woven. But, slight and insignificant though they be beside those brilliant descriptions, we yet cannot spare records like Lady Warwick's. They help to fill in the background of the great historical panorama. They shew us how national catastrophes were viewed by quiet eyes. If we would not, at any price, forego those graphic pictures of the Great Fire given us by the courtly country gentleman and the

acute civil servant, neither can we spare the view of it as seen by the gentle, serious-minded lady from her Essex priory, who drove through "the rubbish of the city" weeping and praying to God "to give them new habitations who had lost their old ones."

## Chapter XVI

# More of Lady Warwick's Diary

> "Tower'd cities please us then,
> And the busy hum of men,
> Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
> In weeds of peace high triumph hold,
> With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
> Rain influence."
>
> —*Milton.*

WARWICK HOUSE, to which several allusions were made in the last chapter, stood, as we know, on the north side of Holborn, near Gray's Inn, whose "Walks," or gardens, were in the seventeenth century a fashionable resort of the London citizens and citizenesses. It was not the original town house of the Riches. The founder of the family, the Lord Chancellor, had his mansion in Cloth Fair, close to St Bartholomew the Great, of which the living was part of the family property. That house was still standing in 1896. Nor did Warwick House, Holborn, remain very long the dwelling of the Earls of Warwick. When it passed, in 1678, into the possession of the younger branch of the family, the Earls of Holland, they did not require it, having already a splendid home in Holland House,

Kensington; and it was soon sold. A reference in Bishop Burnet's journal, in 1683, shews that it had, by then, passed into the possession of the Earl of Clare. In 1708 it had been pulled down and replaced by Warwick Court, a name by which its site is still commemorated.

When the title came to Mary's husband, the use of Warwick House did not at first come with it. It had been left, for her life, to Charles Rich's stepmother, Eleanor Wortley, who, as we know, had lately married the Lord Chamberlain, Manchester. That oddly-assorted couple enjoyed it for several years; and when, in Lady Warwick's diary of November 20, 1666, we find her coming to Warwick House, "to my Lord," they came as the guests of Lady Manchester. Hence, too, when requiring a town house, they had to hire one, and chose to settle themselves at Chelsea, then a pretty country village from which people came "to London," frequently by water. Many nobles and gentlemen at this period had houses there.

In our next extracts from the diary we shall find the great house reverting to the title. Lady Warwick is again in town, having been sent for in a hurry by her imperious lord. She went up on the 29th of December, "and by God's blessing got safe to Chelsey in pretty good time, though the ways were very slippery and dangerous, and a horse or two twice down."

January 8. I had much good discourse with my lord about things of everlasting concernment, and I did with great earnest-

ness beg him to consider what he came into the world for. Whilst I was pressing him to walk more closely with God, and to watch against his passion and the sad effect of it, and his swearing (which I with great plainness told him I observed he did more than when I left him), I shed many tears, and God was pleased not only to give him patience to hear me, but he seemed also to be affected at what I said. After supper he was in so much pain with the gout, that I was forced to go presently to bed, for fear of disquieting him, and in my bed commit myself to God.

15. In the morning, as soon as ready, went and prayed; then went early to London to see whether my lady Manchester was not dead. When I came to Warwick-house door my heart ached for fear I should hear she was dead; but, blessed be God! when I came in, I was told, though the doctors had given her over, that that night God gave her rest, and I found her much revived. I did with faithfulness say all I could to do her good, and she showing great satisfaction to see me, I stayed by her till evening, watching all opportunities of doing her soul good.

17. Went to London to see my lady Manchester; I found her very weak and much dozed [*i.e.* stupefied]. I spoke to her what I thought might be good for her soul's health. Then had with my lord Manchester good discourse for some time; returned not from thence till late in the evening.

20,—Sunday. Was kept from being long retired by some vain visits, which troubled me.

22. Had the news brought me that my lady Manchester was speechless, and they feared dead before the messenger could come; my heart was much affected at the news, and I had upon it large thoughts of death. I did again at evening retire and meditate, being much affected for the loss of my poor mother-in-law, who died that night.

23. Went to visit my lord Manchester after the death of his wife. When I came first into Warwick-house, I was so far from taking any comfort in the house (now being my lord's, upon the death of my lady Manchester) that I wept very much.

30. Fast-day for the death of the late king. I went to church* to hear the Doctor, who was minister of the parish, preach. I fasted all that day. After supper my lord being passionate provoked me to a dispute with him, wherein though I was by God's mercy kept from saying anything unfit to say to him, yet he was very bitter, and I was affected and troubled at his unkindness and wept much, yet did not come to any quarrel with him, but was troubled both at my folly in entering into a dispute with him though I was in the right, and at my shedding tears, which I thought nothing deserved so much to have them shed for as my sins.

February 9. I had, both at dinner, and till evening, a great deal of vain company, which were a trouble to me.

16. Went to court, dined at my lord chamberlain's, and that day kissed the king's hand and the queen's; and stayed at court till pretty late, and had only time, before bed-time, to commit myself to God in a short prayer.

21. Went to dinner to my lord privy seal's, where after dinner there was much good discourse.

The holder of the Privy Seal at this time was the Cornish peer Baron Robartes, who had married Charles Rich's sister Lucy. Lady Robartes was a kindred spirit to her sister-in-law Mary, and many references in the diary show that they were intimate friends. Lord Robartes had taken the Parliamentary side during the Civil Wars, and had borne an active part in the fighting down in the West. He had also, with Lord Warwick and Lord Manchester, been among the twenty-two peers who sat in the Long Parliament. Like Lord Manchester, however, his views had been elastic enough to allow him to take office under the Restoration. The diary also refers, though less frequently, to another sister-in-

* *i.e.* Old Chelsea Church, by the river.

law, Lady Scarsdale, who had been Lady Frances Rich before she married Nicholas Lake, second Earl of Scarsdale.

March 15. My brother Hatton * dined with us that day, and swore dreadfully, and talked so very ill that I thought nothing out of hell could have done : I was troubled to hear it, and did all I could to keep him from it ; but not being able to do it, I did show my dislike at it, and was, by God's mercy, enabled to own religion, and to speak good of it before him. After dinner I got away from that wicked company ; my soul being much grieved to hear my poor husband swear much too. I went to visit my lady Roberts, where I stayed till evening.

19. Went to dinner to my lord chamberlain's : afterwards went to wait on the king and queen and duchess ; was civilly received by them all ; and came home without having my heart at all affected with the court, and was much more inclined to pity them than to envy them.

April 7. Being Easter-day I got up very early, when I had first blessed God as soon as I awoke : when drest, I retired, and when I had read in the word, I meditated for a great time upon the sufferings of my Saviour ; and when I had warmed my heart by the consideration of his love I went to prayer. I did earnestly beg of God to seal unto me, in the sacrament, the assurance of my everlasting condition ; then went to church, where I heard Mr Ken preach ; his text was, 1 John iii. 3, "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." I was very attentive at the sermon, and moved by it : when sermon was done, I found my heart exceedingly to long after the blessed feast : my heart was much carried out to bless God, and I had there such sweet communion with him that I could say, it was good to be there. When I had done, and given to the poor, I came home with my heart much refreshed : and as soon as I came home, while my heart was warm, I went and blessed God, and begged with many tears that he would now strengthen me to live better than ever

* Hatton Rich, heir to the title.

I had yet done. After dinner, went to my own chapel, to hear Mr Woodrooffe.

This little glimpse of the saintly author of "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," in the pulpit of the city church, with that earnest listener in her pew below, will be interesting to all who love Bishop Ken and feel the debt of gratitude we owe him. Ken's wonderful gifts as a preacher would in all probability be already known to Lady Warwick, because, from 1663 to 1665, he had been rector of Little Easton, near Dunmow, and chaplain to Lord and Lady Maynard, of Little Easton Lodge. We shall hear more of Lady Maynard when trying to gather up the history of some of Lady Warwick's country neighbours and special friends.

8. My brother Burlington, being to go the next day for Ireland, dined with me, and a great many more of my relations, who stayed with me till evening.

20. In the morning, being somewhat indisposed in my health, I was fain to lie in bed late. When up, had only time in a short prayer to recommend myself to God; my lord chancellor Hyde* and a great deal of company dining with me, and some staying with me till night: had then only time to commend my soul to God before bed-time.

23 (St George's Day). In the morning, as soon as drest, in a short prayer I committed my soul to God: then went to Whitehall and dined at my lord chamberlain's; then went to see the celebration of St George's feast, which was a very glorious sight. Whilst I was in the banqueting-house, hearing the trumpets sounding, in the midst of all that great show, God was pleased to put very mortifying thoughts into my mind, and to make me consider, what if the trump of God should now sound? which thought did strike me with some

* Lord Clarendon, author of the History of the Rebellion.

seriousness, and made me consider in what glory I had in that very place seen the late king, and yet out of that very place he was brought to have his head cut off.

24. In the evening, went to see the duchess of York at St James's.

May 8. In the morning, as soon as up, I went into the garden to meditate; but my mind was discomposed and like Martha I was troubled with worldly business; and the Duchess of York being resolved to invite herself to sup at my house within two or three days, I was full of care how to entertain her, and could not compose my thoughts as I desired; and in prayer too my mind was wandering. After dinner went to see my lady Ann Barrington, and returned not home till evening.

9. My lord being very ill, made me get the Duchess to put off her coming.

14. I went with my lord chamberlain to Roehampton to dinner, and at evening to see the Duchess of York, who had her two sons ill.

15. I went to see the duchess's children; returned not home till late at night.

16. I kept a private fast, being the day three years upon which my son died. As soon as up, I retired into the garden to meditate; had there large meditations upon the sickness and death of my only child, upon all his sick-bed expressions, and the manner how God was pleased to awaken him, with which thoughts my heart was much affected; and then I began to consider what sins I had committed, that should cause God to call them to remembrance, and slay my son.

22. At evening, went to visit the duchess of York, whose sons were both very sick. When I went to the duke of Kendal I found him in a convulsion fit and near death: the sight of him and of the king and duke and four doctors standing by him, and the women about him crying to the doctors to give him something to ease him, and yet they not being able to do it, made me think they were all physicians of no value, and that they might say, Unless the Lord help thee, how can we help thee? I came home not till late in the evening; and that night the duke died.

This baby Duke of ten months old, dying amidst such a helpless agony of grief, was one of the eleven children of James II. who died in infancy. His mother, Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, bore eight children to the Duke, of whom only two daughters—the Stuart queens, Mary and Anne—lived to grow up. There was a friendship of long standing between the Boyles and the Hydes, and a connection also by marriage; Lawrence Hyde, the Chancellor's second son, having married Mary's niece Henrietta, fifth daughter of Lord Burlington. Hyde was afterwards made Earl of Rochester and was the able but violent and passionate minister of Charles and James. Macaulay has drawn one of his most brilliant portraits of this man—so strange a mixture of worldliness and religious sentiment.

Thus Lady Warwick and her family were brought into near relationship to one who, had she lived a few years longer, would have been Queen-Consort of England. Anne Hyde was a woman much to be pitied and perhaps not greatly to be esteemed; but she seems to have been looked upon as a friend by our good Mary, and the diary shows that during the latter's visits to town there was frequent intercourse between them. Probably the poor Duchess was one of the many who in their sorrows and troubles turned to the pious Countess for comfort and sympathy.

May 27. At evening went to see the duchess of York; my heart was carried out much to compassionate her, and I wept with her.

June 8. After dinner went to see the duchess of York, who sent to me to have the duke of Cambridge* (that was dangerously ill) come to my house for change of air: I stayed with her a great while and had good discourse with her. At last it was determined that the duke should not come to my house, but to the bishop of Winchester's.† I returned not home till evening: committed my soul to God at night, being very well pleased that the duke came not, because I feared he would die there.

12. After evening prayer was over came the ill news that the Dutch were come as far as Chatham, and had set some of our great ships on fire. I was much surprised and grieved at that sad news, and presently retired and prayed to God and did confess that he was just, and that he had punished us far less than we deserved, and did with great store of tears beg that a way might be found out to save us from destruction, and that he would not let the French set up Popery in the kingdom. I did send up strong cries for mercy for England.

14. In the morning, as soon as up, I retired into the garden, and did there meditate upon the sad condition of this poor kingdom, having that morning heard of the burning of three more of our great ships. I was enabled by God's mercy to pour out my soul to God for the kingdom, and with many tears to beg for mercy, and for a sanctified use of this affliction to the King and the whole kingdom.

20. In the evening I heard of the death of the duke of Cambridge, who died that morning: my heart was much affected with compassion for the duke and duchess.

24. I had a sweet refreshing morning, having three hours together without interruption, both time and a heart to be serious with God, for the good of my soul. After dinner I went to London to see my sister, and from thence we went to visit the duchess of York, after the death of her son; upon seeing her, I was affected with compassion for her.

* The second of three infant sons of James and Anne Hyde who successively bore that title. He was born 12th July, 1663.

† Morley, who had been Charles II.'s chaplain in exile, reading the services of the English Church twice a day in the chapel at the Hague.

31. In the afternoon had a great deal of company, and that day my dear brother Robin took leave of me to go to Oxford, which troubled me.

July 8. In the morning, as soon as up, I retired into the garden to meditate, and having the day before heard at Whitehall that the articles of peace were brought by Mr Coventry out of Holland to be signed, and that in a few days the peace must be either agreed on or broken off, and that as yet it was disputable which it would be, I began to consider of what great consequence what they resolved on was to poor England, and then I went to pray to God to give us the blessing of peace, and this I did with great earnestness. Afterwards I went to dinner to my lord chamberlain's to hear what news of the peace, my mind being much set upon that business : after that I went to visit some of my friends ; returned not home till the evening.

11. In the morning, being much discomposed with the heat and not sleeping at night, I was later than usual and had not so much time for my devotions. After dinner, the weather being excessively hot, I retired to meditate, but was by the violence of the weather much discomposed and dull.

August 5. Went with my Lady Roberts [Robartes] and her lord to Durdons* to see my lord who was there. Sir H. S. [*Sir Henry Sidly*—Woodrooffe†] dined there that day ; it was a great trouble to me to see him for fear he should be profane, but it pleased God to restrain him, yet knowing how profane a person he was, it much troubled me to be in his company.

7. Before dinner a messenger came from my lord to me to come presently away to him to my Lord Berkeley's, for he was fallen very ill there of a fit of the gout. As soon as I had dined

* The Durdans, near Epsom, at that time a country seat of her friends, Lord and Lady Berkeley of Berkeley Castle, now the property of Lord Rosebery.

† Woodrooffe (who, we must remember, is commenting on men and affairs of fifty years previously), probably means to refer to Sir Charles Sedley, one of the wittiest and most profligate of King Charles's chosen band of intimate associates. He was author of the famous lyric, "Phyllis is my only joy."

I went thither; I found him full of pain. In the evening, while he slept, I had time for retirement, and did heartily beg of God to remove and sanctify his pains to him; and at night committed my soul to God.

8. In the morning, as soon as up, I took Epsom waters, which I continued for eleven days; as soon as I had taken them I went into Durdans wood to meditate, and had there sweet communion with my God.

20. After dinner, left Durdon's and returned home to Chelsey.

21. After dinner, I went to see my sister, and with her went to see the Duchess after the death of her mother. [*Countess of Clarendon*—Woodrooffe.]

26. In the morning, as soon as up, I retired and meditated; and having the night before heard that the King had sent to the Chancellor to advise him to deliver up the seals, my meditations ran much upon the vanity and uncertainty of all worldly greatness, and how much better it was to put confidence in God, than in princes; I did then in prayer beseech God to sanctify this fresh example to me, and more still to wean me from all worldly things. Then I went to London to dine at Newport-house,* and from thence went to see Warwick-house, which I had not seen before since my lord began to build [*make alterations*—Woodrooffe]; whilst I was there the workmen, not having done what they should, put my lord into a passion, and made him swear very much, which was so great a trouble to me, that I took no joy in seeing the house, though it was very fine, but I got into a private room and begged God to forgive my poor husband his swearing, and to give him patience, that the house might be perfumed with prayers, and not profaned by oaths, and that God might delight to dwell amongst us there.

On that August morning, while Lady Warwick was walking in "Chelsey Garden" and pondering

* The town house of Lord Newport, sometime Treasurer of the Household to Charles II. Evelyn refers to dining there and admiring his "excellent pictures" by Vandyke and other masters.

the transitory nature of human greatness, Mr Samuel Pepys was having the same news which had started her in her train of thought, brought him at his office in Crutched Friars. He notes in his diary for that day: "To the office, where we sat upon a particular business all the morning: and my Lord Anglesey with us: who, and my Lord Brounker, do bring us news how my Lord Chancellor's seal is to be taken away from him to-day. The thing is so great and sudden to me, that it put me into a very great admiration what should be the meaning of it: and they do not own that they know what it should be; but this is certain, that the King did resolve it on Saturday, and did yesterday send the Duke of Albemarle [General Monk], the only man fit for those works, to him for his purse: to which the Chancellor answered, that he received it from the King, and would deliver it to the King's own hand, and so civilly returned the Duke of Albemarle without it; and this morning my Lord Chancellor is to be with the King, to come to an end in the business." (Pepys's *Diary*, iii. p. 228.) It was the recent disaster to the Navy which completed the great minister's ruin. On him, though unjustly, fell the public displeasure at the shame put on our arms. The outburst of feeling gave Charles the excuse for which he had long been seeking. The Chancellor was dismissed from office, and ordered to seek a voluntary exile in France.

31. Went with my sister to Clarendon-house to dinner, and to see my niece Hyde, having heard that the night

before the king had sent to demand the seals from the lord chancellor, which were that night sent the king. After dinner, I went to see the duchess, with whom I had some mortifying discourse of the uncertainty of all worldly glory: returned not home till late.

Clarendon House was a magnificent mansion, built by the Chancellor in the days of his greatness, but afterwards regretted by him, on account of its excessive cost and the unpopularity to which its magnificence gave rise. After Lord Clarendon's fall the Duke of Albemarle occupied this "glorious palace," as Evelyn calls it; but when it had existed less than twenty years the latter, passing by in his coach, saw it being demolished, after having been "sold to certain undertakers" (*Diary*, June 19th, 1683). It was situated where Albemarle Street now stands.

September 10. In the morning, as soon as up, I retired to pray; then went with my lord to Leez, and blessed be God! met with no misfortune in my journey, but got safe to my house in good time; by the way I read in a good book. When I first came in, I found my heart much affected with God's mercy, in letting me see my house again.

11. In the morning, as soon as drest, I went into the wilderness. I was no sooner come into the walks, which I used to meditate in, but God stirred up in me spiritual breathings and pantings after him: when I was there I came into an arbour which I had a particular reason to remember; for once when I was so troubled that I thought I should sink under my burden, [viz. *her Lord's cross and passionate carriage to her*—Woodrooffe,] and never be able to take it up more, God was pleased there so to comfort me, and assure me of being happy in his favour, that I went away cheerful

and composed. After I was ready, I read in the Bible, then prayed; the desires of my heart went out after God, and my heart was much carried out to praise him, and with many tears to beg the salvation of my husband's soul. After dinner, was visited by many of my good neighbours, and was taken up with some necessary business.

14. I begged God's blessing upon me in my journey to Chelsey, and then after doing some works of charity, I took coach [*with her lord*—Woodrooffe]; by God's providence I came safe home, and there met the good news of Francke Jones's * being better and of the duchess of York being that morning brought to bed of a boy.†

22,—Sunday. In the afternoon was hindered by my lord's commands from going to church, for which I was much troubled, seeing him so passionate about it; but after my lady Jane Clifford was gone I retired, read, and meditated, and after I had earnestly prayed to God to give me patience, and a contented mind in my condition, I was composed.

30. In the afternoon, my lord being in great pain, I stirred not from him, but sat all day and tended him; and after supper committed my soul to God.

October 22. I went to London to dine at my lord chamberlain's. I had before dinner with my lady Manchester [the Earl's fifth wife; daughter of the Earl of Bedford and widow of the Earl of Carlisle] good discourse. After dinner went to wait on the queen and the duchess of York. Returned not home till evening, and then retired and meditated upon all I had seen at court that day. It was a great day there, because of the Dutch ambassador's wife's coming to see the queen; and I saw the queen and ladies in great gallantry of jewels, yet when I had seen it, and came to consider of it, I did in my deliberate thoughts prefer retirement and worshipping of God before all the glories of all the courts in the world, remembering

* Her niece, Lady Ranelagh's daughter.

† Edgar, the third infant to be called Duke of Cambridge. He died 8th June 1670.

that a child of God should hereafter shine as the sun itself in the firmament.

November 5. Went to see my lord Clarendon; which was a loud sermon to me, not to put confidence in princes, nor in all the greatness of this world, to see him that was so great a favourite left as he was. I returned not home till late in the evening.

December 23. In the morning I rose a long time before day, and when retired I meditated upon the sacrament. After dinner, my lady Essex being to receive, and she never having done it before, I did with her sister and her take much pains.

24. At dinner, and for a little time afterwards, had with me my lord chamberlain and his lady. When they were gone, I got Mr Woodrooffe to my lady Essex, and heard what he said to her to fit her for receiving the sacrament. Afterwards spent the whole day in meditation and prayer.

25. In the morning as soon as I awoke I blessed God, then rising very early, I retired; and it being Christmas-day, I read of the nativity of Christ, and of his sufferings, with which I endeavoured to affect my heart. Then I went to prayer, and did bless God for all his mercies and mightily weep before him for a blessing upon the sacrament, that I might have there a nearer communion with him than ever I yet had. Then I went to church to hear Mr Littleton preach; it was an excellent sermon, and I was both attentive and much moved at it, and when he came to the conclusion of it my heart began to tremble to think what I was now going about, and I found a very great fear and awe of God upon me. But when the minister was going to consecrate the bread and wine, the communion table being a good way from before my pew he of a sudden drew it till he brought it just before my pew, as he was doing so God was pleased to put this thought into my mind which much affected me, that as the minister drew the table nearer, so God the Father drew near now to me with an offer of my dear Saviour to take away all my sins. In the afternoon, Mr Ken preached;

his text was, "For this cause was the Son of God manifested in the flesh, that he might destroy the works of the devil." I did in discourse with the young ladies, especially with my lady Essex, warn them to be careful to keep their engagements made to God at the sacrament.

## Chapter XVII

# Lady Warwick among her Neighbours

"Friendship does good far and near, in summer and winter, in life or death, and knows no difference of state or accident, but by the variety of her services."—Jeremy Taylor *On Friendship.*

IN the preceding extracts from Lady Warwick's diary we have had her before us mostly as a lady of fashion, visiting and receiving her London friends, staying in great houses, being welcomed in royal palaces, and frequent in her attendance at court. In the next selection we will study her as she was in the country home she loved so well and among the servants, guests, and rich and poor neighbours to whom she gave so freely and fully of herself and her possessions.

It is plain that our good lady, despite all her strictness, was one of those who had a genius for friendship and a more than common power of attracting and attaching others to herself. And those drawn to her were not only congenial souls like Lord Berkeley and Lady Maynard, but people who from their natures and points of view one would not have expected to have anything in common with a lady who "used neither paint nor patch";

considered games "great wasters of precious time"; and would "openly dehort her friends" from the "playhouse," as conducted since the Restoration. But, granted the limitations she imposed on herself, she had several gifts and qualities which are sure to find a way for their possessors into the affections of others. Dr Walker tells us how gracious and accessible she was:—"Affable, familiar, pleasant, of a free and agreeable conversation, unaffected, not sour, reserved, morose, nor disposed to melancholy." She had wide and deep sympathies and a boundless compassion for the sorrows of others. She was a great lover of souls and had a passionate desire to make others good, at whatever cost to herself. These gifts could not fail to draw to her all not definitely opposed to things pure and lovely and of good report. We find her exchanging visits and having "good and profitable discourse" with the Duchess of Albemarle — that "very ill looked woman," as Pepys calls her—who, as the daughter of a blacksmith and bred a milliner, and of low principles and character, was not a naturally congenial companion. Another frequent visitor to Leighs and Warwick House was Lawrence Hyde, Lord Rochester, whose connection with the Boyle family we have already noticed. His habits of drinking and swearing, as well as his ungovernable temper, were notorious; yet we find him often seeking the company of his gentle and pious aunt, and being scolded by her for his faults and lectured for his good. Among Lady Warwick's meditations is one

with the heading—*Upon a person who had great knowledge, and very quick but unsanctified parts.* It describes him as one "who is, in this very profane age, celebrated for a great wit, and is very acceptable to all his companions upon that account, but does yet make so very ill use of those acute parts God hath been pleased to bestow upon him, that he improves them only to make jests, and to laugh at all that is either serious or sacred, endeavouring, as much as in him lies, to make all devotion be turned into ridicule." The younger Woodrooffe, who, from his parents' position in the Warwick household, was probably well informed, has a marginal note in the MS. volume to say that the person so delineated was probably Lord Rochester.

One thing that strikes us in reading the diary is the number of large houses and neighbours of birth and breeding to be found within a radius of twelve or fifteen miles of Leighs Priory; and the frequent intercourse that took place between the various families. "In the afternoon had with me many of my neighbours"—"went to visit some of my good neighbours; returned not home till evening"—are constant entries. The Warwick coach seems to have been for ever on the roads, and what roads they were! We are accustomed nowadays to think of Essex as a poor and sparsely populated county, where the wealthy and prosperous homes are in a much smaller proportion to the farms and cottages than they are, for example, in Surrey or Hampshire. In the seventeenth century, however, the eastern

counties were the wealthy counties; and among them Essex had almost the highest, if not the highest, rateable value. So—even if we are disposed to take *cum grano* Dr Walker's statement about the effect of Lady Warwick's presence on the rents of the neighbourhood—we need not wonder if her visiting list was a long one and if she was sometimes overdone with giving and receiving hospitality.

Some of Lady Warwick's friends were interesting and noteworthy folk, who have been portrayed by their own or other pens or have in some other way left memorials that have kept their names in remembrance. It may add to the interest of the diary if I give a brief sketch of the more important of those referred to in the extracts next to be given.

Among Lady Warwick's neighbours there are none with whom she more frequently exchanged visits than with Sir Richard and Lady Everard, whose house was called Langleys, near Great Waltham. The Everards were an ancient family of Essex, having been seated at Langleys since 1482. Sir Richard and his wife were not known to fame, like others of Lady Warwick's friends; but they figure often in her journals; and Lady Everard, at any rate, was a pious-hearted woman and a congenial companion, though she may have had her worldly side, as suggested by the following entry: Nov. 8, 1676] "In the afternoon I had with me my old Lady Everard. I had with her good discourse, and did advise her, having had lately a fit of

an apoplexy, to look upon it as a call to prepare her for her death and to leave off all the jolly things of the world, and now to be serious in giving diligence to make her calling and her election sure. She seemed affected with what I said, and resolved to follow my advice." Later in the month it is noted: —"Heard the news of my old kind neighbour's death, my Lady Everard, who dyde the night before suddenly at London."

More distinguished and prominent people were Lord and Lady Maynard, of Little Easton Lodge, near Dunmow, who were among Mary's most intimate and beloved neighbours, and whom she frequently visited and received at home. In her autobiography she gives a description of an accident which once befell her while on her way to Easton Lodge:—

"1661, July the 23rd. I was going from Lees to Easton to visit my Lady Maynard, and had in my coach with me my lady Anne and my lady Essex Rich; and when I was just out of Dunmow town, the horses ran with us, and flung out the coachman, and overthrew us in the coach, in which fall the lady Essex escaped being hurt; but I was much so, having a great blow on my head and a great and dangerous cut in one of my knees. I was, by the great blow in my head, so disordered, that for a long time I knew not anything; and by the great cut I had in my knee I was a long time so very lame that I could not go out at all, and had like to have been always so if God had not mercifully, by His blessing on the use of means, restored me to my legs again."

William, Lord Maynard, whose faithfulness to the royal cause had exposed him to an impeachment for

high treason in 1647, was rewarded at the Restoration by the office of Comptroller of the Household. He married as his second wife Lady Margaret Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dysart, also a sufferer for King Charles. At her marriage Lady Margaret was scarcely twenty; but she had already a reputation for virtue and discretion beyond her years. Shortly before this time, Lord Maynard had presented the living of Little Easton to Ken; and during the two happy years of the future Bishop's life there he formed a close and enduring friendship with the young wife whom his patron soon afterwards brought home to the Lodge hard by. Until her death in 1684—a period, as he reminds us, of over twenty years—Ken was Lady Maynard's spiritual adviser and "soul friend." It is to his sermon on her that we owe almost all our knowledge of her life and character—a life as devout, strenuous, beneficent as Lady Warwick's own, and a character even more disciplined, even, and serene.

Besides frequent visits during their country sojourns, Lady Warwick and Lady Maynard also met in London. Lord Maynard's office included a residence at Whitehall, and he and his wife were much at court. Ken testifies that Lady Maynard "lived several years in the very court with the abstraction of a recluse." His description reminds us of that other bright spirit dwelling in the same polluted atmosphere of whom Evelyn has given us so exquisite a portrait.

Another country neighbour of Lady Warwick's,

far more known to fame, was Mary Tracey, Lady Vere, who passed her old age, prolonged to ninety years, at Kirkby Hall, in the parish of Castle Hedingham. The story of her eventful life, begun as far back as 1581, and especially of her married life in England and the Low Countries with Sir Horatio Vere, that model Christian soldier and gentleman, would be most interesting, were there space to give it. When Lady Warwick knew "that good old disciple,"—"my pious Lady Vere," as she calls her, the venerable lady's share in the public and court life of her day was over, and she was living in retirement at Kirkby Hall, devoting her time to prayer and works of charity. In the diary for July 1668, Lady Warwick records: "My sister Ranelaugh and I alone went to see my lady Vere; and all the way, both going and coming, we had a great deal of holy discourse. And when we were at my lady Vere's, had with her much good discourse. She then told me that she had seen much of the world, being now above four score and seven years old, and that it was nothing worth, and that Christ was worth all."

We have already glanced at Fyfield Rectory and its mistress, who with her husband ranked among Lady Warwick's most congenial friends. The only child of theirs who lived to grow up was a daughter, Margaret, round whom her parents' affection circled with passionate fondness. Margaret was a favourite companion of Lady Warwick's nieces and spent much of her girlhood at Leighs. In February 1675,

she was married to one Mr John Cox, a barrister of Gray's Inn; and Lady Warwick and others of the family from Warwick House were among the wedding guests. The event is noted in the diary: "February 1. I went to Mr Gifford's church [St Dunstan's-in-the-East], with young Mis Walker, who I there saw by Mr Gifford married to Mr Cox." The sequel of this marriage is told in an entry of thirteen months later:—[Leighs, March 26, 1677] "Was hindered from having any retiring time by Dr Walker's and his wife's coming to see me. I had with her good discourse, and endeavoured to comfort her after the death of her daughter, and found my heart much to compassionate her."

Lady Warwick not only went to see her friends when in trouble and sorrow; she also made it her business to try and heal differences and make peace. "This evening," she records on one occasion, "I was employed in making friends two of my neighbours, Mrs Rotherham and Mrs Sorrell, who were fallen out, which I was well pleased that I have been so happy as to doe." And one of the latest endeavours of her life was labouring for peace in the family at Langleys, where there appears to have been a serious and long-standing quarrel. Old Sir Richard Everard and his eldest son were at deadly feud. The first entry about this business is under March 2, 1676-7. "In the afternoon I had with me old Sir Richard Everard. I had with him good, useful, Christian conference, and I did endeavour to persuade him to pardon his eldest son, who had offended him. I

found him in a very good Christian temper for that business." Then, on the 20th of the following August, comes this entry:—"After dinner I went to Langlies to endeavour to make peace between old Sir Richard Everard and his son and grandson: I spent most of my afternoon in persuading them to lay down all their unhappy disputes and a law shute, and it pleased God so far to prosper my endeavours as I then prevailed with old Sir R. to yeald to what I proposed to him to do in order to the composing of the differences that were between them. I returned not home till late in the evening." On the following day she went again to Langleys to "indeavour the long, by me, persued work of reconciliation in that family." Her efforts, she says, were at last crowned with "good success," and "all the many differences that were between the father and the son and the grandson" were, to all appearances, smoothed away. Nevertheless, in the following October she was constrained to go over again on the same embassy:—"In the afternoon I went to visit my young lady Everard, and did much endeavour to persuade young Sir Richard to be dutiful to his father and kind to his own son; I returned not home till late in the evening." It is plain that the Everards were a stubborn and stiff-necked race! Mr Woodrooffe, the annotator, has a marginal note to say that the son in question was "*Richard, the eldest, who died young of a consumption (his heart being broke) contracted through his father's unkindness. He had been a Felsted scholar.*"

The diary has many references to the retainers and servants of the Warwick household—a little army of men and women towards whom their mistress felt a great deal of responsibility. "I spent the whole afternoon," she writes, "in examining and exhorting my servants to prepare themselves to receive the sacrament. I was enabled to speak with much seriousness and affection to them, and I did much endeavour to bring them to a seriousness in the matter of their souls."—"I spent a good deal of time in giving good counsel to Boehe [*gentleman of ye Horse, and sewer*—Woodrooffe], who was going from my lord's service."—"I spent most of my afternoon in catechizing and instructing one of my maids, who was to receive the sacrament."—"Having this morning heard of some disorders that were in my house, I set myself to reprove for them, after I had first prayed to God to let me rebuke without passion, and by God's blessing I was enabled to do my duty without any transporting passion." Many entries of this kind shew with what pains she sought to accomplish what Dr Walker quaintly specifies as her "one ambition"—"to be the mistress of a religious family." Another means to the same end was her plan, described in the funeral sermon, of "scattering books in all the common rooms and places of attendance, that those who waited might not lose their time, but well employ it, and have a bait laid of some practical useful book, and fitted to their capacity, which might catch and take them." At her death she left her servants legacies in proportion

to their length of service, and decreed that the whole household should receive three months' "entertainment, with lodging, diet, and all accommodation, as in her life; that they might have time to seek out and provide places for themselves, and not be exposed to inconveniences by a sudden remove."

One other set of objects of Lady Warwick's care must not go unnoticed—the poor women who worked in the gardens at Leighs. She thought of them and tried to do them good. "After I had taken some pains to instruct some of the poor weeding-women in things that concerned their souls, I returned in with my heart very serious."—"I spent some part of this morning in catechizing some of the poor weeders, and in stirring them up to look after their souls."

Of Lady Warwick's care for the sick and suffering poor at Leighs and around her London home; of the village schools she started and maintained, and the "abundance of young children which she put to school in the neighbouring towns"; of the poor clergy in their starving livings, and the dispossessed ministers without even that pittance, whom she succoured and comforted; the extracts still to be made from her diary will furnish sufficient example. And in the following chapter we shall see how she cared for her nieces, and took pains, during a time of great personal sadness, to arrange for their comfortable settlement in life.

In all Lady Warwick's autobiography there is no passage so joyfully thankful as that in which she

records her gratitude to God for the hopeful and satisfactory marriages made by these young orphan girls—who, as co-heiresses to the great Warwick fortune and estates, had been special objects of attention on the part of designing suitors—and prays that they may "so live together in this world that in the world to come they may have life everlasting":—

"And here, O Lord my God and gracious God, be pleased to receive my solemn acknowledgments of thy great goodness to me thy most unworthy servant, for letting me have the long-desired satisfaction of seeing the three young ladies (which by thy providence being made orphans, were left to my care to educate) married to three young persons who are free from the reigning vices of these loose and profane times; and O Lord, I do humbly implore that thou wouldst be pleased to make these three young couples not only to be civil, but inwardly to be renewed in the spirit of their minds, that they may be heirs together of the grace of life, and may, as good Zakanias and Elizabeth did, walk in all the ordinances and commandments of thee their God blameless. O make them not only to be good, but to do good, that so thy poor and unworthy servant may with comfort see some fruits of her sincere endeavours to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of thee, my Lord, and that the families they are matched into may have cause to bless thee, that ever thy good hand of providence brought them amongst them."

# Chapter XVIII

# Days of Mourning

"His family is his best care, to labour Christian souls, and raise them to their height, even to heaven: to dress and prune them, and take as much joy in a straight-growing child or servant as a gardener doth in a choice tree."—*George Herbert.*

March 1, 1670-1. In the morning, as soon as I awoke, I was informed of the ill news of the death of my lord's brother, Hatton Rich,* which drew some tears of compassion from me. He died at London, about seven o'clock the night before. I was most of the morning with my lord and the young ladies, comforting them. Got some time only to pray; but after dinner, whilst my lord slept, my heart was in an extraordinary manner carried out to pray that this affliction, the loss of his brother, might be sanctified to him.

4. In the morning, as soon as up, I had, whilst my lord slept, very large meditations of death. And my brother Hatton's body being this day brought down from London to be buried at Felsted, (and upon that occasion the vault there being opened where I had seen so many of my relations laid, and was like to lie myself) I had very moving thoughts of my lying down in the bed of darkness; and did, in a very awakened frame, cry to God for mercy against a dying hour. I found that the thoughts of my lying in that cold bed, and of the worms feeding upon me, and of my turning to dust, were a little frightful and amazing to me; but it pleased God to let me of a sudden find an extraordinary and reviving joy to think that nothing died finally, totally, in a child

* Next heir to the title since the death of her son, the young Lord Rich.

of God, but sin, and that my vile body should be raised and made a glorious one.

29. In the afternoon, my brother Orrery coming from London, I was with him.

31. Was with my brother Orrery; had with him useful discourse. This day God was so merciful as to bring my lord abroad again.

"My brother Orrery," here referred to, was Roger Boyle, who, as Lord Broghill, had played such an active part in politics under Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, and at the Restoration. He had been instrumental, among others, in bringing back the King; and was in high favour both with Charles and the Duke of York. He was created Earl of Orrery, in the peerage of England, in 1660. Besides his activity in politics, Lord Orrery was known in the world of letters, being the author of several very poor plays "much countenanced by the Court;" several poems; that *Romance in Folio, entitled Parthenissa*, which was so much admired by Dorothy Osborne; and "a thin Folio, entitled, *The Art of War*, which he had his Majesty's leave to dedicate to him" (Budgell's *Lives of the Boyles*, published in 1733). Next to Robert the philosopher, whose fame had more lasting and solid foundations, Roger, Lord Orrery, was the most brilliant and distinguished of all the sons of the great Earl of Cork.

April 10 (1671). After dinner, I had with me my lady Luckin,* and more of my neighbours, with whom I had some good discourse. And I was enabled to do a good work of charity to a

* Step-daughter to Lady Everard; see p. 248.

good distressed widow. After supper, I committed my soul to God.

14. In the morning, prayed as soon as I was up; then I took physick. I had a good book read to me.

24. Towards evening, my brother Burlington and my nephew Hyde * came from London to see me.

May 6. At night I heard the ill news of the death of my good lord chamberlain, Manchester; and he being one of the best and most constant friends I ever had, his death did much afflict me. He died the night before, suddenly, of the cholic. After supper I committed my soul to God.

14. Went to dinner to my lord Maynard's, returned not home till evening. As I went and came by Dunmow where I had my fall, I did bless God for that great escape I then had.

Occasionale Meditationes made by Mr Warwicke

1670 & -71.

27. After dinner I went abroad with my lord. I had many short returns to God by pious ejaculations; and had with my lord some good discourse, in which I did persuade him to thankfulness to God for the sweet estate we enjoyed, and for the plenty of mercies with which our lives were filled. At evening, speaking to him about a lawful and necessary business, he growing very passionate; I still persuaded him to do it, for which he grew so violent that he broke out into swearing. Afterwards, considering how, by my speaking in that business

* Afterwards Lord Rochester.

contrary to his desire, I had made him offend God, and that I had broke my resolution which I made last night (when in a dispute with me he cursed most bitterly), of not disputing anything with him when he began to be passionate, though I was ever so much in the right, I was troubled, and begged God's pardon for my foolishness. And O Lord, I beseech Thee, humble me more for not watching myself better, and by this make me more to see how frail and weak I am.

July 14. All the afternoon I was taken up with entertaining company, the duchess of Albemarle being here to visit me. There happened nothing but ordinary this day.

22. After dinner was tending my lord, who still continued ill; got no time for retiring. This day my dear brother Robin came to see me; and he having been at death's door, and by God's mercy recovered, I found myself much pleased to see him well again; and my heart was carried out much to bless God, for hearing all the prayers I had put up for his life in the time of his sickness.

August 3. I spent most of my afternoon with my brother Robin and sister Ranelaugh; had with them good and profitable discourse. After supper, I committed my soul to God. This day God was pleased to bring my lord abroad again from his ill fit of the gout. Lord, write a law of thankfulness in my heart for giving him a longer space to repent in.

21. In the morning, as soon as up, I retired, read, and prayed; but I prayed with much dulness. At dinner, and till evening, had with me the Duke and duchess of Albemarle, Mrs Mildemay, and a very great deal of company; the discourse was vain, frothy, and ordinary. Had no time for retiring.

September 13. In the afternoon, I read in my diary, with which my heart was much affected; and after supper, I committed my soul to God. This day was the greatest flood I ever saw at Leez, the water coming into the drawing-room and the parlour.

October 12. In the morning only prayed, and that I did with great dulness. In the afternoon was tending my lord; who, towards evening, was taken with so unusual an illness, that I was extremely frighted for him, and went to God and with many tears begged his life. Towards evening it pleased God to

remove his dangerous and extreme fit of illness, and to give him some rest. O Lord, I do most humbly bless Thee for removing from my lord that dangerous fit of his heart's-panting.

19. In the morning, in a short but fervent prayer, I committed my soul to God, and then went to dinner to my lady Maynard's. I returned not home till late in the evening ; had with my lady Mary, going and coming, good discourse. There happened nothing but ordinary this day.

31. In the morning retired and meditated, but my wicked heart was roving and I could not fix it as at some other times ; read and prayed, but with dulness. In the afternoon was employed in lawful and charitable employments. This day I relieved some poor distressed widows, and a good minister, considerably.

November 8. In the morning, as soon as drest, I retired into the wilderness to meditate ; and it being my birthday, it pleased God to make me call to my remembrance many of the special mercies with which my life was filled. And whilst I was doing so, I considered that God had for forty-six years so mercifully provided for me that I had not ever out of necessity wanted a meal's meat, nor ever broke a bone, nor in twenty years' time been necessitated to keep my bed one day by reason of sickness ; this did exceedingly draw out my heart to love God. And considering that I had experimentally found that God had done me good by all the most afflicting providences, this also did much engage my heart to God, and made me resolve to serve Him better. After dinner had with me many of my good neighbours, with some of them I had useful discourse ; and did this day exercise my charity to several that needed it.

28. After dinner got an opportunity of speaking to my lord about his soul's concernments, and I did much beseech him to be more careful for his soul's good, and told him of his offending God by his passions, and the sad effects of it. Afterwards my lord in a dispute fell into a great passion with me, upon which I found in myself a sudden violent eruption of passion, which made me instantly go away, for fear it should

break out, and by so doing I was kept from having my lord hear me say anything; but to myself I uttered some passionate words, which though no other heard yet, O Lord, thou didst: oh, humble me for it. Afterwards I retired, and had large meditations of my death, and prayed to be fitted for it: and after supper, begged God's pardon for my speaking inwardly to myself some quick passionate words.

30. After dinner I heard the news of the death of my neighbour Sir John Dawes,* who died the night before, at which I was much struck, for he was as likely a young man to live as I had seen; and hearing that of a sudden he lost the use of his reason and of his speech, and continued so for three days, I was much affected and awakened by it to consider of my own latter end. And finding my lord much struck with that sudden news, I did discourse much with him and endeavoured to stir him up to make his peace with God before his great change came: I spent most of the afternoon in good discourse with him and my cousin Roberts [Robartes].

December 2. I went to visit my lady Dawes; I found myself much affected to see her so extremely afflicted, which drew tears of compassion from me. I brought her home with me to endeavour to comfort her.

3,—Sunday. I was with my lady Dawes, and did endeavour to comfort her, and had much discourse with her, wherein I did advise her to give God her heart, and that then he would be a Husband to her, and a Father to her little fatherless children.

March 30 [1671-2]. In the afternoon I heard the very sad news of the death of my dearly beloved niece, Frances Jones, at which I was much troubled, she being a good person and one that I had a particular kindness for; and I was also much

* In Pepys' Diary we have a glimpse of Sir John Dawes sitting with the diarist and others in the Fleece Tavern, Covent Garden, and "telling stories of Algiers and the manner of life of slaves there." Dawes had once been himself in slavery among the Moors. He married Christian, daughter and heir of William Lyons of Barking, Essex, and so became one of Lady Warwick's neighbours. He was created a baronet in 1663. His third son, Sir William Dawes, became Bishop of Chester and afterwards Archbishop of York.

affected to consider what great affliction my dear sister Ranelaugh was in for her, and prayed to God to enable her to bear this greatest trial of her life and to give her a sanctified improvement of it.

April 2. In the morning, as soon as up, I prayed to God to go with me in my journey to London; then with my lady Mary and lady Essex, I took coach, and with God's blessing, I got safe to London. In the evening went to see my sister, whom I found sadly afflicted; at which sight I was affected and wept: and after I had endeavoured to comfort her, I did return to Warwick-house: and after supper I committed my soul to God.

3. In the morning only prayed, and that I did with dulness. Then I went to see my afflicted sister, and was glad to see her bear her loss with so much Christian patience. After I had dined with her, I went with the young ladies and my sister Burlington to buy things; was all that day at shops.

7,—Sunday morning. I prayed and blessed God, it being Easter-day, for the Resurrection of Christ. Then I went to hear Dr Stillingfleet preach. Then dined at my sister's and heard a sermon with her.

9. In the morning prayed, and then took coach to come home to Leez; and by God's good providence over me, I got safe thither.

17. In the morning, as soon as up, this day being a day set apart by publick authority for a fast day for the war with Holland, I retired to meditate.

June 1. Having heard that on the 28th of last month the Dutch fleet and ours were engaged in a most dreadful sea fight * which still continued, I found my heart exceedingly affected to think how much Protestant blood was shed and how many souls were, as I feared, eternally miserable by it.

Woodrooffe has a note, as follows, to the entry of

* In Southwold Bay, on the 28th of May 1672. The Dutch, under De Ruyter, succeeded, by desperate skill and courage, in holding the English, under the Duke of York, at bay.

May 17th.—*The French King promoted this war, and sent ye Duchess of Orleans over to our court.* This bald and brief comment was enough to recall to the minds of people living when George the First was King, the shame put upon England when her sovereign was doing his best to sell her to France and the Pope; but to our minds it probably conveys little. The Third Dutch War, proclaimed in March 1672, was the outcome of months of negociation between Charles and Louis XIV., during which a secret treaty, afterwards known as the Treaty of Dover, was made between them. By this treaty Charles pledged himself to make public profession of the Roman Catholic religion; to join his arms to those of Louis for the purpose of destroying the United Provinces; and to employ the whole strength of England, by land and sea, in support of the claims of the House of Bourbon to the vast monarchy of Spain. A principal agent in arranging this treaty had been Charles's charming sister Henrietta, wife of the Duke of Orleans, who, only six weeks later, had died a sudden and agonizing death, about which there were dark rumours and darker thoughts. To the English Protestants, and all who mistrusted Charles, the proclamation of a state fast on account of a war utterly unjust and disloyal must have seemed a painful mockery of truth!

In the diary of the succeeding year, 1673, Lord Warwick's last illness and death fill the chief place. It was a year of bitter trial and misery to the poor wife. As the sick man's sufferings increased, his

temper became more and more unbearable, and caused his wife agonies of distress, both on his account and her own. She seems never to have been able to listen unmoved to his blasphemous railings, or to pass them lightly over as the half-delirious ravings of a man nearly crazed with pain. Her quick temper and sensitive spirit rose against them to the last. She hotly resented those unjust and cruel speeches; and, however patient she may outwardly have been, and however deep and faithful the love she bore him, the inward ferment of her spirit had to be confessed, again and again, with deep humiliation, to God. It is evident too, from repeated lamentations over her "dulness" of spirit, that she was getting worn out with the strain of nursing, and losing the elasticity which had carried her through so many trials. The burdens, mental and bodily, of her life were telling heavily upon her. She now suffered much from dejection. She was "much more than ordinarily cast down under a present sense of trouble." She suffered intensely in her husband's sufferings, and dreaded unspeakably the event which she could not hide from herself was close at hand.

It is not surprising if, under so heavy a burden, her health suffered. It had never been robust. True she might give thanks, on her birthday, for not having had to spend a day in bed for twenty years; but all through her diary there are frequent references to ailments which, though comparatively slight, would assuredly have been given way to by a less fervent

soul. Colds, headaches, and "fits of the spleen" plagued her continually; and towards the close of her life, if not sooner, the ague which haunted the malarious fish ponds of Leighs laid its deadly grip on her enfeebled frame.

In February and March Lord Warwick was dangerously ill with gouty complications. His wife was "very much more than ordinary disturbed and frighted at my lord's growing weaker and worse and worse." She sent for a London physician, Dr Cox, to consult with Dr Swallow of Chelmsford, who was in constant attendance. Next, "Mr Wiseman, the surgeon, came from London to look at my lord's throat." He assured her that nothing had "grown in his throat, as Dr Cox believed there had."

During this time of anxiety other important matters came suddenly to the fore. Suitors presented themselves for Lady Mary and Lady Essex Rich. "Mr Vane" came to ask Lady Essex in marriage; and several afternoons are noted as "taken up in the transactions of that affair between my La. Essex and Mr Vane," and "between Mr St John and my La. Mary."

In April Lord Warwick revived a little and "came out of his chamber," where he had lain over eight weeks in "desperate sickness." We have, however, the testimony of the autobiography to the state of helplessness in which the unhappy man now was. Lady Warwick there writes:—

"In the year 1673 it pleased God by death to take from me my dear Lord, who died at his house at Lees, upon Bartholomew

day, for whose loss I was more afflicted than ever before for anything in my fore-past life; for though my son's death had almost sunk me, and my grief for him was so great that I thought it almost impossible to be more sensibly afflicted, yet I found I now was so; and though God had given me many years to provide for our separation by seeing my poor husband almost daily dying (for God had been pleased for above twenty years to afflict him with the gout more constantly and painfully than almost any person the doctors said they had ever seen), yet I still flattered myself with hopes of his life, though he had for many years quite lost the use of his limbs, and never put his feet to the ground, nor was able to feed himself, nor turn in his bed but by the help of his servants; and by those constant pains he was so weakened and wasted that he was like a mere skeleton, and at last fell into most dangerous convulsion fits and died of the fourth. The seeing him in them was so very terrible to me, that after his death I fell into very ill fits; but by God's blessing I at last lost them again. I had this comfort that nothing I could think was good for either his soul or body was neglected; and I had much inward peace, to consider that I had been a constant nurse to him, and had never neglected, night or day, my attendance upon him when he needed it. This greatest trial of my life did for a long time disorder my frail house of clay, and made me have thoughts that my dissolution was near; which thoughts were not at all terrible or affrighting to me, but very pleasant and delightful."

During the few weeks of that summer that her husband was in some degree better, we find Lady Warwick much occupied with the "young ladies" and their affairs. On the 3rd of May Mr Vane "received my lord's full consent and mine, if he could gain Lady Essex, to have her," and on the previous day it is noted, "in the afternoon I was wholly taken up in the transaction of that business between my La. Mary and Mr St John, who this

day obtained from my lord and myself leave to have her. If he could gain her consent." On the 21st of May she takes her nieces to London, where more than one whole day is "spent at shops," and the two young ladies are introduced to the families into which they are about to marry. Lady Mary is taken to dinner at Sir Walter St John's at Battersea: "stayed there all day." The following day it is Lady Essex's turn. She is carried "to see my lady Vane at Hackney," and they "returned not home till evening." Lady Vane had at this period been a widow eleven years. On the 31st the three ladies return to Leighs; Mr Vane and Mr St John soon follow them.

A little ray of brightness comes, early in June, to the poor anxious-hearted wife. Lord Warwick prepares to receive the Holy Communion, and in view of it tells his faithful, patient nurse "he is resolved to live better." But alas, on the 20th of June his gout returns; and on the 21st he falls into a most violent passion with her, and (according to Woodrooffe's note) "calls her jade"!

In July the Priory is crowded. Sir Walter and Lady St John, Lady Vane, Robert Boyle, Lord and Lady Burlington, Lady Ranelagh and her young son, the reigning Viscount, are among the guests. Lady Warwick is hard at work tending her sick lord and entertaining the company, "of which my house is very full." No wonder if she often wakes with "the headache" or "a fit of the spleen."

On the 4th of August Lord and Lady Burlington

and Robert Boyle returned to London; and on the 6th the young Lord Ranelagh left. Before his departure his aunt, burdened though she was, had found time to speak to him for his soul's good. "I did this day alone give my lord Ranelaugh much good counsel, and did with much kindness and earnestness press him to leave some sins I knew he was guilty of." It is to be feared that Lord Ranelagh did not profit much by his aunt's exhortations.

The dear sister Katharine, the "true soul-friend," now only was left of all the guests at Leighs. It was indeed a Godsend to its sorely-tried mistress that so staunch a helper was to be at hand in the coming trial. On the 12th Lady Warwick writes:—

"I retired at evening, and had thoughts of death and prayed to be fitted for it. Whilst I was doing so, I was of a sudden sent for to come to my Lord. When I came to him I was extraordinarily disordered and frighted finding him not able to speak, nor did he know anybody. He was, as I was afterwards informed, of a sudden as he was drawn about in his chair in the garden heard to rattle in his throat, and when his servant [*Lawrence, a footman*—Woodrooffe] that drew him looked upon him, they found he was fallen into a swoon, upon which my sister Ranelagh being called (who was near) and bringing some quick spirits and holding them to his nose, and pouring down some cordial waters, he was just when I came brought to life again, but after I came and that we had laid him into his bed, yet he continued for a long time not to know anybody, nor yet to be heard to speak that we could understand him, though he strove to do so. I was very much disordered at this grievous sight and wept much, and with much earnestness besought the Lord to restore him to the use of his reason and to spare his life." [Woodrooffe's note to this entry:—*I saw him at ye stables a little before this fit came upon him; he looked like Death.*]

The records of the next few days are very sad. The dying man is in the extremity of suffering; and when conscious his utterances are not such as to comfort his wife. We know how much value was attached in those days to the pious utterances of dying people. But poor Lord Warwick cursed and swore when Dr Walker, summoned from Fyfield to the house of sickness, spoke to him about his soul.

On the 20th a little gleam of hope shone out. "This day my lord said many kind things to me, and said he would make me amends for his unkindness formerly." On the 22nd, "by his own desire," he had Dr Walker and another minister to pray by his bedside.

On Sunday—St Bartholomew's Day—he was evidently dying. Another London physician was summoned and "judged him in a very dangerous condition." Lady Warwick got the chaplain and "many more good people" to join with her "to beg mercy for his soul"; and it was her fervent petition also "to show him, if it were His blessed will, some token for good before He took him from here." Then she went to watch by his pillow; "and when I saw him come at any time to himself did earnestly beseech him that, though he could not speak but with difficulty, he would lift up his heart to God for mercy. And once, when I did so, he assured me, in a very serious and awakened frame, So I do, So I do; and called upon me to pray for him, which was a great comfort to me."

The summer evening wore on. Dr Micklethwaite

and Dr Swallow "used a great many unsuccessful remedies;" but the weakness increased and another fit of convulsions followed. The end came about midnight. "I was not in the room when he died," writes Lady Warwick, "being kept by my sister Ranelaugh's care from going in when he was dying. This sad news was first told me by Dr Micklethwaite."

On the following day the widow learnt in what sense it was that her husband would "make amends" to her for all the trials he had put upon her:—

August 25,—Monday. This morning, having not slept, I found myself very ill and in a very sadly afflicted condition, but yet found much inward comfort that I had done my duty to him and had neglected nothing for either his soul or body. This day I was forced, in order to his funeral, to hear my dear husband's will read, which whilst I was hearing did in an extraordinary manner afflict me, tho' by hearing it I was informed he had for my life given me all his estate, yet the loss of his person was to me so very grievous that all was as nothing to me now he was gone. I spent this whole day in a very stony and astonished condition, not being enough recollected to do any spiritual duty as I ought to do, or as formerly I used to do. I had many good and Christian friends that came to visit me and did endeavour by good counsel to comfort me, and some of the ministers prayed with me.

29. I was much troubled in my mind with cares about my dear sister Ranelaugh's condition, who by her extraordinary kindness for me had, by the frights she had in seeing my poor lord in those sad fits and by her extraordinary pains taken with him and me, brought herself into a very ill and dangerous condition; but it pleased God to comfort me at night when Dr Cox, who was the day before sent for to her, came, for he told me there was not so much danger in her condition as I apprehended,

though she was ill and he feared would for some time continue so. After supper I committed my soul to God.

September 9. In the morning found myself in an extraordinary manner grieved and opprest with melancholy, this being the day my husband's body was to be buried at Felsted. I wept exceedingly and found it very hard to bear up this day, being often passionately affected to think he was gone to his cold bed of dust, but at last I was able with some tolerable composure of mind to think upon my own death. I found the consideration that my afflictions were but momentary and my happiness hereafter to be eternal did in some weak measure revive my weak body and made me to rejoice in hopes of future glory, even upon one of the saddest days that I ever yet saw in which I buried my husband decently and honourably and gave very considerably to the poor of the two parishes * in both which Leez stands.

12. In the morning, after my sister Ranelagh was gone to London (for whose condition I found much disturbance in myself, she going from me in a very weak condition), I retired and prayed, but I found a great drawing back to the duty and a great dullness in it, and I continued to behave so in all my spiritual performances this day.

* Felsted and Little Leighs.

# Chapter XIX

## Sorrow and Rejoicing

"Marriage was ordained by God, instituted in Paradise, was the first blessing from the Lord; he gave to man not a friend, but a wife, that is, a friend and a wife too: it is the seminary of the Church, and daily brings forth sons and daughters unto God."

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

*Leez Lachrymans* is the title of Dr Walker's funeral sermon upon the Right Honourable Charles Rich, "Who, being the Fourth Earl of his Family and Last of the Direct Line, died at *Leez le Rich* on the 24th of August, 1673, in the 58th year of his age, and is interred among his ancestors (in their Vault) at Felsted adjacent."

The Epistle Dedicatory — addressed to "his singular good Lady" has a more truthful and candid ring than might be expected in a composition of the kind. It says, "Your Honour had a dear and loving Husband; but that Husband had his great, his heavy, and his long Afflictions; and that Gout which was so severe to him, was sometimes less kind to you and others, than his Natural Temper. So that you felt its pain, not only by sympathy, as you did always, but sometimes in other effects."

These strictures, however, are reserved for the introduction prefixed to the thin quarto in which *Leez Lachrymans* was, the same year, presented to the world. The sermon itself says nothing which could have pained the sensitive ears to which it was primarily addressed, and contains several passages which give an interesting picture of the life of a country gentleman of that day.

The preacher begins by bewailing the contrast between the dead Earl in his youth and as he was when illness had wrecked his frame—"the sprightly Activity, the healthful Vigour, the agile Unconfinedness, the strenuous Temperature, the hayl Constitution, the graceful Fashion, the amiable Sweetness and comely Beauty of his youth; so eclipsed, enfeebled, decayed, withered and shrunk into Decrepidness, and a living Death, made a *vive skeleton* before he died."

He alludes to Lord Warwick's charity to the poor, "Weekly at his gates, annually to the neighbouring towns; and upon Extraordinary occasions, as in the time of the Plague, to Braintry alone he sent every week one fat Oxe, and many weeks Two, to feed the poor; and four or five Pounds in money, to pay a Chirurgion for attending of the sick"; and goes on to describe the household over which he ruled: "If in anything he were thrifty, it was that thrift might be the fuel of magnificence. . . . How furnisht were his tables both with Meat and guests! . . . He had always five tables covered twice every day in the week, fit to receive as great men as

himself with suteable attendance, come they when they would. . . . He was a great man in his attendance. Being served by well born and well accomplisht civil Gentlemen: He had a singular art and care in governing his Family well, and would not endure any disorders in it. . . . He was a good old English gentleman. And he despised not the old English way of living in the country, amongst his neighbours, friends, and tenants. He was a great and good patron to the Church and Clergy. Some say the greatest Patron for multitude of Livings of any private man in England as to his own Hereditary right."

Readers of Lady Warwick's diary may be disposed to think that the orderly household maintained at Leighs was due more to her watchfulness and painstaking than her husband's, but the last person to dispute any of Dr Walker's statements would have been the humble-minded Countess, who thought less than anyone else of her achievements.

The preacher must have touched a very painful chord when the following sentences pealed forth from the Felsted pulpit: "Here is a great Tree cut down and not a stump of its Root left in the earth. No strong rod to make a white staff. No slip or tender sprig to bud or spring, and revive our dying hopes. No expectation of a Phœnix from these ashes; this is the doleful circumflex which accents our present sorrows. . . . Families, as well as Persons, have their Periods. The Crown is not nor is the Coronet to all generations. The greatest, the best, the most

useful families must fayl." Next follow the titles of other noble lines that had perished within recent years: "Richmond and Lennox, Northumberland, Southampton, Essex, Carlile," etc. "And though the name of Warwick be not quite expired, yet alas, by breach upon breach, by six sad Funerals in less than sixteen years, this Line, this direct and primary Line, which hath so long been the ornament of Essex, the Sun of this horizon, the Sanctuary of Religion, the Standard of Grandeur, and the method of Living nobly; the great Examplar of best Household-discipline, the Centre of Hospitality, the Storehouse of Charity, must untimely fail and pass away."

Beautiful Leighs is to mourn the mortality of its possessors. "O Leez! Resume thy name;* melt into Waters. . . . be overflowed with a deeper flood than what might seem to presage this, which covered all thy lower Floors not nine months since without Example.† Let all thy walls be black as thy Tennis-court; thy beauteous Wilderness become a Howling One, thy Princely gardens put on Weeds to mourn in; let all thy Laurels turn into Cypress, and thy goodly trees prevent the Autumne, and strip themselves of Bravery and Verdure."

The news of Lord Warwick's death can have caused no excitement nor provoked much comment in London and at Whitehall, where his health had made him for several years a stranger; but a saying

* Margin: *Les Eaux.* † See diary of September 13, 1671, p. 260.

presently went abroad in the fashionable world that "the earl of Warwick had given all his estate to pious uses!" It may be that this was the form that condolences took in the mouths of the new Earl's friends. The heir to the title, at the death of Charles Lord Warwick, was his cousin Robert, Earl of Holland, eldest son of Henry, the handsome and unprincipled courtier and statesman who had suffered for his shiftiness in 1649. Little is known of the second Lord Holland, save that he had been active, with Lady Devonshire, in the cause of the Restoration. He now became Earl of Warwick and Baron Rich of Leighs; but none of the possessions appertaining to these titles were destined to be his till five years later.

The widowed Countess was not granted—or did not permit herself—much quiet and leisure in which to indulge her grief. There was "a work of great concernment" pressing upon her—the proposed matches for Lady Mary and Lady Essex Rich; and her spirit could know no rest till these were concluded. Within a month of her husband's death we find her being "hindered from having any retiring time by Mr St John's and Mr Vane's coming;" and during September and October there are repeated entries shewing how much engaged she was with matrimonial negociations.

It appears that Lady Mary was some time in making up her mind whether or no to accept Mr St John; but on the 13th of October her aunt records that "she this morning consented it should come to

some conclusion. I was this whole day imployed in that affaire."

On the 21st there is a reference to the "affair" of Lady Essex and Mr Vane, and Woodrooffe has one of his officious marginal notes:—*But she could not be persuaded to have him, upon account of his family. Also, Being as I reckon, son to Sir Hen. Vane, executed* 1662, *and elder brother to Christopher, now Lord Barnard.*

October 24. This day my Lady Essex broke the intended match between Mr Vane and her against my advice and very much to my dissatisfaction, who counselled her to choose so good and sober a person, but after I had done so leaving her to herself to determine what she would do, she gave him a flat denial, which grieved me.

27. In the morning I prayed, but was dull and distracted in the duty, my mind being this morning much opprest with trouble for Mr Vane's going from hence, upon my Lady Essex's absolutely breaking off the match with him, he being so good a man I thought she would have been happy with him.

On the 1st of November Lady Berkeley came to Leighs to renew a proposal made some time previously for her son as a husband to Lady Essex. But this match, though much desired by the young man's parents, had never, it seems, commended itself to Lord and Lady Warwick; and it was again declined.

Lady Mary's affairs were going smoothly meanwhile. On the 3rd of November were signed and finished "the writings between Sir Walter St John and me about the intended marriage between his son and my Lady Mary. All the writings were this day signed by us all, much to my satisfaction, upon

the accompt that I had finished what my Lord before his death had begun, and because she would be put into a religious family, which I had often prayed she should be; and did in my deliberate thoughts prefer for her before all the titulles of honour and grandure of the world."

That this marriage should be happily accomplished was plainly a great cheer to the sorrowing Lady Warwick. November 16th was the first "Sacrament Sunday" since her husband's death. She partook of the Holy Communion with much comfort, and records:—"O Lord, from my soule I bless thee, for letting me in my approaches to thee this day be able to say that thy blessed supper was a most cheering and reanimating cordiall, for I there found more comfort and quiet in my mind than I had ever done since my great affliction, with which thou wast pleased to exercise me."

Further arrangements "in order to the intended marriage of the young people" followed; and early in December Sir Walter and Lady St John, Lady Anne Barrington, and "much other company" gathered at Leighs, "in order to my Lady Mary's wedding." On the 11th the marriage took place in the private chapel, Dr Walker officiating; Lady Warwick's fervent prayers going up meanwhile for "God's blessing upon the young couple." "All this day," she adds, "was spent by me in entertaining the company, of which my house was full."

Mr Woodrooffe, junior, was apparently rather sore in his mind over the fact that the marriage ceremony

was performed by the ex-chaplain instead of the reigning one, his father. He suggests in a note that Lady Warwick "gave him some guineas" as a consolation for having to give place, on so important an occasion, to the older family friend!

Lady Mary St John figures often in the succeeding pages of the diary. Her aunt nurses her in more than one dangerous illness and consoles her in several sorrows for the loss of little ones. Her married life was not of long duration, as she died in 1678—the same year as Lady Warwick—aged only thirty-one. She was mother of the famous wit, author, and Tory politician of Queen Anne's reign—Henry St John, Viscount Bolingbroke.

We are not able to follow the ins and outs of Lady Essex's subsequent matrimonial affairs, as unfortunately, with the close of 1673, comes a hiatus in the diary. Woodrooffe has a note to say that the "*Diary Papers Nos.* 21 *and* 22 [as numbered by himself] *are lost*," and that in consequence the whole year 1674 is wanting and the last thirteen days of 1673. The facts of the young lady's marriage are, however, recorded in a passage in the autobiography —almost the last remaining to be quoted :—

"About four months after my lord's death, my Lady Mary Rich, my lord's niece, who I had constantly bred from the time of her father's death, was married at Lees chapel by Dr Walker, the 11th December, 1673. The match was agreed on before my lord's death, but finished by me, much to my satisfaction, because it was a very orderly and religious family, and there was a very good estate, and the young gentleman she married, Mr Henry St John, was very good-

natured and viceless, and his good father and mother, Sir Walter St John and my Lady St John, were very eminent for owning and practising religion. And here, O my good God, let me return thee my praises for hearing the reiterated prayers I put up to thy Divine Majesty, for her being by marriage settled in a family where thy sacred name was had in veneration. After her marriage was over, my Lady Essex Rich having, after my Lord's death, broke off a match, which was treated of before my lord died, between Mr Thomas Vane and her, I had several offers made me of matches for her, but they were disliked by me, because the young men were not viceless ; and I had taken a resolution that no fortune, though the greatest in the kingdom should be offered me, should be accepted, where the young man was not sober, which made me instantly give flat denials to all the above-named proposals. But afterwards I had, from my Lord Keeper Finch, a match proposed for his son, Mr Daniel Finch, about which, when I had consulted with her own relations,* and found they approved of it, as I also did, upon the assurance I had from all the persons that knew him, that he was an extraordinary both ingenious and civil person (which upon my own knowledge of him, I afterwards found to be true), I did recommend this match to the young lady, giving her, when I had laid the conveniencies I believed was in it before her, her free choice to choose or not, to do as she liked or disliked ; but after some time that he had made his address to her, she consented to have him, and was by Mr Wodrofe married to him in Lees chapel, June the 16th, 1674, his father, my Lord Keeper, then being by the King made Baron of Dantery, being present, with a great many more of his and her relations."

The family into which Lady Essex married was one of high character both for integrity and for legal ability. Heneage Finch, her father-in-law, had been made Solicitor-General immediately after the Restoration, and successively rose to be Attorney-General, Lord Keeper, Lord Chancellor, Baron Finch, and

* *i.e.* The Cheekes of Pirgo, Essex. Her mother was a Cheeke.

Earl of Nottingham. Throughout his prosperous career, and in the midst of a corrupt court, he kept his personal integrity unsullied.

Macaulay draws a vivid and striking picture of his son Daniel, Lady Essex's husband. He describes his upright and honourable character, his ability, his legal knowledge, his gift of oratory like his father's, "impressive but prolix, and too monotonously solemn," his rigid erectness of attitude in speaking, his complexion so dark "that he might have passed for a native of a warmer climate than ours, his "harsh features," "composed to an expression resembling that of a chief mourner at a funeral," his nicknames of Don Dismallo and Don Diego, "fastened on him by jesters, and not yet forgotten." My Nephew Finch is several times referred to in the diary, in terms of evident regard and respect.

# Chapter XX

## "Left to Pious Uses"

"Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite underground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown."

—*George Herbert.*

WHEN we resume our following of Lady Warwick's steps in her diary, in March 1675, we find her, as she herself says, "Martha like 'cumbered about the many things of the world," and full of "lawfull and necessary employment about my estate." Her lord's "amends" for so many "weeping days" had meant the laying on a very solitary woman's shoulders of one of the heaviest of mortal burdens—the management and right conduct of a huge and complicated property and an almost princely income derived from many sources.

A tradition still lingers at Leighs that the large room in the gateway tower, lighted at either end with a noble Tudor window, and reached by a winding staircase in the S.E. turret, was the Countess's business room, where she interviewed

her tenants and transacted her affairs with her steward. Here or elsewhere she must have spent many hours of each week during the remaining years of her life. Various notices of Dr Walker's shew how careful a landlord she was, and how keenly she looked after the interests of the property, "though herself but a termer;* going to vast expenses in repairs both to the mansion and farms, and shewing herself "stiff and tenacious in what might concern her successors; usually saying, whatever she lost herself, she would never give occasion to them that came after her to say she had damnified the estate, or wronged her trust, or them." An example of her painstaking care of the great house left to her use is given in one of Woodrooffe's comments on the diary. Not very long before her death she notes an occasion on which she had less than the usual time for her devotions, "being employed in some lawful occasions." Woodrooffe explains these particular "occasions" to have been the hanging up of "pictures round the staircase, put up by her—pictures of Relations—and left there when the house was sold to the Duke of Buckingham."

To one so scrupulously conscientious as Lady Warwick the arrangement of this gigantic "trust," with all its dependent charities, livings, and tenancies of many degrees, would have been labour enough. But it appears from the diary and autobiography that there were encumbrances and legal complications making her task yet more difficult, and involving

* *i.e.* having only a life-interest.

several journeys to London and the getting of a private bill through Parliament to enable her to sell some lands in order to pay her late husband's debts and certain charges on the property. Dr Walker bears his testimony to the infinite pains she took in her capacity of executrix. "Which trust, though it cost her almost unspeakable labour and difficulties, she discharged with such indefatigable pains, such scrupulous exactness, and admirable prudence, that as she failed not of one tittle of the will, till all was fulfilled, so she never gave, or left occasion of the least noise of any complaining, of any interested person; but rendered all more than silent, satisfied—more than satisfied—applauding and admiring her prudent and honourable conduct of that great affair; which she owned to God with much thankfulness, as no small mercy and blessing to her."

Lady Warwick's own account of the "great affair" shews how complicated it was, and how it must have drawn upon her powers of heart and mind :—

"After I had seen the greatest worldly business I had to do thus happily dispatched, of these three young ladies being disposed of, I met, in the trust my dear Lord had imposed upon me as his executrix, in the sale of lands for raising portions and payment of debts, by reason of Mr Jessop's death, who was one of the trustees, with a great many stops and troubles in my business, which, having not been formerly versed in things of law, I found very uneasy and troublesome to me; but yet the great desire I had to see my Lord's will fulfilled, made me go through my disturbing business with some patience and diligence; and God was so merciful unto me, as He did, beyond

my expectation, raise me some faithful, knowing, and affectionate friends, who did assist me with their counsel, so as at last God was pleased to let me see my dear Lord's will fulfilled; and though there was a great many several persons I had to deal with, yet I satisfied them all so well, as I never had anything between them and me passed that was determined by going to law, but all that was in dispute between us, was always agreed on between ourselves in a kind and friendly way; for which, O Lord, I bless thee."

The diary will shew who the knowing and faithful friends were who came to Lady Warwick's help in this hard passage of her life. When we join company with her again, in March, 1675, we find her at Warwick House, very busy and anxious about the raising of funds for the fulfilment of her lord's will.

March 27. I went to meditate in Chellsey Garden. I did so of the joys of heaven, but I had not so lively affections in the duty as at some other times. In the afternoon was let blood, in order to the getting off a cough which has hung long upon me, by which and some Company's coming to visit me, I was kept from having any retiring time.

28. I went to St Andrew's to hear Dean Tillotson; his text was, *We preach Christ crucified.* I was attentive at that good sermon.

April 7. This afternoon I was employed in finishing a business of concernment which I had long been a treating of, about the sale of land in order to the fulfilling of my lord's will.

10.—I read and prayed, then went and retired myself in Chellsey Garden to meditate. After I had done meditating, which I did about my usual time of two hours, as I returned I heard the news of my little nephew Richard Boyle's * being dead of the

* This child was the son of Lord Clifford, eldest son of Mary's eldest brother, Lord Burlington and Cork, with whom she goes to condole.

smallpox, which troubled me and made me go to see his grandfather and grandmother. I did by discoursing with them endeavour to comfort them, by telling them how much it was their duty to submit to the will of God now it was determined. I found my poor brother and sister much afflicted for the loss of that hopeful heir of their family, and from thence I went to visit my Lord and Lady Clifford, and endeavoured to comfort them too.

18. As soon as I was come home from Church I was sent for by my Lady Essex Finch, who fell in labour; with her I continued all the rest of the day, assisting her what I could, and having for her safe delivery frequent returns to God, which he was pleased to give her a Monday morning of a girl about half an hour after one o'clock, for which mercy I returned thanks to God and excited her to do so.

19. This morning I found myself much dulled and indisposed by my sitting up in the night. I prayed, but I was dull in the duty. In the afternoon my Lady Mary St John's child that was with me in the house was dangerously ill. I was by my looking to that, and by endeavouring to comfort the child's mother, who was much afflicted, taken up this day.

23. My Lady Mary St John's child being very ill and in great danger of death, I was the whole afternoon employed in ordering and looking to that and endeavouring to comfort the sadly afflicted móther.

24. This evening, between ten and eleven a'clock at night it pleased God to take away by death the child, after it had lain conflicting with death from about three a'clock in the afternoon the day before. O Lord I do beseech Thee, sanctify this spectacle of mortality to me, that by seeing one so very young taken away by death, I may consider that I who am old [*not fifty, by most half a year*—Woodrooffe] cannot long stay here, for if it be thus done in a greene tree, what shall be done in the dry? [*She died about three years after, and the Mother within less than four years*—Woodrooffe].

27. This morning I spent but a small proportion of time at my devotions, being much employed in bisnes, and taken up

by comforting my Lady Mary, whose child this evening was buried at Battersea.

30. In the afternoon I went with my Lady Mary to visit Mr Baxter,* had from him much good edifying warming discourse, and got him to pray for my Lady Mary in her afflicted condition.

May 5. I went with my sister Ranelaugh to Sion † to see my Lady Northumberland, and from thence in the afternoon I went to Isleworth to my Cozen Botelar's, and had with him much good discourse about my bisnes, and had from him many directions to instruct me about fulfilling my Lord's will; returned not home till late.

6. I went to dinner at Battersey, had afterwards with my Lady St John much useful discourse in order to do good by making a right understanding with some near relations that there was some little distance amongst. In the evening I went to my Lord Keeper Finch's to the christening of my Lady Essex Finch's child, to which I was Godmother. I prayed heartily to God, whilst the child was christening, for it.

7. This day I was so wholly taken up with my then indispensable bisnes that I had only time to have a short returne from it to God.

11. This day I dined at my Lord Keeper's and there I had with my Lord of Manchester ‡ much discourse about a bisnes of concernment to bring about which I had fears of finding

* In Southampton Square, Bloomsbury, where the famous and saintly Nonconformist minister was then living, having been set free to preach again in London by the Act of Indulgence of 1672.

† Sion House, near Brentford, of which so picturesque a view can be had from the Pleasure Ground, Kew Gardens. It stands on the opposite bank of the Thames. It was then the seat of Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland. Evelyn in his Diary sniffs at the Garden of Sion House, pronouncing it "more celebrated than it deserves."

‡ Robert, son of Lady Warwick's old friend and connection Edward, the Lord Chamberlain. He was a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II. From his father's double connection with the Warwick family he probably had an interest in the will.

much difficulty and therefore in the morning my heart followed hard after God to bring it about for me, that I might have no dispute with any person, by which too I should be hindered from fulfilling my lord's will; and I then found the answer of my prayers, for the business was before my Lord Keeper by my Lord of Manchester and me agreed on, which I looked upon as an answer of my prayers, and therefore the accomplishment of it gave me more joy and excited me for to return thanks to God for it afterwards.

14. I went with my nephew and my Lady Mary St John part of the way towards their own house at Lydyarde,* they this day parting from me gave me a very sensible trouble. I spent before they went much time in giving them good advice, and prest them with much earnestness to improve their solitude in the country in walking more closely with God than ever yet they had done, and a good part of the afternoon I was imployde in my Lawfull occasions.

16,—Sunday morning. As soon as I waked I blest God and it being the annual day I kept [*eleven years ago*—Woodrooffe] ever since the death of my only son a fast day, to humble my soul before God for that great breach he was then pleased to make in my family, as soon as ready I retired and spent much time in meditation, and God was then pleased to bring afresh to my mind many of my son's dying expressions, and by them much to stir up my heart to thankfulness for giving him time to repent, and for the inexpressible joy I then felt at hearing his pathetic expressions.

24. I dined this day at my Lord Keeper Finch's, and discourst with him and afterwards with Mr Mountague† about

* Lydiard Tregoze, near Swindon, has been the home of the St Johns, Viscounts Bolingbroke and Barons St John, since the reign of Henry VII. The church is crowded with their sumptuous monuments.

† Woodrooffe has a note in another place to say that the Mr Montagu here referred to was one of several co-trustees with Lady Warwick of her husband's will. There were various Mr Montagues in London society at this period. The diary furnishes no clue as to which was the one here referred to; but probabilities point to its being George, youngest brother of the late Lord Manchester.

affairs of great concernment to me, with which I was this day taken up.

28. This morning I was waked with the alarming ill news of my Lady Mary St John's being fallen very ill at her house at Lydyarde, and they sending one posting away to inform me of that and of her great desire she exprest to see me did much fright me for fear of her, and I did instantly resolve to go as far as I could towards her that night; in which journey, after I had begged God's protection over me, I took coach to go that night to Reading, had with Mrs Woodrooffe in the coach much good and useful discourse. I had by God's good providence over me a good and safe journey to Reading, meeting with no misfortune by the way. Afterwards I blest God for it.

29. In the morning I prayed, and the desires of my heart went out to God in the duty for his protection over me in my intended journey for Lydyarde, and my soul did too follow hard after God that I might find my Lady Mary in a hopeful way of recovery. I came to Lydyarde late in the evening, without meeting any misfortune, and found my Lady Mary something better, which gave me much satisfaction.

30,—Sunday. I went to Lydyarde Church and heard the minister of the place. In the afternoon there was no sermon, but I had with my Lady Mary good discourse, and after I had meditated upon the sermon and prayed it over after supper, I commited my soul to God.

June 1. In the afternoon I was with my Lady Mary, and had with her and her husband good discourse, and gave them counsel to do good and be examples of it in the place where they had now come to live.

2. In the morning I prayed to God for his protection over me in my journey, then leaving my Lady Mary in a hopeful way of recovery I took my journey for London; came this night safe to Reading; had by the way in the coach good discourse. Nothing but ordinary happened.

3. I took my journey again for London, where by the good providence of God over me I came in good time in the evening. O Lord, write a law of thankfulness in my heart for bringing me so safe home again and for letting me find my family

well. [*Seven days, including ye four travelling days*—Woodrooffe.]

5. I went to Sion to meet my brother and sister Orrery, who were then come out of Ireland. I received much satisfaction when I was there to meet so good friends. I returned not home till evening.

8. In the morning I prayed, but my wicked heart drew back to the duty and was miserably distracted in it. This day I was much indisposed in my health and had with me many of my relations, which kept me from having any retiring time.

9. In the morning I found myself indisposed in my health, and was by my being so disabled from spending so much time as usual at my devotions.

10. I found myself still much indisposed in my health.

16. In the morning I prayed, which I was enabled to do with some fervency, then I retired myself to Chelsey Garden to meditate, whilst I was doing so of the great disturbance I found in myself from close walking with God by my lawful worldly affairs, it pleased God to enable me exceedingly to mourn and weep for it, and my soul did in a more than usual manner follow hard after God that he would carry me through the lawful business I was by my Lord's will entrusted to do, without being so much diverted from his service, and so miserably distracted in it. In the afternoon I was to visit my brother Orrery; had with him and my Sister [Ranelagh] and brother Boyle much good and useful discourse.

17. In the afternoon I had with me many of my friends, by whose company, and by a surprising and disturbing rub I met with in my great business I stayed in town about to dispatch with Mr St John, in order to the fulfilling of my Lord's will, I was hindered from my devotions.

19. This day I went to dinner to my Lord Keeper, to consult with him about my business, which much to my trouble still stood at a stand. In the afternoon I visited some of my friends.

20. After dinner I went to Battersey to visit my Lady St John, nothing extraordinary happened this day in which my wicked heart was in so ill frame to the things which belong to my eternal good.

July 8. I dined at my Lord Devonshire's at Roehampton, with my sister Ranelaugh and many of my relations. I stayed there till evening; nothing but ordinary happened there. I did this day a considerable act of charity to a good minister.

11. I had with my daughter* much good discourse.

16. I had in the afternoon some disorder in my mind because the business between Mr St John and me, about the sale of lands that I had stayed so long in town for, was judged by my Lord Chief Justice Hales,† by Mr Jessop's death to be by me not able to be done at present, and my trouble for that judgment of his was because I was unable at present to perform my Lord's will; I only had (when I had considered), this satisfaction, that I had done my utmost to fulfil it, and was resolved some other way to try to do it.

17. I went to Kensington to see my Lady Essex.

21. In the morning, my family‡ being this day to return from Warwick House to Leez, and by chance looking out of the window to see them go, and remembering that when they came up I had seen them enter at the same place, I found my heart of a sudden exceedingly affected with God's goodness to me in the preservation of my family at London, that I had not by death lost one that came up, but all the same number of persons were going to Leez that came from thence, and notwithstanding that the small-pox was much in town yet I had had none in my family infected with it, but had by God's blessing had good health myself and my family, this did in a very unusual manner affect my heart and warm it with his love. I dined at my sister's, and in the afternoon went to visit several of my relations.

23. In the morning I begged in the duty of prayer God's protection over me, and then took my journey with only my lady Lucy Montague with me for Leez, where I came without

* Lady Rich, her son's widow, daughter of the third Earl of Devonshire. She afterwards became Countess of Exeter.

† Sir Matthew Hale, the famous judge—"that excellent good man," as Evelyn calls him.

‡ *i.e.* household.

meeting any misfortune by the way safe home, and found that part of my family that I had so long been absent from all well. O Lord I beseech Thee, write a law of thankfulness in my heart for Thy great mercy to me for this day bringing me safe where I so much longed to be, and for letting me find not one of my servants I had left at Leez either sick or dead.

The Lady Lucy Montagu here referred to was a daughter of the late Lord Manchester, by the second of his five wives, Mistress Essex Cheeke of Pirgo; hence doubly connected with Lady Warwick. She died a spinster in 1708. There are several references to "Aunt Lucy" in the Duke of Manchester's *Court and Society*, which shew that she was a bit of a character and much beloved in the family.

Thankful as she was to be once more at her sweet Leighs, Lady Warwick was not destined at present to take rest there. On the 11th of October she again comes to town about "my business I came to London to dispatch, in order to the fulfilling of my Lord's will." On the 23rd she is back at Leighs, and immersed in affairs, "this being the time of year in which my accompts for the year were made up." On the 4th of November she refreshes her soul by "writing good meditations." On the 11th she again hastens to London "about my Lord's business." At length there comes this entry, full of relief and thankfulness:—

"November 12. In the morning I did in a short prayer commit myself and my affairs to God, and then went very early in the morning to Westminster, to the House of Lords, where there was a Committee of Lords that sat upon a bill that I had put into both Houses to enable me to sell land to fulfil my

Lord's will: it pleased God so to prosper my affairs there that I got my business both reported and read three times this morning whilst I was there and dispatched wholly all that the Lords could do to it. O Lord I bless thee for thy goodness to me thy unworthy servant in giving me beyond my own and others' expectations so sudden a dispatch notwithstanding all the objections that were raised by my Lord Privy Seal * against my bill, that thou wert pleased to satisfy him by what was said on my behalf and to make him to put an end to my business."

This was a great step forward, but there was still much to be accomplished before Lady Warwick could sing her *Nunc Dimittis*. She appears to have decided to spend the winter in London; and on January 5, 1676, enters in her diary:—"That part of the family left at Leez came up to London." On New Year's Day she dines with Lord Chancellor Finch, who had received the great seal just before Christmas. Later in the month she is busy conferring with "Judge Wilde," "about my worldly affairs, for advice from him how to fulfil my lord's will." Next she is closeted with lawyers for the same purpose. She finds time, however, to go and comfort her dear Lady Essex, whose baby dies; to take "young Mis Walker" to church to be married; to go to court "to wait upon the Queen." In March she writes:—

"I spent not so much time as usual at my devotions, being employed at my lawful worldly occasions signing the writings for the last sale of my lord's debts, which when I had done, gave me much satisfaction, that God had given me my life

* *i.e.* Lord Robartes.

so long as to see so much of the trust imposed in me by my dead Lord fulfilled."

All through the summer, however, the business drags on, and poor Lady Warwick is kept in town, though suffering sadly from the heat, about which she notes:—"I found myself much discomposed with the greatest violence of heat I ever felt, which weather had such an effect on me ever since it began, that I was so faint and dispirited that I could perform none of my spiritual performances with any viger or life." But at length her patient efforts are crowned with success, and the last of the obstacles hindering her from fulfilling her trust are removed.

July 14. In the evening I heard the good news that this day my decree was sealed by my Lord Chancellor, and it being that which I had waited long for and desired upon the accompt of my being discharged of my trust imposed upon me by my Lord of being executrix and of seeing his will performed, I received it with much joy.

15. My heart was even as it were overwhelmed with God's good providence to me in raising me useful and kind and knowing friends to advise and to assist me in the discharge of my trust and for now bringing me near to the conclusion of it and for letting me live to see my Lord's will performed.

On the 3rd of August Lady Warwick returns "with much satisfaction" to Lees, to her "longed for quiet habitation," and has the joy of bringing with her her "good sister Ranelaugh," who within the last year had had a fresh trouble in the death of another daughter, Lady Mount Alexander.

The 15th of November following is kept as a day of thanksgiving for herself and her "family" for the

completion of the trust—"to put an end to all the troublesome entangling business I was engaged in in discharging my Lord's will . . . God having now most graciously let me live to see all my Lord's will performed."

The concluding sentence of the autobiography, from which so many passages have been quoted, is a thanksgiving for deliverance from this heavy burden and a prayer that the "heart set free" may reach upwards yet more aspiringly than it has ever done :—

"O Lord, be pleased to write a law of love and thankfulness in my heart for putting an end to my worldly business, by which I find myself too much diverted from Thy service, and too much distracted in it. And O Lord, be pleased to grant that the remaining part of my days I may be a widow indeed, living a creature wholly devoted unto thee, remembering I am not my own, but bought with a price, and therefore let me glorify thee with my body and with my soul, which are thine."

## Chapter XXI

# "I see myself now at the End of my Journey"

> "Life, that dares send
> A challenge to his end,
> And when it comes say, Welcome, friend!"
>
> —*Crashaw.*

In 1676, two years before she died, Lady Warwick wrote down certain thoughts suggested to her by the frequent journeys which her lord's affairs were compelling her to make. Her coach was constantly on the road between Leighs and London. She could never feel herself at rest or settled in those "quiet habitations" where she so much desired to be. So she took her pen and wrote:—

"*Upon a Journey from Lees to London.*

"At my first setting out from Lees the weather was very misty and stormy, and so it continued to be till near the sun's setting, then it proved a most sweet and delightful evening, the sun appearing and all the mist disappearing.

"This journey may be useful to mind me of my great one which I am travelling from earth to Heaven, in which I have met with many storms, both at my first treading in that straight path that leads to that City that has a foundation whose maker and builder is God, and also in my journeying towards it with

cloudeing mists. But, O Lord, I most humbly implore (if good in Thy sight) that though I have in the former part of my life had some foul days, yet that in the evening of it (towards which, by Thy long-suffering towards me I am now drawing), I may have the most serene and quiet [times], that so my last days may be my best days, that the Sun of Righteousness shining upon me may make me take more delight and true solace than in all my former days, that so I may undisturbedly prepare for my change. And, O Lord, grant that my sun may not set in a cloude, but that I may by Thy mersy towardes me go triumphingly to Heaven, having had a previous gust* of it, as an earnest of that purchased possession, which may make me long to be at my eternall rest, where I shall be happy in the enjoyment of Thee, my God, to all eternity."

When Mary Rich wrote down these thoughts among her *Occasional Meditations*, she was in her fifty-first year. The heavy task imposed on her as her husband's executrix was accomplished. The labours of the last three years were over—the consultations with judges and lawyers; the interviews and negociations; the expedients for raising money; the Parliamentary proceedings; the writing of letters and signing of documents—all were over and successfully over. The St Johns, Finches, and Barringtons were satisfied; the hosts of other claimants had had their full meed of consideration and received their just dues. Her own will was made, and all the arrangements completed for the sharing out of the vast property after her death. Those serene and quiet days she longed for were surely come at last, when she might enjoy the fruit of her labours.

* Gust = gusto = taste. Evelyn uses the word in the same sense in his Life of Mrs Godolphin.

Now she might revel peacefully in the beauties of her "sweet parks"; and go tranquilly about the holy and charitable concerns which were her best loved occupations—spending her quiet days in visiting her schools, relieving her poorer neighbours and exchanging visits, seasoned with "good discourse," with her richer ones. True, she must be lonely; God had willed it so; no dear son or daughter would be at hand to cheer her sunset days, or stand by her in the final conflict. But her best loved sister and that "dear brother Robin," who had been her playfellow in childhood and her close friend in mature life, were still alive, and while this world held two so closely bound to her by ties of blood and of fellowship it could not seem altogether desolate. And of faithful and attached friends beyond her own family she had goodly store around her. Besides the kind neighbours and the visitors from London, who came and went, Mrs Woodrooffe, the chaplain's wife, would seem by this time to have taken up her abode at the Priory, and to have made herself of great comfort and use to her good lady. There are many references to her in the last part of the diary; and some memorials of her own, bound up among the Warwick MSS., shew how greatly loved and valued the Countess was by her humble friend, and how sorely she missed her when death had taken her away.

"Grant that in the evening of my life I may have the most serene and quiet times," Lady Warwick had prayed, when her worldly work was done; "that

so I may undisturbedly prepare for my change." But that serene time so fervently desired was destined to be very short. Less than a year and a half was to pass, after that family Thanksgiving Day in November 1676, and the great change from which her human spirit shrank to the end with such unconquerable dread was, quickly and with little warning, to come. Her time for the preparation she deemed so needful was to be but scanty—yet what matter, when all her life had been a preparation for death, and a long chain of sorrows and trials had, by repeated blows, loosened her hold upon the world which in her youth had seemed so fair?

A few more extracts from her diary will shew how she passed the last year of her life.

Jan. 16. Most of the afternoon I spent in good discourse with my Lady Shane and Mrs Woodrooffe, with which my heart was warmed.

24. This afternoon my Lord and Lady Fitzwalter came to visit me. I had with my Lord Fitzwalter good discourse, and endeavoured to persuade him to give up a sin [*drinking*—Woodrooffe] to which I knew him to be much addicted, and much I persuaded him to quit the company by which he was enticed to offend God.

In February Lady Warwick made her last journey to London, to visit Lady Ranelagh, whose health was now very infirm. She says: "I found my sister, much to my dissatisfaction, in a very weak and languishing condition." The elder sister, however, survived the younger by thirteen years, not dying till 1691, when she was in her seventy-eighth year.

In March we find Lady Warwick much occupied with the affairs of her neighbours the Everards, to which reference has already been made. On the 14th of the same month she notes: "Spent much time in reading in my diarys of many years past"; and again on the 18th; "By reading in one of my diarys wherein I had noted God's support to me under great tryalles, I found my heart in an extraordinary manner melted by God's love." On the 20th, this is the entry: "When I had begged God's blessing upon my physick I toke it."

In April various family troubles are recorded :—

April 10. This day I heard the ill news of my Lady Mary St John's losing her boy [*he was born 27th of January before*—Woodrooffe], who died the Sunday night before about six o'clock, having the small-pox and convulsion fitts, in one of which fittes he died. I was much troubled for his poor parents, and wept for them, and prayed to God to comfort them and to sanctify his afflicting hand to them.

20. In the afternoon I was employed in my lawful domestic affairs, in taking up my accounts, this being the time of the year of more than ordinary business.

24. In the evening I heard confirmed the very unwelcome news that my Neece Jones had left her mother, and had cast away herself by marrying a very mean person [*a footman*—Woodrooffe].* I was much afflicted for my dear sister's

* In Anderson's *Memorable Women of the Puritan Times*, Lady Ranelagh's three daughters are recorded as follows: "Katharine, who was married, first to Sir William Parsons of Ballamont, in the county of Dublin, Bart.; and secondly, to Hugh, Earl of Mount Alexander. Elizabeth, who was married to —— Malister, Esq., by whom she had issue. And Frances, who died unmarried." [See p. 262.] We must suppose that the "esquire" here referred to, and the "very mean person" of whom Lady Warwick writes, were identical.

grief, and did pray to God to support her under that great trial, before going to bed.

In May the much tried Lady Ranelagh came to Leighs, on the last of those long visits which had been such a joy and comfort to both the sisters. The diary shews that she stayed at the Priory till the 3rd of October. Lady Mary St John also came, to be comforted after the loss of her baby son, whom the cruel small-pox had found out, even in his nurse's arms.

In July she was much disturbed by a trouble in her house—a sin laid to the door of her coachman, William Russell, by "a wicked woman." She spent much time in searching out the truth of the accusation. On Sunday, the 15th, one of those entries occurs which shew how deep and strong was her love of nature, and how she always felt God nearest to her when out of doors.

July 15. In the afternoon I retired to a place in the park, where I had formerly had sweet communion with God. In that sweet solitary place, having found that tree to be like Zachæus, to me, out of which I had had a sight of Christ, I was no sooner there but I found my heart to pant and to follow hard after God, that I might converse with Him as I had formerly done in that place.

In July the last "diary parcel" that we possess begins, and runs till nearly the end of November.

July 26. Hearing that my good chaplain, Mr Woodrooffe, who had two days before been ill of a pleurisy, was very ill and in much danger, I found myself very much afflicted for fear of losing so good a preacher, and after I had gone to visit

him I found myself much more disquieted for fear of him, he being worse than the day before. After I had by sending for the doctor again to come to him, taken all the care I could for his body, I retired to God and prayed and bewailed my not profiting more under the excellent awakening and soul-warning preaching I had enjoyed for so many years under Mr Woodrooffe's ministry. Most of this afternoon I spent in visiting Mr W. and those that were sick in my family, and a poor man in it that was dangerously wounded and came hither, and by God's blessing upon the means the surgeon used, was now in a hopeful way of recovery.

Was it some instinctive warning of the approaching end which awoke in her the thoughts recorded on the 15th of August?—

"In the morning, as soon as I was up I blessed God, then I retired into the wilderness to meditate. I did so of my death, which thoughts had this effect upon me, to make me have very fearful thoughts about that King of Terrors, and that great and unalterable change that death would put me in; and I found that I was in some sort frighted to think of my dissolution, but I was relieved from those fears by thinking of my conjunction with Christ; and I had then too large meditations of the joys of heaven, where I should be ever with the Lord, and enjoy Him in his fullest love in a place where I should be freed from sin, and join with his saints in loving and blessing and delighting in Him to all eternity."

The chief records during the autumn are of the preachers whose sermons Lady Warwick attended, and the guests who came to stay under her hospitable roof. Dr Gilbert Burnet, the famous preacher, busy politician and historian, was one who came; and Compton, Bishop of London, another. Burnet preached, morning and evening,

to his hostess in her own chapel. Two others among the guests are not people we should have expected to find in so dull a house as Leighs Priory must now have seemed to visitors from the gay London world :—

September 5. Lord Ranelaugh and Mr Progers came from London to see me. I talked to Mr Progers and pressed him to forsake his sins.

Mr Edward Progers was *valet-de-chambre* to King Charles, and the confidant of his amours. He was one of the half dozen men whom we find Pepys lamenting over as leading away the King, "that none of his serious servants and friends can come at him."

Lord Ranelagh, Lady Warwick's nephew, was another of the boon companions and obsequious servants of King Charles. He is described as a young man "of great parts and great vices," witty and shrewd, dextrous in business, skilful in ways of raising money. These were qualities sure to please the King, who had already rewarded him by conferring on him an earldom ; and when he had ruined himself by his passion for building and gardening, invented for him the post of superintendent of the royal edifices and pleasure-grounds. Thus the beautifying of Hampton Court Palace and the laying out of its gardens are a yet remaining example of Lord Ranelagh's skill. Being subsequently accused—in his capacity of paymaster to the army —of having defrauded the Government of a million

pounds, he was expelled the House of Lords; but found consolation in the enjoyment of his mansion and gardens by the river side at Chelsea. In the succeeding century that house and grounds were known to Evelina and her contemporaries as "Ranelagh," a fashionable public place of recreation.

We can but wonder wherein lay the attraction, to guests like these, of so quiet a house and so strict and puritanical a hostess! We are compelled to believe all the more strongly in the charm of which Dr Walker speaks—that brightness, and pleasantness, and gracious sweetness of mind and manner possessed by his "incomparable lady." And we must remember too the strange attraction that goodness has for worldly natures, when it is clothed in a sweet and winning form. There was truth, no doubt, in what Dr Walker avers, though the language in which he frames it is laboured and stilted:—"As we say of some neat, well-fashioned persons, 'whatever they wear becomes them, and sits well,' I must do her this right, to testify I never saw religion become any person better. And it was hard not to approve and love a dress so decent and adorning." And so the dissolute young Earl and the courtly minion cared to ride thirty miles into the depths of the country, to a house where neither cards nor hard drinking were permitted, and where they were sure to be "preached to" by their hostess with unsparing shrewdness and candour.

But we are approaching the last of those dingy

drab-hued pages over which we have lingered a while. The eighth of November comes round—the last of Mary's fifty-two birthdays. She thanks God "that he had now continued my well-being in the world for so long a time as fifty-two years." Her heart is full of thankfulness. Like Henry Vaughan she sings her song of praise:—

> "King of Comforts! King of Life!
> Thou hast cheer'd me;
> And when fears and doubts were rife,
> Thou hast cleer'd me!"

The diary ends, for us, on the 24th of November, 1677. It was on a Saturday that Lady Warwick wrote the last remaining entry, on the final page of the twenty-ninth "parcel." Next day was to be "Sacrament Sunday," to which she was looking forward with even more than her usual trembling joy. She spent all that day "in the duties of religion, in prayer, reading books of devotion, and in meditation of the great love of Christ"; and she was happy in her prayers, finding herself "in a warm and serious frame." In the evening she was full of "a great and reviving joy that the day wherein that blessed feast of the Sacrament was to be administered grew so near." "O Lord," she prayed, "I bless Thee for this sweet day, wherein Thou wert pleased to keep my heart in so awakened and warm a frame."

"After supper," she ends, "I committed my selfe to God."

The final "Diary parcell" being lost, we are

unable to follow our friend's daily steps during the last four months of her life. But an anecdote which Dr Walker has preserved will show us at least something of her plans and preoccupations—her quiet preparations for the inevitable end. He tells it as an example of "how she feared the shaddow of a lye."

"About a month before she died she was (though then in as perfect health as I have known her) determined to alter her will. And whereas she had before given many honourable Legacies in money to persons of great quality: she said she would alter them all, for this reason, because they were rich and money they needed not, but she would give it in something they might keep, as kind memorials of her; and when she had set down all their names in a paper, she also bethought herself what would be most acceptable to every one of them. For, said she, that renders a gift most agreeable, when it suits the fancy of the party to whom it is designed. And then, surveying her own store, she fixed on what to give to most of them, but not finding herself actually provided, of what she might bequeath to all, she resolved to leave all to a Codicil, to be annexed to her Will, and expressly said: I am now, God willing, going to London, when I have finished my Will, and then I will by discourse find out undiscerned what will be most pleasing to every one of them, and will provide accordingly. Yet when the draft of her will was made, she would put into the Will itself, for the Right Honourable the Countess of

Scarsdale, her beloved sister-in-law (who was one of that number to which in her former Will she had given a Legacy in money), a set of silver sconces which adorned her own chamber. And when I asked her ladyship why she would not leave her to the Codicil among the rest, she was pleased to give this reason: Because, said she, she is the only person living to whom I ever intimated being in my will, and I would not die and have it found otherwise, and so be under the suspicion of having told a lie, or dying with a lie in my mouth."

Lady Warwick's last illness was very short, and not, as it seemed to those around her, severe. She does not appear to have kept her bed, save for a day or two at a time, nor to have altogether foregone her wonted occupations.

Dr Walker, who was present, shall tell us how she died. "In the beginning of the last March, she set to the making of her will anew, and signed and sealed it on the twelfth day of the same month; and on the Tuesday in Passion Week, March 26th, was taken with some indisposition, loss of appetite, and an aguish distemper, and had four or five fits, which yet in that season were judged both by physicians and her friends, more advantageous to her health than dangerous to her life. And in this state she continued freed from her fits, in her own apprehension and in our hopes, till Friday, the twelfth of April, on which day she rose with good strength, and after sitting up some time, being laid upon her bed, discoursing cheerfully and piously,

one of the last sentences she spake was this, turning back the curtain with her hand :

" 'Well, ladies, if I were one hour in heaven, I would not be again with you, as well as I love you.'

" Having then received a kind visit from a neighbouring lady, at her departure she rose from her bed to her chair, in which being set, she said she would go into her bed, but first would desire one of the ministers then in the house to go to prayer with her ; and asking the company which they would have, presently resolved herself to have him who was going away, because the other would stay and pray with her daily ; and immediately he being called, and come, her ladyship sitting in her chair, by reason of her weakness—for otherwise she always kneeled—holding an orange in her hand, to which she smelt, almost in the beginning of her prayer she was heard to fetch a sigh or groan, which was esteemed devotional, as she used to do at other times. But a lady looking up, who kneeled by her, saw her look pale, and her hand hang down, at which she started up affrighted, and all applied themselves to help ; and the most afflictively distressed of them all, if I may so speak, when all our sorrows were superlative, catched her right hand, which then had lost its pulse and never recovered it again."

To die praying had been Lady Warwick's wish, and so she died. Before we part from Thomas Woodrooffe, we must hear his characteristically dry comment on this the closing scene of his kind patron's

life. "*She died in her chair, while Dr Wilkinson was at prayer by her, several others being in the room, Dr Walker, etc. She had had two or three fits of an ague, but there was not the least appearance or expectation of death, which happened on April* 12, 1678."

"At her departure the children wept. But Mr Great-heart and Mr Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy."

We need only to change the pronoun, and the touching words which Abraham Cowley had written, some thirty years earlier, on the death of his friend Mr William Hervey, might have been written to her memory by the lovers of Lady Warwick :—

"With as much zeal, devotion, piety
*She* always liv'd, as other saints do die.
Still with her soul severe account she kept,
Weeping all debts out ere she slept.
Then down in peace and innocence she lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day."

LEIGHS PRIORY AT THE PRESENT DAY
*From a Photograph*

## Chapter XXII

# The Last of Leighs Priory

"The grass withers, the tale is ended;
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;
The hour is short, the span is long;
The swan's near death,—man's life is done!"
—*Simon Wastell.*

WHEN Lady Anne Cavendish, wife of Robert Lord Rich, died at Leighs in 1638, Edmund Waller anathematized the place in unsparing strains:—

"May those already cursed Essexian plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,
Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!"

Had the singer been taken to task for his malevolent wishes, he would no doubt have ascribed them to poetical licence and assured the inhabitants of Leighs that he desired them no ill. Nevertheless, whether "already cursed" or not, it cannot be denied that Leighs Priory was no lucky place to its owners. Only five generations had passed since Richard Rich, the Lord Chancellor, laid his grip on the Priory and drove forth the luckless Augustinian Canons into the wide world; and already his beautiful home and princely estates were passing to other names and

hands. "Ill gotten gains never prosper," the Black Canons might have said! And it seems as if the remembrance of its original owners clung with the most tenacity to Leighs; for to this day the tradition lingers in the place that the smaller of the fish-ponds near the house conceals in its depths a large iron chest full of treasure, thrown there by the monks when threatened by Richard Rich.

"Families, as well as Persons, have their Periods," Dr Walker had proclaimed from the Felsted pulpit, over the ashes of the fourth Lord Warwick; and now, on the 30th of April, 1678, the chief mourner who followed his widow to the grave, and to whom her funeral sermon was addressed, was no Rich at all, but Charles Montagu, the young Earl of Manchester, grandson of Lady Anne Rich, the late Lord Warwick's eldest sister, and of the dead Countess's "best friend, my good Lord Chamberlain."

Under the late Earl's will the estates which his widow had held in jointure were divided into several portions. The Earldom and Barony, of course, failing male heirs in the direct line, passed to the descendants of Henry, Earl of Holland, brother of Robert, the second Lord Warwick, "the jolly Puritan Admiral." His son, grandson, and great-grandson held in succession the three titles. They then passed to a cousin, Edward, who became fifth Earl of Holland, eighth Earl of Warwick, and tenth Lord Rich, and died in 1759. He left an only daughter, Lady Charlotte Rich, who, dying in 1791, was the last of her house.

There had, however, been little love lost between the two male branches of the house of Rich; and the titles which came, in 1763, to Robert, second Lord Holland, were, as Morant calls them in his History of Essex, "empty titles." The Earldom of Warwick and Barony of Rich brought with them no more than Warwick House in Holborn and the living of St Bartholomew the Great. The vast estates were left by Earl Charles to the representatives of his three sisters, the Ladies Mandeville (Manchester), Robartes (Radnor), and Scarsdale, and of his three nieces, the Ladies Barrington, St John, and Nottingham. Landed property became much divided in the county of Essex!

Of the estates thus divided by far the larger portion came to the late lord's sisters. The portions of Lady Scarsdale and Lady Robartes were soon sold. Leighs Priory and its adjacent parks and certain other estates came into the possession of Lord Manchester. The pious Rector of Fyfield concludes his long and loving service of the house of Rich by a prayer for the new possessor of their beautiful home:—"And for your noble lordship, who are now investing yourself with her large and noble Mantle—May Elijah's spirit rest upon you, as well as his Mantle: that you may rise up an Elisha in her place and stead; that *Leez* may be *Leez* still: the Seat of nobleness and honour, the Hospital of bounty and charity, the Sanctuary of Religion and the fear of God. That so you may live, and may live longer, and as much desired, and when you die (as die you

must, for *Leez*, though a Paradise, hath no Tree of Life), you may die later, and as much lamented as your Noble Predecessors."

For upwards of forty years Leighs was maintained by the Montagu family in some at least of its former splendour. But the Montagues were not as wealthy as the Riches had been, and had moreover their own ancestral home, Kimbolton Castle, to maintain. When, in 1721, William, created Duke of Montagu, succeeded his father, Leighs was sold to the guardians of Edward Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire. But Edmund Waller's anathema—let "none there make stay!"—was again fulfilled. The Duke died a minor, in 1735, and the property passed to his half-brother, Charles Herbert, who took the family name of Sheffield. To him the Buck brothers' print of the Priory, made in 1738, is dedicated. It is reproduced in this volume.

Before the end of the century Leighs was again sold. It passed into the hands of the governors of Guy's Hospital, who hold it to the present day. Ruthless destruction followed. Waller's evil wishes that "those already cursed Essexian plains" might "prove all a desert" were yet more signally fulfilled. The whole house was demolished, save only the porter's lodge, the Tower Gateway, and so much of the servants' quarters as might serve for a farmstead. The three great parks were stripped of their deer and of much of their timber, and converted into farms.

And so the glories of Leighs Priory have all faded

away, as completely as those men whose busy hands and brains "fashioned it long ago," and "whose inward thought," as the Psalmist says, was "that their houses shall continue for ever and their dwelling-places to all generations." Only the grand Tower Gateway still lifts its white-capped battlements and exquisite chimneys towards the sky; and in the glory of its colouring and noble dignity of its outlines makes one forget its shattered windows and perishing floors. It stands for the stately house to which it once gave access, where hospitality was so free and splendid, and charity so abundant and unfailing.

Is there anything to stand for its good mistress, and keep her name from being clean forgotten? There is no record of her on the Rich monument in Felsted Church; not a word to shew that her bones, among the rest, lie in the vault beneath. Dim traditions of her linger about the ruined Priory; and a little white flower that grows by the river is still known among the cottage folk as "Lady Rich's flower." This book may do something to recall her virtues and revive the memory of a very true though humble saint.

## *TO THE READER.*

*" This is the life which, hid above with Christ*
*In God, doth always (hidden) multiply,*
*And spring, and grow, a tree ne'er to be priced:*
*A tree, whose fruit is immortality.*

*Here is the patience of the saints; this tree*
*Is watered by their tears, as flowers are fed*
*With dew by night; but One you cannot see*
*Sits here, and numbers all the tears they shed.*

*Here is their faith too, which if you will keep*
*When we two part, I will a journey make*
*To pluck a garland hence while you do sleep,*
*And weave it for your head against you wake."*

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